THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

Volume 196, Number 46

May 17, '24

5 cts.

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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The Bitter Cry of the Harpooned

Major Hake, the Veteran Journalist, in Conference With the Two Other Members of the Executive Board of the Pink Pencil Club

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"YOU'RE studen' American journalism, you say?" asked again the venerable gentleman with the cream-colored mustache, who sat in the chair made out of a bushel basket mounted upon wooden legs.

"I am, major, yes!" said the dark, heavy-haired young man with spectacles, who sat in the chair sawed out of a beer barrel, leaning forward earnestly over the table formed by boards nailed upon a beer keg, which stood between them.

"And your name is Marcus Aroolious Browne," continued Major Hake, the veteran journalist, gazing at him with watery blue eyes from underneath the brim of his tip-tilted high hat.

"Marcus Aurelius Browne," said the studious-looking young man, slightly correcting him.

"I see," said the veteran journalist, pausing to take a slow and measured drink from the thick plain beer stein which stood before him upon the table—and then a long breath. For a time afterward he sat looking straight ahead with fishy eyes and hands firmly grasping the arms of the chair framed out of the bushel basket.

Across the dim dingy-ceilinged room—where they now, after the smoker, sat alone—a pink devil with a pink pencil as a lance pursued three lovely, scantily clad green ladies, from his mount upon a spirited pink dragon whose tortuous length filled the side of the old low-walled unfinished manufacturing loft. For a time both the occupants of the empty place sat as still as the congregation of weird chairs and the tables, covered with cigar and cigarette butts and exhausted beer steins, which thronged the long, narrow, dim-lighted floor around them.

Marcus Aurelius Browne

At length the hard-breathing president of the Pink Pencil Club unfixed his eyes from the green-girdled young ladies and the pink snorting dragon, and gazed at the young man who had detained him after the evening's entertainment, seeking for advice.

"You say you been studen' of American journalism at college, and now you come to me with letter introduction from my ol' frien' Professor Jenks of Columbiford; and you wan' me to tell you the best and fines' opportunity in New York journalism today, for a young man. And specially—if I understan' you—one with a thousan' dollars to inves'."

"Yes, major, if you will," said the studious young man with the spectacles, regarding him with set attention.

The president of the well-known Pink Pencil Club considered him with shrewd but watery eyes, his seasoned silk hat now tilted to the right.

"Lemme ask you," he inquired conservatively, "who's this sin-formation for? Is it for yourself? Are you the one tha's got this thousan' to inves'?"

"I have, yes," said the earnest, interested young student of journalism. "If it seemed wise to do so."

A brighter light came in the dim blue eyes of the veteran journalist across the rough table.

"Do you wan' to know the gran'est, fines' opportunity in New York journalism today," asked the president of the Pink Pencil Club in a hoarse and earnest voice, gripping his chair arms firmly as he leaned forward, "for a young man with a thousan' to inves'?"

"I do, sir, yes."

The older man looked with caution about the deserted single room of the unique bohemian journalists' resort; and seeing still no one but themselves there proceeded.

"Kin I speak with confidence to you? As man to man?" he asked his young interviewer.

"You can."

"Commere. I'll show you."

Rising with dignity and difficulty from his comfortable but frail chair, he proceeded, with a supporting hand here and there upon the strange and uninhabited furniture, to the two and only windows in the room, at its front or southern end.

He stood for a moment recovering his breath.

"Millionaires! The bigges' in the world!" he then said impressively, and pointed a fat forefinger before him.

The fraternal bohemian night was now practically gone. It was almost dawn. Looking south they stared across the so-called Swamp, the low-lying area of antiquated buildings, on the northern end of which, where they were, lies the old-time newspaper section of New York. Before them, over the huddle of lower roofs, stood out the great office buildings—the cliffs of the financial district of New York—the first pale light of another day illuminating their sheer eastern sides.

The young aspirant to New York journalism stared out at this seldom-seen mood of the great city with a look of doubt upon his inexperienced face, and then back, when his hard-breathing companion spoke again.

"Millionaires!" he was saying hoarsely once more. "The greates' in the world. All crawlin' full of them!" His fat finger still indicated the vacant skyscrapers.

Miss Judd

Marcus Aurelius Browne, the young student of journalism, looked down at him through his spectacles, clearly puzzled. "I am not sure that I understand," he said politely.

"Tha's what I was tellin' you," said Major Hake, waving his fat hand southward again, toward the cold clifflike buildings. "The grandes' opportunity—in this worl'—for a young man enterin' American journalism—with a thousan' dollars to inves' today! Millionaires!"

He spoke somewhat disconnectedly and with more and more difficulty, owing to the increasing shortness of his breath. His hearer, looking downward at an angle through his glasses at the top of his silk hat, now tilted to the left, waited in doubt until he continued his hoarse explanation again.

"Millionaires," he stated with another fatly sweeping gesture. "The law is off 'em! Ever since this sministeration began!"

Saying this, he sat down somewhat abruptly in one of the several inexpensive bohemian basket chairs which faced the windows and the pale southern skyscrapers. The younger man, seating himself respectfully and simultaneously beside him, waited until he could catch his breath and continue his explanation.

The veteran journalist at last did so. Removing the extinct stub of his cigar from the browner corner of his cream-colored mustache, and sweeping it outward with a comprehensive gesture, Major Hake went on.

"Millionaires!" he repeated. "Everybody all over is out hunting 'em—ever since this Roosevelt sministeration at Washington began." He paused again for breath. "Everybody—all round," he said, with another crablike gesture of his extinct cigar. "Journaliss, muckrakers, lady writers, playwrights, politicians, investigators, we boys! Everybody with a typewriter or a good speaking voice is out today harpooning himself a millionaire!"

The other gazed down at him silently as the veteran observer of publicity continued his assertions.

"Yes, sir," he was continuing. "Millionaires! They're chasing them all over—spearin' them—hollerin'. Down there!"

He paused again to indicate the district of the wan skyscrapers below.

"Millionaires, railroad kings, captains of industry, empire builders—all running up and down the streets hollerin' for help. And all the boys with the typewriters and the lead pencils out spearin' them—in Wall Street! Tha's what's goin' on in American journalism today. They're all out harpoonin' the millionaires!"

He paused, while the young student gazed at him with a seriousness equal to his own.

"Now, for instance, I tell you how we do it—in our place," he said. "Confidentially! So you can see th' opportunity—th' opportunity I'm giving you, if me and my colleagues should decide to let you in with your thousan'. The grandes' chance in New York journalism today!"

The young man in the round-eyed glasses listened on, with a still, quick and alert intelligence, in spite of the ghastly strain of the night upon one of so little experience as he in night life.

The imagination and enthusiasm of his instructor grew continually as he proceeded with the details of his business proposition.

"Millionaires!" he said. "They got no more sense when it comes to publicity than weepin' children. They're hollerin' 'Murder! Help!' all over for somebody to come along and take their money from them. More money than there is in the world! So we do. We take it! I like you," he admitted. "I took a fancy to you. I'm goin' to help you—help you just like I would my own son. And I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do. You come round tomorrow afternoon—I mean this afternoon—with your thousan'. Come round and see it for yourself. Come round this afternoon at three," he repeated cordially. "We're goin' to harpoon one—one of the bigges' captains of industry in this town. You'll see it all—everything—just how we do it!"

Saying this, he stopped abruptly. Looking down, Mr. Browne, the young student of journalism, saw that he was asleep.

After a moment's hesitation the young investigator crossed the hands of his host solicitously on his lap. Leaving him, still upright in his basket chair—his silk hat sharply angled, but his extinct cigar still firmly held beneath his cream-colored mustache, the serious-faced young student passed out through the odd and informal setting of the celebrated gathering place of the more bohemian spirits of the night newspaper workers of New York. Head down, thinking deeply, he passed among the quaint and inexpensive chairs, by the pink dragon and the green-girdled ladies; went out and down the many stairs into the damp gray empty streets of early morning.

II

AT THREE o'clock of the succeeding afternoon, Major Hake, the veteran journalist, sat in his personal business quarters, in conference with the two other members of the executive board of the Pink Pencil Club. Flushed, short breathed and with legs slightly apart, he still held firmly a short extinct cigar in the browner corner of his cream-colored mustache.

He also held before him in his tremulous hand the card which the soiled office boy had brought in and which the two other members of the board were now discussing. It was a plain engraved card, bearing the message: "Marcus Aurelius Browne, Ph.D. By appointment."

"You say he's got a thousand dollars to invest?" asked the man with a hard-bitten face and waxed mustaches and rough checked clothes, in a decidedly English voice.

"He said so," stated Major Hake hoarsely.

"Upon his person?" the man with the waxed mustache and the English clothes and spats inquired again, hard and skeptically.

"He promised to," said the dean of the journalists—"as I remember."

"Bring him in," said the dapper-dressed young man with the bow tie and the soothing manner. "Adding it to Judd's will make two thousand!"

"Send him in," the suspicious-voiced man with the English clothes directed the office boy.

Young Mr. Browne, after his prolonged wait in the small central hallway with the three glass doors, was admitted now to the one on the left-hand side marked National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc., from which he had for some moments heard the bass notes of men's low voices proceeding.

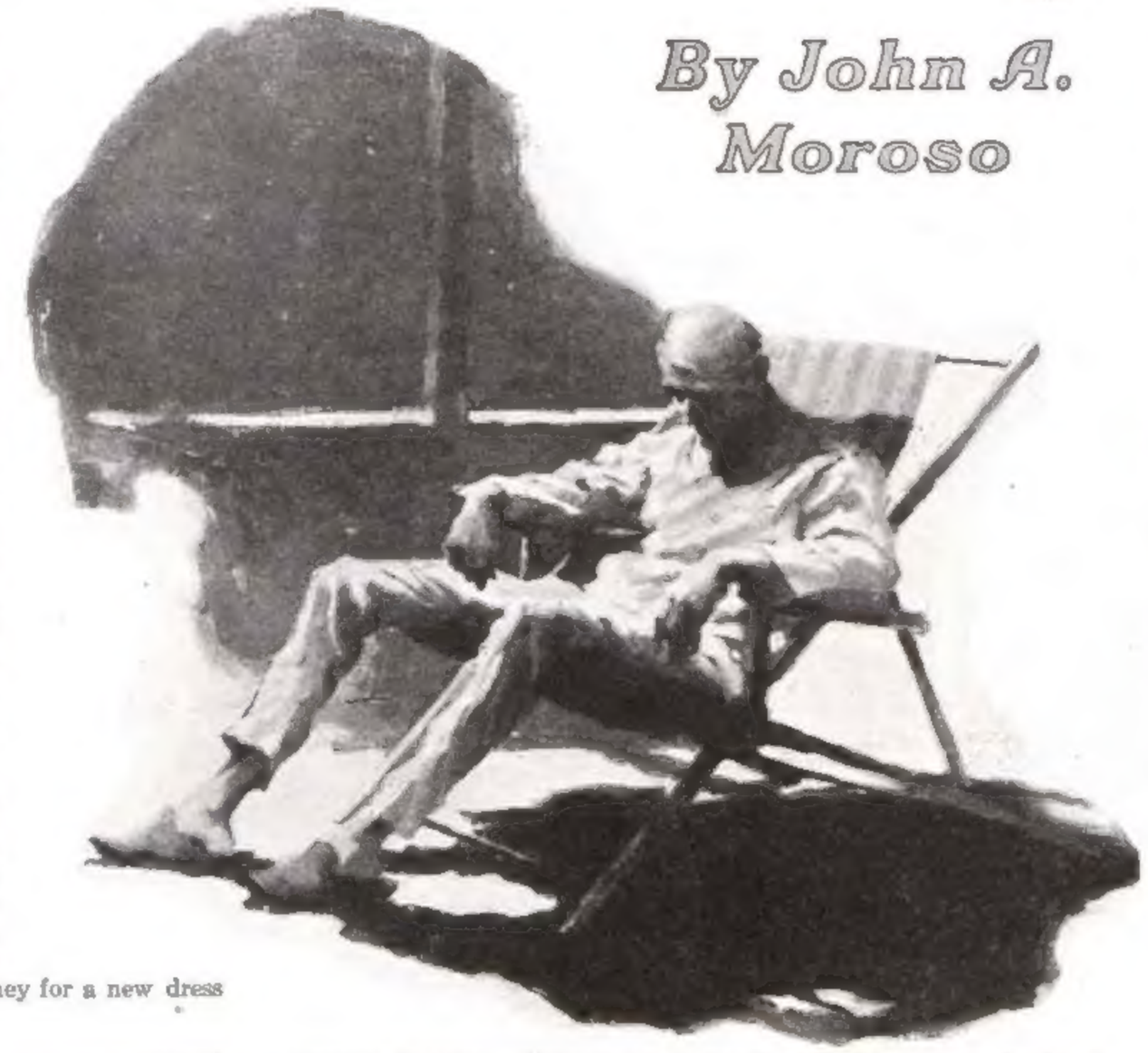
"This is Mr. G. Chisholm Coutts-Chaney, Doctor Browne, our treasurer, of both this business and the club

(Continued on Page 142)

"If We Get Away it Will be All Right. But if You are Captured and Brought Before That Grand Jury, it's All Over Between Us!"

HARD BEDS FOR SOFT

By John A. Moroso



Because He Was a Silent and Brooding Man, a Pensioner, He Was Never Asked to Join in Their Gayeties

ALTHOUGH he had wife and family, a snug house and five acres, a pension from the office in downtown New York and a small income from the estate of his mother, Philip Dixon came to the conclusion finally that about his only actual possession was his dog, Mister. If he entered the house from his workshop in the barn, where he tinkered against the deadly tedium, the bull terrier's tail would thump the floor as violently as if his master were just returning from a long journey. When he left, the brute's little pink eyes would lift longingly and lovingly, beseeching a walk to the village or a tramp through the woods.

Wife, sons, daughters, his son-in-law and the young grandchild merely accepted him as the retired head of the family, the eldest son, David, now in his old job in the bank, occasionally showing enough interest in him to borrow money when a suburban real-estate speculation proved unprofitable.

"Pop!"

He knew what was coming immediately.

If it was the boy in high school addressing him the need was for repairs to the ancient car they boasted, or money for a sports suit or tennis flannels. If it was one of the two girls who shouted the magic word it meant money for a new dress or silk hose or cosmetics.

"Pop!"

This time it might be the son-in-law, who never seemed to be able to get along without help. His wife, fond of bridge and golf, though only a few years younger than himself, had long relegated him to the shelf with the one explosive word. Because he was a silent and brooding man, a pensioner, he was never asked to join in their gayeties. Only Mister seemed to realize that his master had soul and heart and was not merely a piece of machinery beyond further lubrication, placed in a corner to rust or wait for the coming of the junkman, Death.

He was a lean, sun-browned, clean-shaven man, with hair whitened as much by the years of office work as by time itself. His nose was shapely, a thoroughly American beak; and his eyes, but for the occasional clouds of disappointment, were wonderfully clear and blue, kindly, even compassionate.

On his morning walk to the village for his newspaper and what little mail a forgotten man receives, Mister joyously wagging ahead of him, his commuter neighbors, still on the job, would greet him in their pleasantly intended unpleasant way.

"Here comes another bottle of soda water," he would say to himself as hurrying feet would sound behind him, and sure enough the magic word "Pop" would be panted out.

Once a group of small boys on the way to school stuck fingers in their mouths and made explosive sounds so similar to his invariable greeting that he was startled. He stopped and gave them a stiff lecture on respect to age. Age? Why, he wasn't old! He felt in the prime of life. He could stick at the ax and woodpile longer than any two of these train-catching pinochle-and-golf-playing fiends, and outwalk any of them.

Every morning just before dawn he awakened, and listening to the distance-mellowed warnings of an express train on the West Shore, dreamed with open eyes of new scenes, new people, new customs, cities that were real cities and not merely towering masses of brick and steel like the place across the Hudson where his personality had been long submerged, drowned. By the crossing signals, he counted the little villages and clumps of drab houses the train passed, all alike, all their separate populations alike, their pleasures alike, their vices alike, even their clothes alike. He envied the people asleep in their berths.

With the coming of dawn Philip Dixon would stare across the foot of his bed at the wall paper, a thing of deadly pattern and long-faded color, with a splotch showing where a picture had hung, fallen, never to be replaced. It had gone its way, battered and useless, to the rummage room in the front of the attic—and he to the barn.

Again and again the thought would thrill him. How pleasant it would be to awaken some morning in a room he had never seen before, to arise and refresh his tired eyes upon a scene his window would offer him; a new scene, were it only a vacant lot with a pile of rubbish! How glorious it would be to descend and hear new voices and to be called Mr. Dixon or Philip; in fact to be restored to a name at least.

In his younger days he had hated the alarm clock that had made him hustle to his job in the banking house. How welcome that sharp trilling command would come to his ears now!

"Why can't I do it?" he asked himself. "Begin all over again and live my own life?"

The bull terrier dashed into the room in a mad scramble and leaped on his bed, his lithe, muscular white body writhing with joy. In a few minutes it would be Pop this, Pop that, Pop, oh, Pop, all over again, and the same deadly routine of trying to get a little something out of his life. A little what? A little contentment.

He fondled his dog and said, "Old son, we'll go away from here and see what we can find. There'll always be a bone for you to polish, anyhow."

II

THE family shrieked their incredulity and merriment. Take a vacation! Why, what had he been taking for the last four years?

They thought it a joke or that he was becoming a little barmy. But he went ahead, and with his aptness for mechanics, acquired since being sent home, overhauled the ancient car and put it in fine shape. He packed his old trunk and tucked it in the back and was about to say his fare-thee-well when he thought of his tools in the barn. They would be ruined—his fine saws, his well-balanced hammers, his miters, his planes and compasses; things he had slowly gathered as he mastered the trade of carpenter in his loneliness, building up falling fences, repairing roofs, doing odd jobs about the place that would have cost many a pretty penny. He wrapped them up with fond hands and placed them in the car.

"I have arranged to have you paid the pension," he told his wife. "The sum I get from my mother's trust fund will keep me from going hungry—just about. You will have to get along, and if David takes another flyer in real estate and flops he will have to look to someone else to help him."

"But how shall we get along without the car?" wailed the girls.

"With legs," he tartly replied.

"Oh, Pop!" they half sobbed.

"Now see here, Pop"—David was talking and his face was white, his well-kept hands fidgety—"see here, Pop, I've got the foundations laid and all I need is ——"

"All you need, David, is guts." The father's blue eyes spat fire. "You get good pay for a hard-collar boy, but you haven't got gumption enough to get down to brass tacks. Golf is all right, but it takes time and money. The time and money you spend on it would finish that house by midsummer."

Philip Dixon wound up the machine.

"Hop in, Mister," he shouted to his dumb friend, and side by side, with many a toot and many a whoop from the terrier, they were gone.

The frost was just going out of the ground. A golden glow hung about the bare branches of the willows, and the maples were giving hint of ruddiness. The brave, homely and yet sweet chant of the song sparrows told the Northern New Jersey folk that spring was at hand.

It was glorious—glorious to be free again and to have a name, a personality. He had not thought of a map. The sun would do as a guide. It would tell him to keep going away from prison. He found a road skirting the Hackensack River and followed it on its way to the ocean, as boundless as the peace that gradually filled his heart.

A country tavern with hipped roof and stone walls welcomed him and his dog toward sunset. It stood beside a brook, wide and turbulent, filling the air with music. The landlord gave him a room with windows overlooking the singing water; a big room with a fireplace, a Windsor chair, an old-fashioned lowboy, chintz curtains, freshly kalsomined walls. Mister slept on the foot of the bed after they had digested a hearty supper, and in the early morning the two were out for a walk over new roads, greeting new people, the one eagerly peering about, the other joyously smelling about. The landlord, noticing the tools in the car, asked his guest if he wanted work. A gate needed to be rehung, a fence patched, window and door screens to be made ready.

"Five dollars a day and board," was the offer, and Philip Dixon slipped into his overalls, and with Mister ever at his heels went to the job whistling merrily.

Breakfast, lunch and dinner proved food for he men and fighting dogs, not little dabs of pretty things.

"I was listening to you whistle, Mr. Dixon," said the landlady, buxom and billowy with crisp gingham, "and it sounded like you was imitating the brook. Honest it did."

Dixon actually blushed. Was springtime coming into his heart?

"But you certainly do swing a wicked hammer," she added. "Down Tom's River way you can get your twelve dollars a day until winter comes again. Lots of work is being held up because people can't get labor or because they can't pay the big wages."

Twelve dollars a day! He thought of his years in the bank, the steady grind of it down in the depths of the multitude, cut away from sun and rain, a mote hovering over a desk at the bottom of the cañon called Broad Street. That much money for having a good time with his beloved tools, rebuilding things, making things, standing back and regarding the concrete results of his efforts instead of, at the end of the day, closing a book filled with figures which a turn in the prices of the security list might make stillborn!

They reached Tom's River and the salty air of distant Barnegat Bay, found a little hotel that seemed about to drop overboard, spent the last two days of the week putting it in shape and on the Sabbath explored the neighboring country. The landlady of the first tavern knew what she was talking about. Foundations covered with planking weighted with stones told the story of work abandoned in the early fall because of lack of labor or lack of capital to meet labor's advancing prices. Beyond the town, down Barnegat way, was such a place, its fireplace built, its chimney half done. The boards covering the foundation top had been bleached and warped by the sun of the summer before. Here, indeed, was a failure. No work had been done on the job for at least nine months. And the tragedy of it, it seemed to Philip Dixon, was that the site was ideal for a summer residence, shaded by two fine trees and sloping gently to the river's edge.

There was a For Sale sign on the incipient ruin of good material, and, perhaps, the destruction of some home builder's fond hopes.

"Apply to the National Trust and Banking Corporation," he read. That told the story of a mortgage foreclosed.

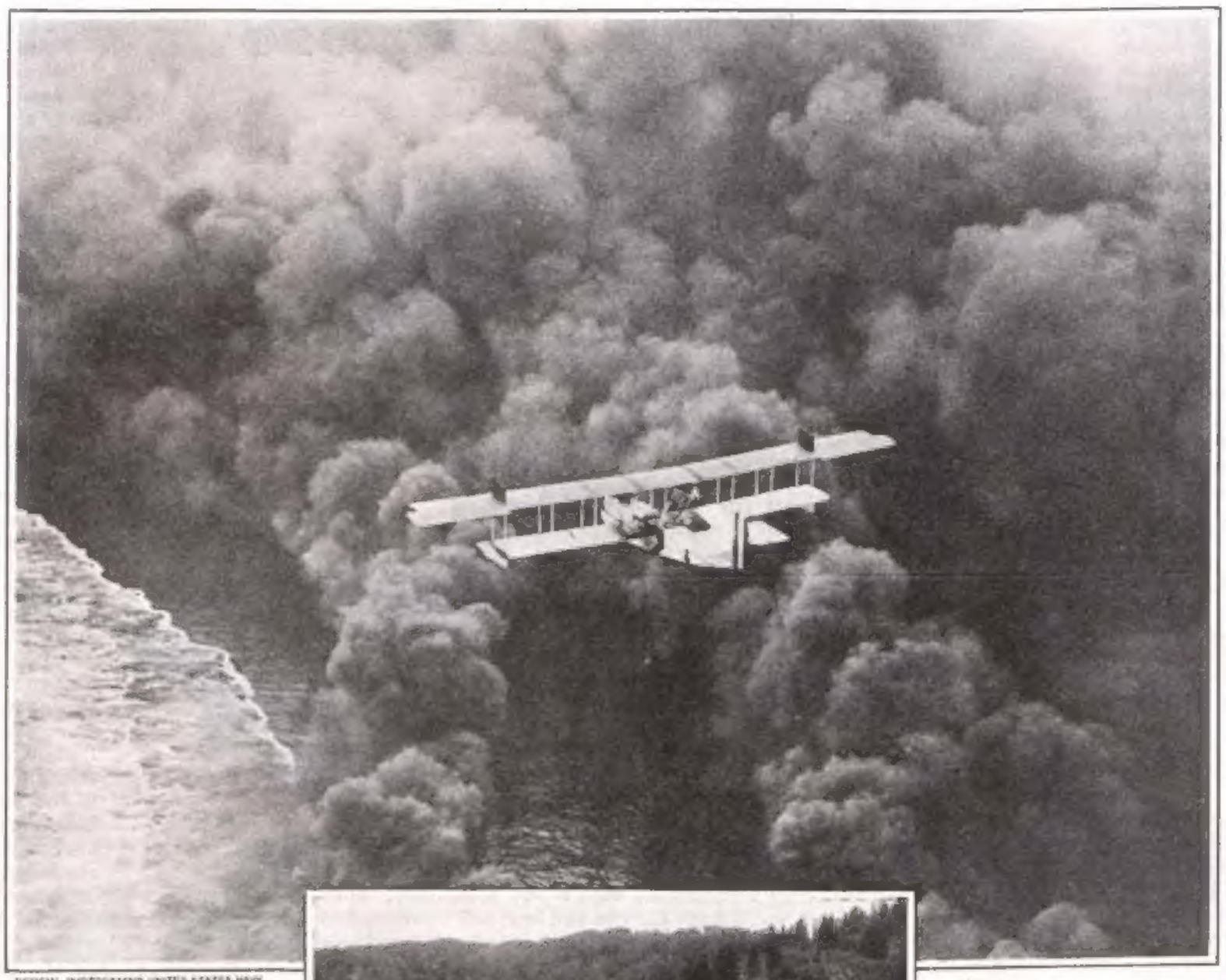
(Continued on Page 110)

Ships, Oil and the Ten Commandments—By Gifford Pinchot

THIS story really begins long before the dawn of recorded history, whenever and wherever two bodies of enemies afloat on logs or rafts, or whatever kept them above the surface, fought the first water-borne battle in the history of mankind. It begins then because the very principle which makes Teapot Dome important today was the key to victory in that far-off forgotten fight. Speed was that key. Given equal numbers, equal weapons, physique and courage, the side that could propel its raft or log the faster had the better of it and won.

They may have paddled with their hands in the water, those unknown ancestors of ours; they may have used poles; they may even have employed rude oars. But the side that could move the faster could choose the time and place of the fight, and that is more than half the battle.

Principles endure, but applications change. Speed keeps its controlling place in naval warfare throughout the centuries. Only the means of getting it are different.



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH UNITED STATES NAVY

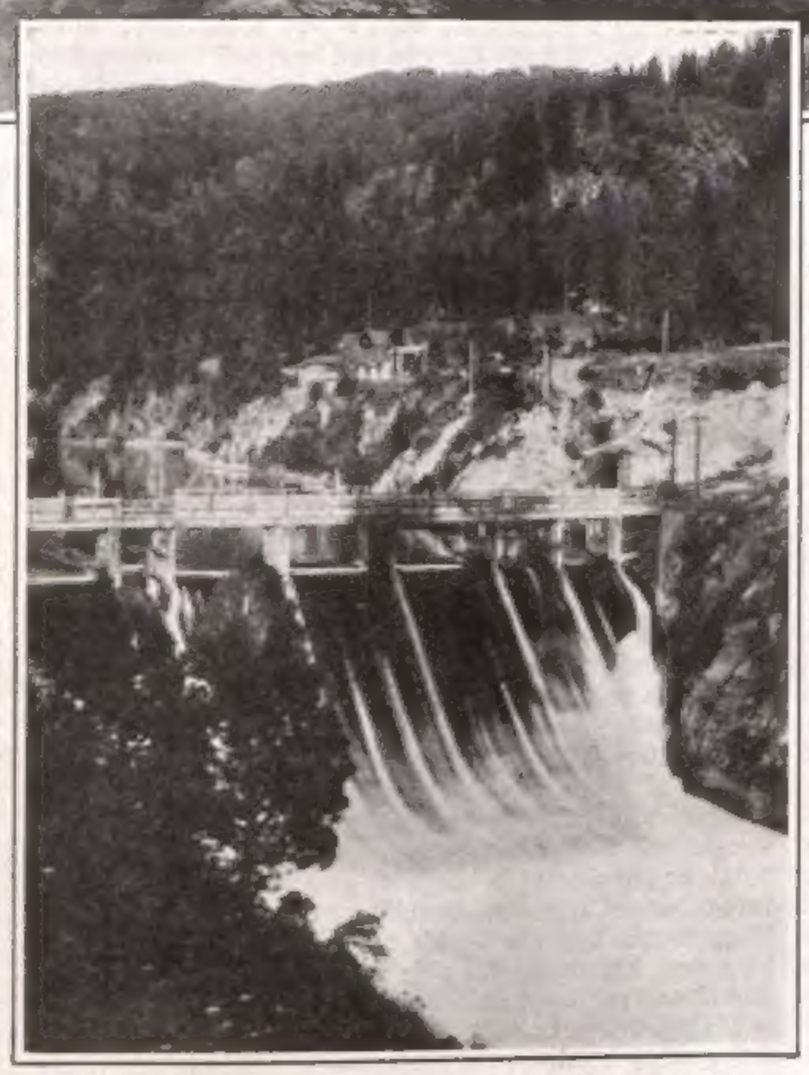
When Octavius Cæsar fought with Antony at Actium his galleys were propelled by sails and oars. When Nelson fought and fell at Trafalgar, when John Paul Jones in the Bonhomme Richard took the Serapis and made America a power at sea, it was the wind alone which moved their ships and enabled these great captains to reach their enemies. When the Monitor fought the Merrimac, coal had become the motive power, and increasing the control of men over the speed of ships had revolutionized the conditions of naval warfare. When the destroyer and the submarine fought out their long-drawn duel in the World War, oil was the fuel without which either would have been easy prey to the other. Oil—and oil alone—is the motive power of the modern ship of war.

Why the Oil-Burner is Supreme

OIL is as necessary for a modern navy as guns and powder. Of two fleets equal in size and kind of ships, that which burns coal would be almost as helpless against that which burns oil as a Roman galley against a modern battleship. That statement is exaggerated, but less than you might think.

An oil-burning vessel is better than a coal-burning vessel of the same size and model, first of all because it has greater speed; because it can steam more miles without replenishing its fuel; because refueling at sea is easy, so that every vessel of an oil-burning fleet can be continuously effective—as the vessels of a coal-burning fleet, which must run to harbor to recoal, never can be; because, oil and oil-burning engines being lighter than coal and coal-burning engines, it can carry heavier guns, heavier armor and larger supplies of ammunition; because more men are available for actual fighting, since only about half as many are needed in the fireroom. Coal bunkers being unnecessary, a ship can be better subdivided into water-tight compartments, thus giving her greater resistance against torpedoes and mines.

Oil-burning vessels can turn and maneuver more promptly than coal-burning vessels. Without oil that most terrible weapon of modern warfare—the submarine—would be impossible. Without oil no plane can take the air, and without airplanes a modern fleet is blind. Also you cannot make a decent smoke screen without oil.



The Power Plant on South Fork Payette River, Payette National Forest, Idaho
Above—Scouting Plane Operating Above the Fleet

To sum it all up, an oil-burning fleet is speedier, handier, of more endurance, more formidable in attack and better protected in defense than a coal-burning fleet can ever be.

You cannot have a modern navy without oil. If the oil grabbers are successful it will mean that when our commercial sources of oil are exhausted, as they will be soon, the Navy will be forced to depend on the forbearance of foreign nations for its oil or go without.

And no oil, no navy worthy of the name.

The foregoing makes it clear that the country was right in its outburst of indignation when it learned that our naval oil reserves had been traded off in secret. It was not the dollars involved, although the money value of the oil is greater than the whole cost of the Panama Canal; it was not the fraud and corruption; it was the downright betrayal of the Navy and the country that cut so deep.

There is nothing new in the value of oil to the Navy, but it is none the less important on that account. Theodore Roosevelt knew it when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and even before the Spanish War he began the effort to make our naval oil supply secure. In a report written to the Secretary of the Navy he recommended the setting aside of naval oil reserves. In 1903 experiments on naval oil-burning engines were in progress at the Washington Navy Yard, and as President, Roosevelt went there to see them. In 1908 the General Board of the Navy, in a report signed by Admiral George Dewey, recommended oil. In 1916 the Naval Fuel Oil Board reported that "Oil fuel is of vital necessity to the Navy. In a few years no nation lacking control of an adequate supply of petroleum will be able to aspire to naval prominence."

The board then definitely recommended against oil storage in tanks and in favor of oil storage in the ground, in its natural condition, in definitely constituted reserves.

Our Dwindling Oil Supply

ONE of the most authoritative bodies ever assembled to pass judgment upon a government policy made the following pronouncement in 1918, when legislation was pending in Congress which threatened the safety of the Navy's oil reserves:

"The Naval Consulting Board, the official civilian advisory board of the Navy, composed of members of eleven national engineering and scientific societies, is convinced that any legislation which may divert from the Navy any portion of its [oil] reserves will seriously weaken the Navy and imperil the national defense."

More recently Captain Halligan, of the Navy, in a letter to Secretary Denby said, "No nation can aspire to sea power without an assured dependable supply of petroleum."

To Admiral Robison he wrote a little later:

> Now that we have limitation of armaments, the most important factor affecting naval supremacy is this use of the future supply of petroleum.

With all of this the British Admiralty is in thorough agreement. Of the important nations represented at the Disarmament Conference we alone have a domestic supply of oil. But that supply is far from inexhaustible. A great English authority says:

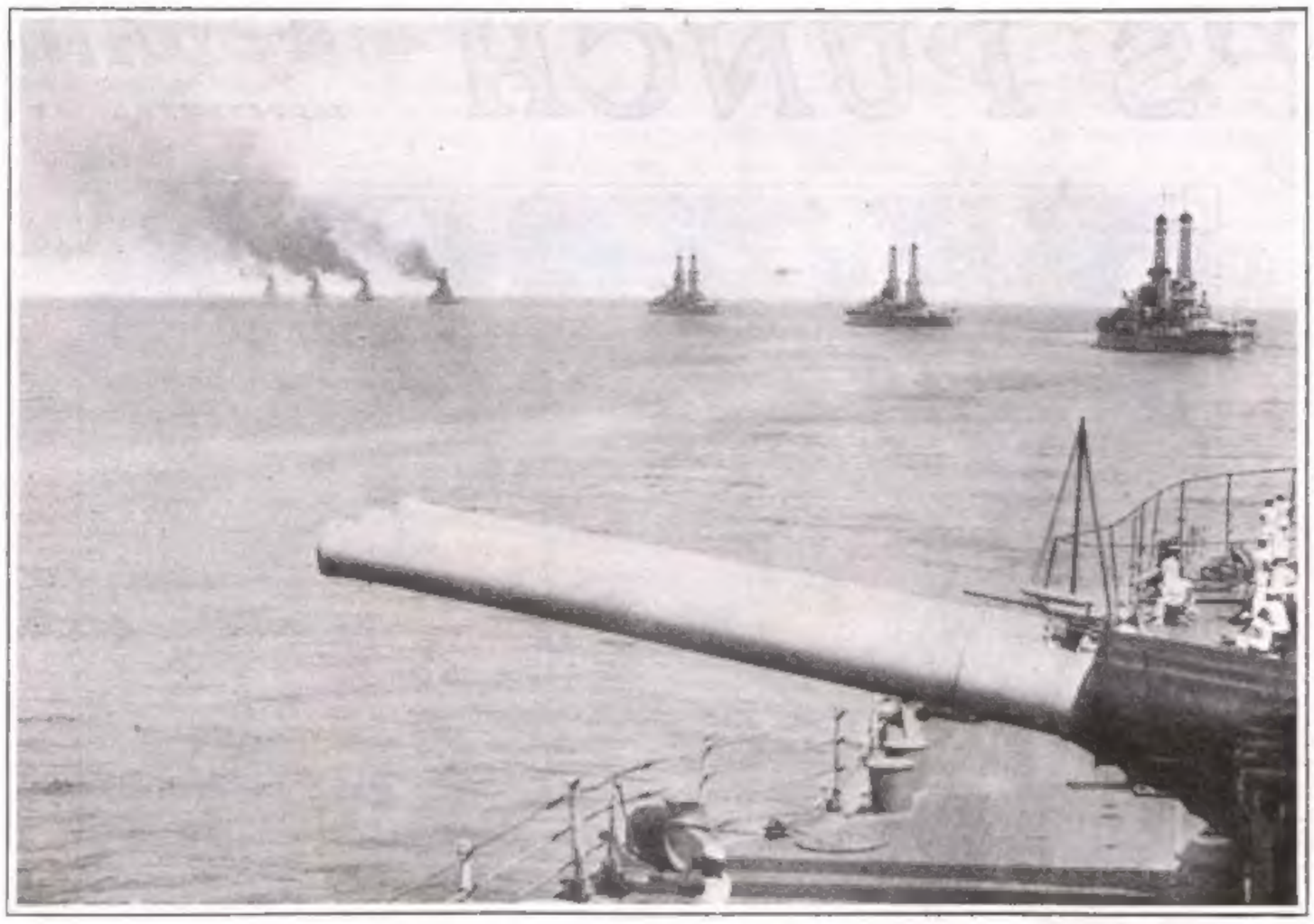
> Within ten years the United States will import oil to the extent of a billion dollars annually. . . . While America is exceeding her supply at a prodigal rate, we are getting a firmer grip upon the world's oil resources. For sixty years America has run through a legacy of petroleum which, if properly conserved, would have lasted her a century and a half.

We may take it then that the Navy's need for oil, which Roosevelt pointed out so long ago, is proved beyond dispute.

It was Roosevelt who showed the way to meet it.

Roosevelt never ceased for long to think about the Navy. He knew its history, its qualities and defects at different periods, its accomplishments and its needs as few men not naval officers have ever known them. He held our Navy as the apple of his eye and under his watchful care it was reborn. After he had increased its efficiency to a point never before approached, after he had raised it in marksmanship until it was second to no navy on earth, after he had sent the battle fleet around the world, he came back to the question of a future supply of fuel stored in the ground in naval oil reserves and set on foot the movement which secured all the reserves we have.

By that time the conservation of oil had become joined to the conservation of forests, of waters, of lands, and of other minerals into a single great policy—the conservation policy—which was, as Roosevelt himself believed, his greatest contribution to the safety and welfare of the United States.



Coal-Burning Battleships on the Left and Oil-Burning on the Right, Showing the Elimination of Smoke

The conservation policy grew out of the idea that public resources held in the public hands should not be wasted, but be made to serve the public to the utmost, both in the present and in the future. It was introduced to the people of the United States through the meeting of governors in the White House in 1908—the first meeting of its kind in American history, and by far the greatest—and met with instant general approbation. This was the more remarkable because it was then commonly believed and openly asserted that, since posterity had done nothing for us, we had no reason to do aught for posterity. Let posterity paddle its own canoe.

Land Frauds Big and Little

THIS theory conveniently forgot that our ancestors gave us the only canoe we have to paddle; that they discovered and conquered for us our continent; that they founded and preserved for us our nation; that we, who are their posterity, are living our safe and reasonably comfortable lives directly because of what they did for us who came after them; and that the only way we can pay our debt to them is to play fair in our turn with those who will come after us.

During Roosevelt's term as President public opinion became sufficiently educated, mainly by his speeches and writings, to give him the public backing even he would have been helpless without. Thereupon he saved for the people enormous quantities and almost unimaginable values of natural resources out of the huge store of wealth in the public domain. It must not be forgotten that the whole continental area of our country, with the exception of the original thirteen states, Texas, and a few early land grants, was once public land—the property of the people as a whole. It became private property only as it was passed into the ownership of individuals through the operation of the public-land laws, which laws had come to be the center of a most remarkable and effective system of frauds.

When Roosevelt undertook to save the public domain for the people the public opinion of the West regarded stealing from Uncle Sam as a perfectly proper and normal form of industry—one of those things which, though not publicly commended in the newspapers, was thoroughly understood and accepted as the basis of the fortunes of countless first citizens scattered through every Western town.

Some of the devices used to get land, timber and minerals under the public-land laws were amazing. I knew of a case in which a man, desiring to secure some fine agricultural land under the Swamp Land Law, took oath that he had been over the land in a boat.

So he had, but he neglected to mention that the boat had been loaded on a wagon at the time and was hauled by a team of horses.

I have seen ditches, relied upon to prove the reclamation of lands under the Desert Land Law, which started on a ridge as dry as a flour bin, were made by the single furrow of a plow, ran indifferently up hill and down, and had water in them only when it was poured in out of a barrel so that witnesses might swear they had seen water running in the ditches.

I have known of cabins built on wheels so that they might be transferred from one homestead to another to be used in making proof under the Homestead Law, which Lincoln signed. I remember one case where the applicant swore that he had constructed a twelve-by-sixteen house on his claim, but omitted to mention that it was made out of a cracker box and its dimensions were in inches, not in feet.

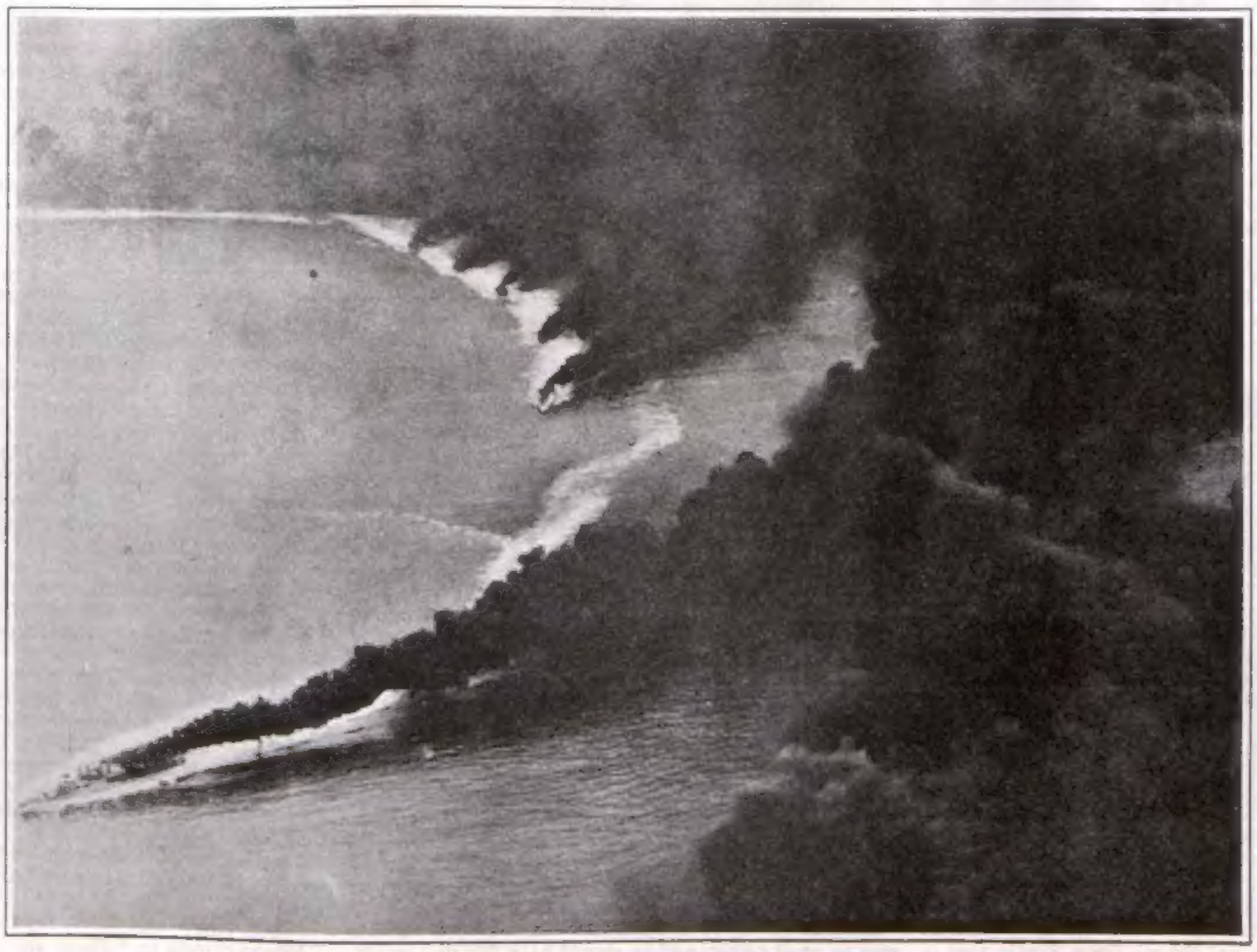
Exploitation of Natural Resources

THOUSANDS of acres of the very richest timber on the globe, in the coast redwood belt of California, were taken up by the crews of passing lumber schooners, who executed deeds to lumber companies even before title had passed to them, although the Timber and Stone Act required them to swear they were taking it for their own use.

Whole trainloads of school-teachers and other respectable citizens were made up in Middle Western cities and taken into the mountains, where each was shown what purported to be his or her claim. Thereupon each excursionist swore falsely in making proof, deeded the land thus fraudulently acquired to the lumber company concerned, received a few dollars for the claim—and so back home. A trip into the mountains with all expenses paid and a little pocket money on the side! What could be nicer?

Today these stories seem fantastic. It is difficult for us now, when public opinion runs so strongly the other way, to imagine the depth and bitterness of the early feeling against conservation in nearly all the Western states. Governors and state legislators, senators and congressmen, the great mining and timber interests, the cattlemen, and especially the well-organized sheepmen of the West, took up the cudgels with enthusiasm for the uncontrolled exploitation and destruction of the resources upon which their communities depended.

(Continued on Page 185)



Destroyers of the U. S. Navy Laying a Smoke Screen

JUDY'S PUNCH

By DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

THEY detested each other. This was rather strange, for each of them, the man and the girl, was a far from detestable person; neither of them was hard to like, each was severally adored. It should have been a propitious, fitting and altogether idyllic romance. Everything was set—not to say planned.

But things began to twist the wrong way even before they met. Judy Brown—who was the girl—was coming to spend her week of summer vacation with her friend, Vi Crockett; and Vi's brother Steve—who was the man—declined to stay at home for the guest's first evening.

This in itself might seem strange, for Steve had been hearing a-plenty about Judy's attractiveness. According to Vi, it listed up something like this: Judy was beautiful—a knock-out. Judy was sweet tempered. Judy was generous. Judy was sincere. Judy was sympathetic. Judy was intelligent. Judy was sterling—oh, peculiarly obnoxious word!

Vi was annoyed that her brother should, even for one evening, delay his encounter with the devastating Judy, and all the more annoyed upon learning that his preferred engagement was with Mrs. Seabury. Connie Seabury was a vivacious smart little widow of the neighborhood, and Vi suspected her of having designs. And this would not have been amazing. Steve was well off and handsome as a young god; he was very tall and very dark; he was amiable though reserved in manner—what he thought and felt it was his habit to keep to himself. Strangers sometimes deemed him conceited, insensitive, but those who knew him intimately swore by him and adored him.

Vi, who adored her brother and cordially disliked Connie Seabury, had a neat little program made out as to what would happen when Judy Brown arrived on the scene. She tried to prevail on him to change his plans; she retailed the new girl's charms once more, and threw in a dig or two at Connie for good measure.

But Steve, although he was no conscientious objector to a pretty face, was peculiarly immovable; as his sister's persuasiveness grew, so did his obduracy. He was mild enough, but adamantine. So he went over to Connie's that first evening, and did not meet the incomparable Judy until the next day.

He had slept late; it was toward noon of a lazy Sunday, and some people were playing tennis out on the court.

The Crocketts' tennis court and its setting, on a green-and-gold midday of June, make an agreeable picture: The gleaming rectangle framed by a hedge of box, and lofty trees grouping round to cast their cool shade and sparkle in the sunlight and whisper softly to each other; glimpses of sleek sward, of ancient flagging and of the red-brick colonial dwelling mellowed with time; the drowsy splash of a fountain, a drowsiness in the glittering air, the sound of laughter and voices—a gracious and hospitable scene in the shade and the sun.

Steve came sauntering down the flagged walk and through the shrubbery, bearing a tray of tinkling glasses.

Against the background of restful green, in the middle of the open court, with the sunlight pouring down on her in a flashing golden flood, he saw a dazzling young Diana swirling after a tennis ball.

The sun seemed to focus its spotlight on her, her simple white skirt and blouse seemed to gleam with a special gleam; her bronze hair shot a thousand fires.

She was a big girl; Steve told himself she was too big to run and cavort like that, she couldn't get away with it. Yet he must recognize that she ran like a gazelle, that in her cavortings every muscle in that big beautiful body rippled with the free and unconscious grace of the waves of the sea; adequately dressed as she was, you were aware of those superbly flexing muscles.

Steve ceased looking at her. He sauntered toward a bench on the sideline to proffer his wares; he stood with his back turned toward the glare of the court.

Almost immediately the set was finished, and the players joined the group in the shade. There was the usual chatter, and Vi did not at once present her brother to her guest.

Steve appraised the incomparable Judy with coolly impersonal eyes. She wasn't so pretty, after all. Her figure was stunning, of course, if you cared for those walloping Hebes. And her hair was undeniably gorgeous, but her features, on closer view, were almost plain. Her dark eyes were too wide set, her nose too short, her mouth too large—much too large.

Just then the big girl chanced to look at him, brought her eyes to rest on him, and smiled.

Steve almost jumped. There was something so odd and unwarrantable and outrageous, like a personal contact, engendered by that mere smile! It was the widest, friendliest, dazzlingest smile he had ever seen.

And at once, without waiting for Vi or any introduction, the big girl moved straight toward him, and held out her hand and said, "I can guess who you are—you're Steve."

Now Steve was to find out later that his sister's friend was no great talker, and he should have felt flattered at this verbal overture; moreover, her voice was warm and deep with a vibrant undernote, a singularly pleasing voice. But he chose to resent her effrontery.

"Yes," he said, politely impassive; "and how do you deduce that?"

"Well"—she hesitated, then again turned on that battery of glowing friendliness—"I was prepared to meet the most beautiful young man I've ever seen, you know."

Was she having fun at his expense? Or was merely a fool saying foolish things, and certainly making a foolish beginning? Steve didn't know, but he found himself decidedly annoyed.

"I see I've been wildly recommended," he commented.

The big girl did not answer. She turned her glance from him and regarded the landscape, kindly and luminously, as from an inclusive kindness of heart. She stood silent and cheerful, completely self-possessed.

And Steve heard himself saying, "I suppose it's my cue to say something about your own looks, isn't it? Well—I find your advertised beauty comes quite up to specifications."

It didn't improve his temper to have succumbed to rudeness. The girl still regarded the landscape with that outflowing cheer.

"Does it?" she answered simply.

At this stage Vi came briskly up. "I see you two've already met each other! I expect you to hit it off, you know."

The two glanced at each other and held each other's glance for a barely perceptible second; Steve's expression was blandly noncommittal, the girl's gently inscrutable.

It was Judy who spoke.

"Shall we?" she said, and then she smiled at him again, in a certain half-amused, confidential little way.

Lord, but she was sure of herself!

A little episode which just then followed, although Judy could not possibly have been held accountable, increased Steve's prickling hostility. As the group from the tennis court approached the house a little girl of six or seven emerged, carrying under either arm a scrawny black kitten. This was Bimby, a Crockett niece who was at the time an enlivening visitor in the household. Bimby was an elfin child, with a thin little body and thin little face and enormous bright eyes; what she would say or do next was to her elders a matter of endless and terrible conjecture.

At the sight of Judy she gave a scream of joy, dropped her kittens, ran and seized the big girl's hand firmly, and then, just as firmly, attached her other hand to her uncle's.

Thus, with Bimby for a connecting link, the three walked together. Steve walked a shade more stiffly than was his wont; Bimby skipped and jumped; Judy moved with an indescribable rhythmic swinging stride.

Bimby gazed up at Judy in an ecstasy of adoration, and then up at her uncle, distributing the adoration.

"Don't you like Judy, Uncle Steve?" she asked. "Don't you think she's nice?"

"Oh, yes," replied Uncle Steve; "oh, yes, indeed."

"So do I," seconded Bimby with an enthusiastic leap. "And so does Ephraim—he said she only gave him a quarter for taking her bags up, but that her smile was worth more'n a half dollar anyway. And so does Sheba—she said Judy was the only lady in the house who was dressed when she took the breakfast trays around, but that Judy looked ——"

Judy interrupted, "Sheba and Ephraim—he should spell it in the Oriental fashion. Aren't darkies' names too wonderful?"

"Wonderful," said Steve, not looking at her.

Bimby chimed in, "Those are nice names, but they're not so nice as my new cats have got. Their names are

Bimby Wasn't the Only One for Whom the Universe Had Suddenly Tilted

Ambrose and Ambrosia. Judy named 'em for me. Aren't those nice names, Uncle Steve?"

Then Uncle Steve addressed Judy. "You gave the cats those names?"

The big girl nodded.

"For heaven's sake, why?"

"Why" –slowly– "they seemed appropriate."

"Judy and I found 'em out back of the garage," Bimby went on, informatively. "We found 'em playing on a pile of empty bottles—Ephraim said you must've dumped the bottles back there, for the lands knew he didn't know anything about them."

The big girl smiled across the little girl's head, but the uncle wasn't looking. He said to his niece, quite sternly, "You shouldn't play around the garage, Bimby And I doubt if your mother would approve of your picking up stray cats."

"Oh, she wouldn't mind. Anyway, she wouldn't if Judy helped find 'em. She likes Judy too."

"Does she?" remarked Uncle Steve.

"Yes, and so does Aunt Vi." Bimby assumed an air of confidence. "I heard Aunt Vi and mother talking. They said they hoped you'd fall in love with her, both of 'em." The child switched her upturned gaze to Judy. "They said you're a lot prettier and nicer than that Connie who's running after him. I think so too. They said they hoped you'd cut her out, both of 'em. I hope so too. You'd make a lot nicer aunt than that Connie."

After Bimby's brisk confidential address followed a hush, but it was short because Bimby almost at once peered up into her uncle's face and queried, "Don't you think so, Uncle Steve? Are you going to fall in love with her?"

"Er—oh, of course, most assuredly," answered Uncle Steve.

An unmistakable chuckle sounded from the big girl.

The uncle was pleased to note then that his niece was indulging a forbidden vice. He said censorily, "Bimby, you are chewing gum. You know your mother doesn't allow it."

"Oh, she doesn't know," replied the child easily "Ephraim gave it to me."

"I'll speak to Ephraim! Spit it out—it's not good for you."

"Oh, yes, it is," answered Bimby. "It's good for my bowels."

Opportunely at this moment came an interruption, a sound of agonized feline despair

"That's Ambrosia, I think," said Bimby. "I guess she's fallen in the fountain again; she and Ambrose've both fallen in already this morning."

She darted off to the rescue. Judy gazed after her, saying nothing. The two proceeded silently to the house.

At luncheon Steve discovered that Judy had been placed on his right. Oh, well! But it turned out he didn't have to bother about talking to her.

Pat O'Day was seated on Judy's other side. Pat was a great crony of Vi's, a romantic figure and a lovable character. He was a believer in all the lost causes, he was always on the losing side—and generally the wrong side but whatever he lacked in logic he made up in ardor and enthusiasm. Pat was a newspaper man, brilliant in his work, but underpaid always, and always losing his job. But every new job was the best he'd ever had; he was a little boy who couldn't grow up, tossed about by a world he loved so much that he forgave the bruises, refused to be scarred.

Pat was generally broke, he was always shabby, but he was a frequent and welcome guest at the Crockett weekends. Steve sometimes suspected that his briskly matter-of-fact sister cherished a secretly romantic feeling for the lovable Irishman. Thus it amused him to see old Pat shining up to Vi's incomparable Judy; from the tail of his eye he observed them.

Pat was doing most of the talking. The girl listened and ate, she listened and nodded her head companionably, she listened and looked grave or amused, she listened and smiled that wide-spreading smile. Was she a dumb-bell? It was not like Pat to be silly about a pretty face.

A little stir of malice entered Steve's feelings: If Pat fell too hard for this Judy what would Vi say then?

That afternoon Connie Seabury came over for bridge. Connie was petite, vivacious and ultra-chic. Steve played at Connie's table, he devoted himself to the game and to Connie; it was as if for him Judy Brown, who was in all ways Connie's antithesis, were not present.

The big girl did not play. She occupied herself with young William, a twenty-year-old Crockett cousin, and with old Hutchinson, an elderly family friend These three, the only left-overs from bridge, went out for a ramble, then they returned and went into the big drawing-room and put records on the phonograph; from his seat in the next room Steve could see the big girl dancing, first with her youthful cavalier and then with the old one.

She had the same indescribable rhythmic swing when dancing as when walking Her youngster and her oldster seemed to be in extremely jolly mood; both were acting rather ridiculously enamored

Once, when he was dummy, Steve chanced to overhear a bit of tête-a-tete

He heard old Hutch saying in a meaningful undertone, "I didn't know they made girls like you any more; I've fallen in love again."

The old dotard! thought Steve. Years ago Hutch had been quite a celebrated beau, and he still preened himself as a squire of dames: he was sixty if a day; he was sickeningly fatuous!

Judy said—Steve could picture how she looked as she said it—"Have you?"

"Yes," answered old Hutch in that grotesquely intense tone. "With you."

She, quite serenely: "Oh, I wouldn't do that."

Old Hutch "Why not?"

She, still quite serene: "Because I'm in love with someone else."

Steve had to be reminded that it was his turn to deal.

Connie must have followed his roving attention, for she asked, "Who is the alluring giantess?"

"Oh, some friend of Vi's," Steve said carelessly.

"She has her own line, hasn't she?" murmured Connie. "Well, it seems effective with the men."

For some reason he didn't stop to analyze, Steve said, "Women like her too; Vi's crazy about her, and so is Beatrice."

Connie laughed "She's a clever girl," she said.

Colonel Stubbs, a blunt old war horse who was at the table, put in, "Miss Brown's a nice girl I like her."

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"Don't You Like Judy, Uncle Steve?" She Asked. "Don't You Think She's Nice?"

Giving Folks What They Want by Radio—By James H. Collins

The Program Director, Disgusted Listener and the Outside Job

THE first radio presidential campaign is just beginning. Four years ago broadcasting was technically possible, but still a thing of the laboratory—the public had not yet tuned in. The late President Harding used the broadcasting principle prematurely by conducting his campaign from the front porch of his home in Marion. This year, with 5,000,000 receiving sets over the country, and probably 20,000,000 listeners, the front porch is on the air.

Already the politicians are utilizing radio, and when the nominations have been made they will undoubtedly do unexpected things in the way of air campaigning—and mayhap do unexpected things to radio itself.

Miss Mildred O'Connor When Not Skating Listens In on a Radio Set Perched in the Limb of a Tree at Saranac Lake, N. Y.

A business man, laid up in his Long Island suburban home by sickness, had the village electrician install a receiving set to while the weary hours away. One night when he was beginning to feel like himself again there came in from a big broadcasting station a political talk so partisan that it suddenly made him well and strong by arousing all his fighting spirit. It was a talk by a congressman on a public question delivered in language suited, not to the 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 radio listeners in range of that station, but to his own constituents in an obscure bailiwick. The very thought that a politician could use the air for such a soap-box harangue made this business man so angry that he wrote the management of the broadcasting station protesting against it.

To his astonishment, the general manager called him up on the telephone, saying, "Come down here some evening, see our station and find out what we are trying to do."

The Talent

THERE isn't much to see at a broadcasting station. You step into a reception room where various people are sitting around on big stuffed couches and chairs or nervously walking up and down the thick carpet. There are pictures and artistic objects on the walls, and a hostess to greet new arrivals. From time to time during the evening ten or twelve young men may troop in, followed by porters carrying about a ton of saxophones, saxophonettes, saxophoninas and supersaxophones, or the members of a string quartet arrive, or a gentleman with a tableful of musical glasses. But for the most part, the folks sitting around waiting are singers, monologists, accompanists, clergymen, lecturers, and the experts in cooking, poultry raising, finance and other subjects, from whom you get helpful information out of the air.

At one side of this reception room there are several smaller rooms with glass doors, through which you may look and see a soprano singing her program, or a violinist playing, or a rabbi conducting a half hour's religious service for Jewish folks. But you see only the motions of the soprano solo or Jewish sermon. Outwardly, they might be soundproof rooms in a piano store, where the salesmen are helping customers select instruments, or a phonograph dealer's booths in which people are picking out records.

Sights

TO HEAR, you must visit the adjoining instrument room. There one operator is absorbed in a great switchboard full of electrical apparatus, plugging in at this place, switching over there, talking through a telephone about emergency, and breaking off to express his feeling with a clicking telegraph key when all other resources of communication seem to be inadequate. Another operator, sitting beside a horn, listening to the soprano, manipulates amplifying apparatus to give her recital an even tone. When she starts, poor girl, she may be nervous and her voice weak; but the obliging young man sitting by the horn builds it up—he has enough amplification there to build a squeal that would drive you out of the room. And a minute later, when she has forgotten herself in her song, and delivers a loud "Blah!" right on top of the microphone, he will as obligingly tone her down for the unseen audience. Of course, if you take your imagination along and mentally see the millions of listeners gathered around, all kinds of receiving sets, from the boy's simple homemade crystal circuit to the millionaire's installation putting the evening's radio program into every room, and the lonely farmhouse upstate, and the immigrant's two rooms on the East Side—then a broadcasting station will make your eyes pop.

Passengers in a Club Car on the Pioneer Limited Listening to a Concert While the Train is in Motion

But what most interested the man from Long Island was the backstage machinery for arranging the daily program.

This station is one of the most powerful in the United States. It had then been in operation less than a year. Starting from nothing, and reaching a potential audience of between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 listeners, it had become an engine of publicity as great as if not greater than any single newspaper in the United States. The man from Long Island found that it was run strikingly like a newspaper, the daily program representing what its public wants. Circulation was built

Miss Colleen Moore, of Los Angeles, Has a Radio Attachment in Her Automobile

by selecting program material appealing to everybody every day. What the "readers" thought of this air newspaper was indicated in thousands of letters and applause cards received each morning, commenting on yesterday's program; and these comments were carefully analyzed and tabulated for guidance in arranging future programs. The air newspaper even carries a certain amount of paid advertising; for this station, having no revenue from the sale of receiving sets like broadcasting stations maintained by manufacturers of radio apparatus, nor any indirect advertising results such as come to the department stores or theaters that broadcast programs, has devised an advertising service to create revenue and help pay some of its heavy maintenance expenses.

The Ideal Program

THIS station was an experimental enterprise in the beginning, established to answer three questions:

Is radio a passing fad, or has it come to stay?

If it's here to stay, what do radio listeners want?

If given what they want, who is going to pay for broadcasting?

The first question has been answered decisively—radio has come to stay, because it is not in any sense a toy or passing fad, but a great new medium for distributing entertainment and information.

The second question is being answered by analysis of radio listeners' comments and experimenting with programs. The radio audience includes everybody. Therefore it wants about everything transmissible through the air. The ideal program is one made up to appeal to every taste every day, pleasing everybody at some point, not somebody at every point. A great editor once said that if he found a reader who liked everything in his publication he would know something was wrong; and so would the radio program director. His audience includes children from the earliest "Tell me a story!" age, practical-minded boys, jazz-loving flappers, the housewife planning dinner, the tired business man refreshed by musical comedy, the serious thinkers who like lectures on deep subjects, the serious listeners who want to hear classical music, scattered people of every denomination who can get a religious service through the air easier than from a church.

These different sections of the radio audience not only want different features but the same section wants something different at various times of the day. It is a well-known fact among newspaper men that an evening paper must be much lighter in nature than a morning paper. In the morning the average reader's mind is fresh and receptive, and he will follow quite long well-reasoned articles dealing with many subjects that interest him. But after the day's work is over, tired mentally and physically, his attention and concentration are at low voltage. Then he wants serious subjects treated with the utmost brevity, if not levity, and short features that are not serious at all, such as the comic strip. It is even so with the radio program. In the morning, from ten or eleven o'clock till twelve, housewives fairly eat up instructive talks on matters pertaining to the home or the community, while in the afternoon and evening they insist upon being entertained.

As to who will ultimately pay for broadcasting, the answer is not yet forthcoming. But it is a question of vital importance to the various interests now maintaining broadcasting stations, to the artists who perform, to the vast growing audiences of listeners, and even to the nation, in view of radio's possibilities for good and mayhap harm.

Take the political aspect of radio, for example. That was what made the man on Long Island hot under the collar. If he tuned in to WHYZ or WOOF and heard a prosy lecture going on, or a rattle-te-bang dance orchestra, he could either tune out and have silence or find something in the air more to his personal taste. But when he heard Congressman Blatt delivering a demagogic, vote-currying, prejudice-breeding harangue, his resentment was something more than personal—the thought of a little local party politician getting the ear of the great radio audience roused his ire. Right then and there the man from Long Island was Disgusted Listener and would have been strong for censorship.

The Radio Political Speech

HOWEVER, the censor is already at work on this job, unofficially counteracting the politician in two different ways. First by counterbalancing one politician or partisan question with another. If Congressman Blank presents one side of international relations or the farmer's problems, Congressman Blink will be put on the program within a few days to present the other side. Also, the program director follows the public's preference for hearing well-known speakers, men big enough to assume responsibility for what they say, taking the onus of partisanship off the broadcasting station. Again, a good deal of the political broadcasting takes the form of discussion or speeches at public dinners, so the broadcasting station is regarded simply as a medium of publication like the newspaper. Second, radio itself is a medium that tends to take a generous discount off political oratory of the spellbinding partisan kind

Some months ago William Jennings Bryan spoke into the air from a special microphone installation in a New York hotel, connected with one of the large broadcasting stations. The affair began with a supper to about 100 persons, mostly Mr. Bryan's friends and presumably deserving Democrats. A radio mechanician in charge of apparatus listened to the talk in the room. Mr. Bryan had his personal audience with him from the first, and his spellbinding powers got the mechanician while he was in the room, where he could see the speaker and feel his personal magnetism. But going outside and listening to the speech as it came through a receiving set, he missed the spell. In the bare words there was no personal magnetism or charm. This is not saying that Mr. Bryan lacked clarity over the radio. His talk was simply reduced to effects producible on the ear alone—one-sense effect, as the radio folks put it.

"I have found just one voice in hundreds that has personal magnetism apart from personal presence—real spellbinding quality on the air," says a program director. "And it belongs not to a politician but to a soprano singer"

When the politician campaigns in auditoriums, or from the back platform of an observation car, the magnetism of his presence has its effect upon the audience. His audience is usually made up to a very large degree of people belonging to his party, and therefore sympathetic. It wants him to state strongly the thing in which it already believes. Therefore he can cut loose and play upon feelings to the full extent of his ability. But in the radio audience the parties are pretty evenly balanced. There is no magnetism of personal presence. Already politicians are sensing the difference in radio campaigning. They know that good Republicans do not want to hear Democratic spellbinding, or the reverse. So the radio political speech is becoming an unbiased sales talk calculated to sell a cause to listeners of all parties. How far such

(Continued on Page 102)

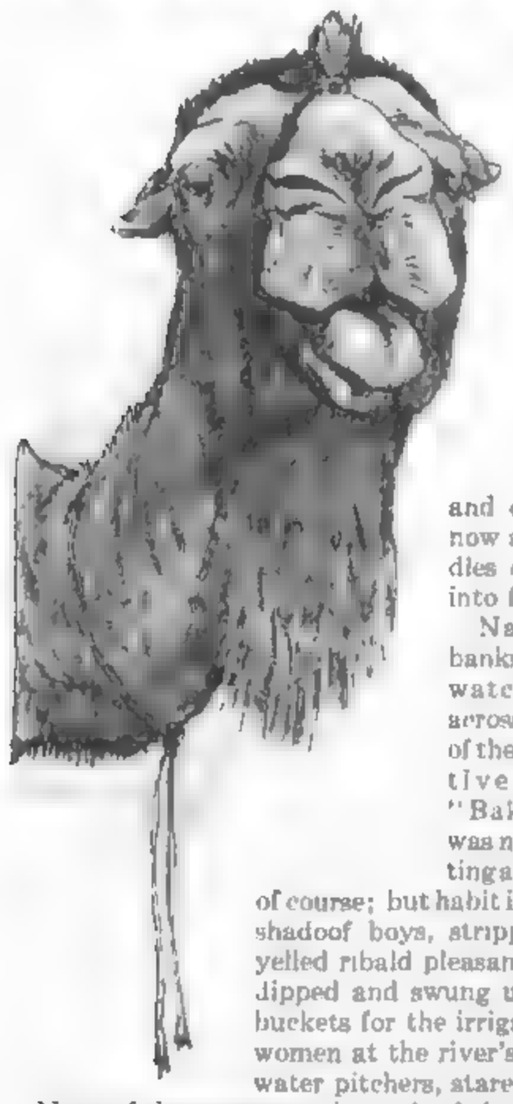
Mrs. Calvin Coolidge an Ardent Radio Fan

Skating by Radio in Chicago

Hardtack and Wally

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



WE were stuck on a sand bar some hundreds of miles up the Nile. We had been stuck there an hour, whilst the crew poled and chanted and every now and again the paddles churned the water into foam.

Natives lined both banks in hundreds to watch the show, and across the broad bosom of the river floated plaintive treble cries of "Baksheesh!" There was no possibility of getting any at that distance, of course; but habit is strong. Grinning shadoof boys, stripped to loin cloth, yelled ribald pleasantries at us as they dipped and swung upward the loaded buckets for the irrigation ditches. The women at the river's edge, filling their water pitchers, stared apathetically.

None of the passengers begrudged the delay. In days of twisting through the tortuous channel we had often kissed a sand bar or momentarily grounded—the marvel of it was that the pilot could feel his way at all. And now we were opposite a stretch of deep-green fields of clover and beans, and beyond, a grove of date palms amid which nestled a village, thatch-roofed and sun-drenched. A tiny minaret of a mosque peeped above the spreading tops.

From somewhere on the other shore came the whine of a sakieh, a medley like an orchestra tuning up for the overture. It is a never-ceasing sound in that ancient land, and to me has always seemed to typify Egyptian life—groaning and striving through the countless years. We caught a glimpse of the blindfolded cow which turned it, patiently treading around and around.

I lay back in a steamer chair, blissfully unmindful of time. About the finest way to loaf I know—and I've tried them all—is to bask on the open deck of a Nile boat and watch the teeming life of Egypt go by. As the country consists of a narrow strip of irrigated land on either side of the river, and the roads are high-banked causeways because of the annual flood, one can sit at ease and see a people in silhouette.

Black-robed women, with water pitchers on their heads, moved against the sky line with quick, graceful stride. A flock of sheep and goats and frisking kids went past, driven by a young girl. Camels were carrying the day's last load of fertilizer to the fields, and buffalo cows, horns laid flat along the neck, fared lazily homeward with singing boys perched on their backs. A fat merchant in rich robes and fez ambled toward Edfu, astride a donkey so small that only its ears and twinkling legs were visible. A small boy was leading a blind man as fast as he could leg it, anxious to be on hand for baksheesh at our next stop. Bearded, turbaned patriarchs, swathed to the nose in white woolen shawls swung bare legs from the rumps of donkeys and guided with a stick. A caravan of seventeen heavily laden camels, just in from the desert, stalked along with awkward, unhurried gait, their necks gangling rhythmically. Egypt was going along about its business pretty much as in the days when Moses led the chosen people out of bondage toward the Red Sea.

"Hey, you big stiff!"

The stentorian bellow crashed into my reverie like a blow. A felucca was coming alongside, packed like a Staten Island ferryboat. In the middle of the press of natives rose a pile of earthen pots, and squatting on top of the pile were two white men

"That ain't him!" protested another voice of the same barnyard volume. "That guy there has to travel in carload lots."

"It's him all the same," said Number One. "I'd know the big bum anywheres. Hi there, buddy!"

The passengers were growing interested; necks were craned. I saw Mrs. Harry Webb-Cave-Webb, of Piping Rock, elevate her lorgnette in my direction, and Lord Howlong, of Scone Towers, Somersetshire, favored me with the first glance of interest he had bestowed on anything except the menu during the trip. A group of young girls started to giggle and

"Are you deef?" yelled the voice again. "Look at the loafer, will you, pretending like he don't know us! Oh, la, la!"

I did my best to seem unconcerned, but something told me—something told me I was chosen. The felucca was now directly below us. "Emshi!" I shouted, standing up. "No baksheesh!"

They laughed uproariously and Hardtack gloated to Wally.

"What'd I tell you? It's him all right. Now we eat—boy, howdy!" Then raising his voice, he addressed me once more: "Hair on you, ol' side kick, long as a billy goat's and twice as natural!"

"Meet you at the next landing!" Wally megaphoned as the felucca swept past and made for the shore.

"Friends of yours?" the Lady Diana inquired in her crisp accents.

"Very much so."

"I rather liked the one with the round haircut."

"Both of 'em shave their necks—they're swell guys."

"I mean the one with the sandy hair and the warts on his hands."

"That's Hardtack."

"He's a dear. You might introduce him."

But there was no time for the amenities. Hardtack and Wally were at the landing when we tied up about sundown, and ignoring the protests of officials, bore down like a cyclone before anybody could put foot ashore.

Even for a Dragoman, Pawy Looked

"Well, you ol' son of a gun!" Hardtack hit me a wallop on the back that utterly undid some fine bridge work. "I swan, he's as fat as a seal! Feel of his laig, Wally! And look, take a pinch of him here!"

"You leave me alone. I'm ticklish. Quit, I tell you!"

"Where did you blow in from, anyhow?" continued Hardtack, who seldom bothered to lower his voice below its natural quarter-section pitch. "We'd about figured you must of croaked, or something."

"I didn't get your last letter."

They chuckled, and Wally remarked, "Shucks, we didn't count on getting the money! But it was worth taking a chance."

"Gangway, gentlemen, please! Gangway! There're others who want to land besides yourselves"

"Come on up on the bank and sit down. Your boat spends the night here, anyhow, don't she? Well, so do we."

We pushed our way through the crowd of natives who swarmed as close to the landing as the guards would permit, peddling shawls and beads and scarabs and other junk, or begging for baksheesh. From time to time native officials lashed them back with whips.

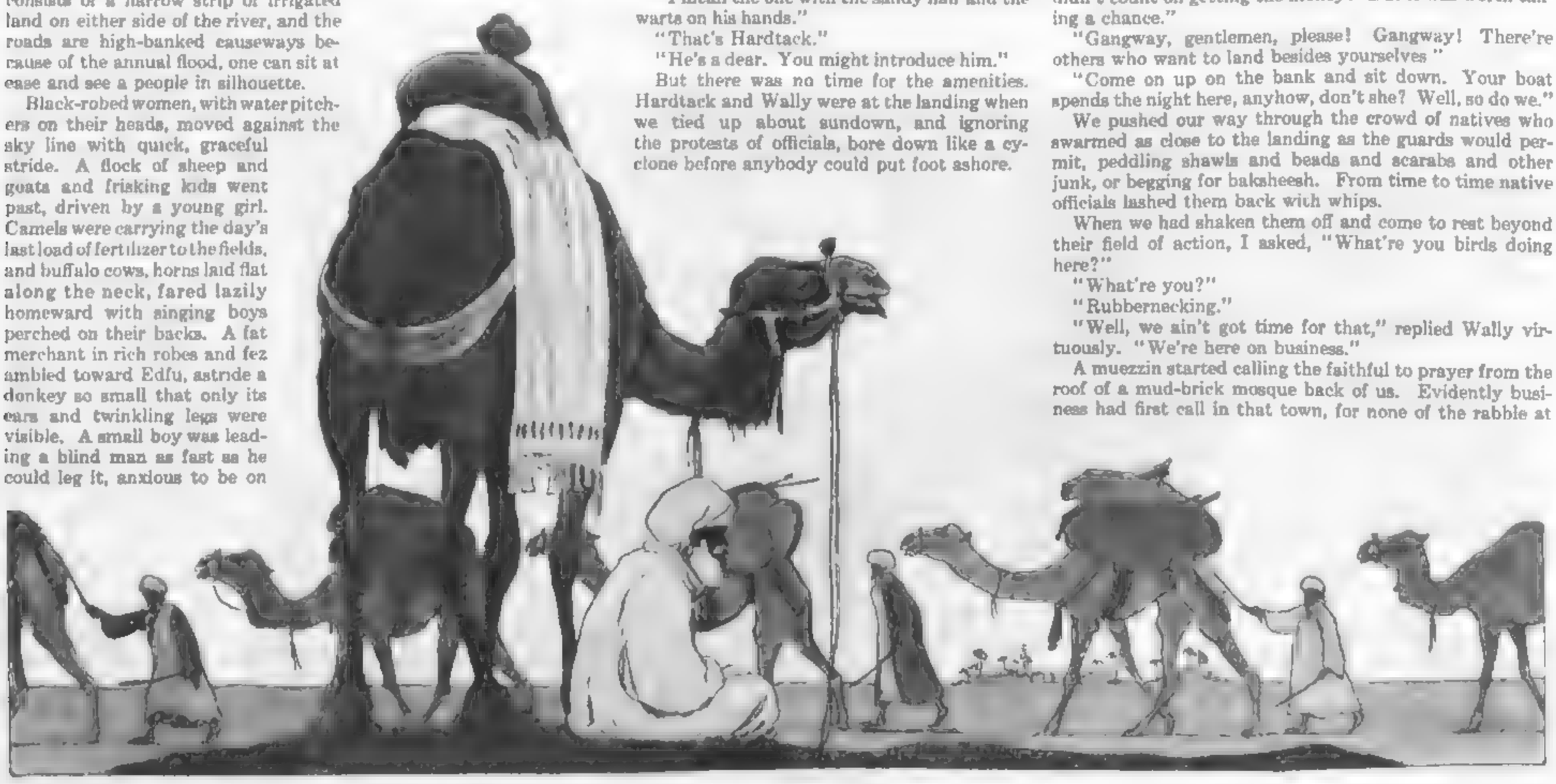
When we had shaken them off and come to rest beyond their field of action, I asked, "What're you birds doing here?"

"What're you?"

"Rubbernecking."

"Well, we ain't got time for that," replied Wally virtuously. "We're here on business."

A muezzin started calling the faithful to prayer from the roof of a mud-brick mosque back of us. Evidently business had first call in that town, for none of the rabble at



Hard-Boiled, and His Appraising Glance Rested on Me

the landing paid any heed. Their clamor drowned the wailing summons.

"Yes," said Hardtack, "business."

"So?" I replied, on my guard at once. "And what might this business be?"

Wally looked at Hardtack and Hardtack looked at Wally.

"You tell him."

"Naw, you."

"It was your idea."

"It wasn't nothing of the kind. When Fawy —— Oh, well, it's like this," said Hardtack: "We're going into the desert."

"All right, count me in."

"But this ain't shake stuff, or bunk like that."

"What stuff?"

"He's ignorant," cut in Wally tolerantly. "Pronounce it like the roughnecks do, Hardtack. He means sheek—you know what sheiks are, don't you?—the guys who grab off women and carry 'em away into the desert."

"Well, can you birds improve on that program?"

My friends exchanged a meaning glance.

"Will we take him in?" asked Hardtack.

"Can't help ourselves, I reckon. But he don't cut in for a slice of the loot. Understand, buddy?"

"Sure! So far as I'm concerned, it's a pleasure trip."

"O. K.," they assented. "Well, that's settled."

"When do we start?"

"Tomorrow."

"And where do we go?"

"Upstream a ways."

"Upstream a ways" involved a somewhat longer journey than the loose expression indicated. That night I made arrangements for the pair to sleep on deck, since there was no accommodation to be had in the village, and they frankly admitted the ground was awful cold after the sun went down and they wouldn't choose it. And early next morning we hired a felucca and started on our quest. Each of us carried a blanket roll in which was enough canned food to last a fortnight. As for water, we should have to drink what the natives drank.

We traveled three days, tacking when there was a breeze and rowing when it failed. The crew were Nubians, with the parallel scars on each cheek indicating the tribe to which they belonged. Throughout the livelong day they thrummed the maddening tom-tom or chorused in weird minor key the chants inseparable from the most trivial task. And always at the end of every effort they shouted in glad unison, "Hip, hip, hoor-eh! Hip, hip, hoor-eh! Very nice, thank you, good day."

Now maybe I haven't lived right, but a very little of the tom-tom goes a long way. Something in the pulsating rhythm gets a man going just at first, but after a while he experiences a reaction; his eyes lose their glint, his breath begins to come naturally again, and he decides that it may be best not to carry off the girl into the mountains, after all. It isn't thirty seconds from that stage to an intense longing for the Sabbath peace of well-regulated domestic life. Even Hardtack and Wally got their fill and told the natives to cut out the noise and leave a man sleep.

From dawn to sunset we passed the commerce of a nation moving up and down the river. The luxurious idlers on the tourist steamers came to the rail to speculate about us; dahabeahs drifted lazily by, their crews chanting as they scrubbed decks. We exchanged river gossip with the men of sailing boats piled high with loose grain. Cargoes of sugar cane, on their way to the refinery, or the markets of Cairo, flitted around a bend and as silently vanished. There were boats laden with rock from the river quarries; and we scurried out of the way of important paddle steamers, bringing long-horned cattle down from the Sudan. Solemn cranes stood sentinel in the shallows, and ever crossing to and from either bank were boats loaded with agricultural produce and ferryboats packed to the gunwales with turbaned humanity. Some fishermen tried to sell us live channel cat, and at one place naked small boys darted out from shore in tiny canoes made of kerosene tins.

"Baksheesh! Baksheesh!"

It was good to lie back as we purled along and let the warm sunshine seep into the system. The swan-breasted boats that passed us made life seem so effortless; but there on the bank thousands were toiling patiently at the eternal daily grind. We saw men plowing with a stick at the end of a long pole dragged by a team of cows, and the shadoof boys bent and straightened, bent and straightened hour after hour.

"Just like they been doing for five thousand years," murmured Wally sleepily. "Ain't it the limit?"

"And back home," Hardtack remarked, "guys like us go to work in our own automobiles."

"This is nothing," I said. "Have you seen the pyramids? Well, Cheops, Pharaoh of Egypt, forced a hundred thousand men to work ten years to build the road to haul the stone for the big one, and twenty years more to build it. They got no pay and had to feed themselves."

Hardtack raised up on an elbow, his eyes bulging.

"How come—work and feed themselves too?"

"He had a system of rotation by which different members of a family took turns at building and farming."

"I hope he's in hell."

"All right, old fundamentalist—but mankind goes marching on."

"They're mighty slow about it—over here."

"Up this river a piece," I replied, "are three tribes of Nubians who have lived side by side on a thin strip of land for a thousand years—and the people of one tribe don't know what the people of another are talking about."

"They ain't got much on New York, at that," exclaimed Wally.

At night we tied up to the bank somewhere, avoiding the vicinity of the villages for fear we might be set upon in our sleep. Every native keeps a mongrel dog which yaps all night long, but neither they nor the fleas nor a few hardy mosquitoes could keep us awake. The nights were bitter cold, and early morning had a sharp tang; but from ten o'clock until three we reveled in sparkling sunshine.

On the evening of the third day the helmsman pointed ahead and Hardtack shouted "Here it is!" We slid under the branches of a sycamore tree close to an old cemetery near a village and tied up. The crew didn't seem to fancy the locality and their boss demanded to be paid off. Why? Well, it was well understood that departed spirits roosted in sycamore trees; and these were bad people, anyway, and he would take his money and go.

"Give him his money and leave him go then," said Hardtack. "Emshi, you! That's all the baksheesh you get—*comprenez?*"

But somehow the crew's behavior put a damper on me, and as I watched them pull rapidly out into midstream I felt a strong impulse to call them back. It was too late, however, and Hardtack and Wally had already started through the fields toward the village. A rush of dogs welcomed us, and behind them the usual crowd of children, ragged and dirty, many of them blind in one eye. Some of the poor little faces were covered with swarms of flies that attacked their sore eyes and mouths, but they did not seem to mind. In fact, despite the appalling conditions under which the average Egyptian child grows up, they seem extraordinarily happy youngsters.

Back of the children clustered a group of men who watched us narrowly. Most of the women hurried into the houses at our approach and peeped out at us.

It was a typical Nile village of adobe huts, built on the ruins of previous homes. In rural Egypt they never bother to clear away what has fallen to rack, but go blithely ahead and build on top of the débris, which results in the villages growing higher and higher. Some donkeys were nosing about for food; a big brown bull camel, hobbled in a patch of clover, raised his head to stare at us. Suddenly he let out the horrible burbling rumble of his breed that sounds like a geyser starting up, and began to froth at the mouth.

"Look out!" said Wally. "He's mean!"

Out came a slobbering, purple tongue, inflated like a bladder, and next moment the beast headed toward us in short, awkward jumps, hate in every line of him. Hardtack's hand stole to his automatic.

"Don't shoot! He can't do any harm—he's muzzled."

"Well, he'd best quit stickin' his tongue out at me then," retorted Hardtack. "I don't like his face."

A boy ran to the camel's head and led him back to the field, where he tethered him to a stake, the beast still raging. And now another welcome faced us. A buffalo cow was standing in the path, absolutely still, in a sort of contemplative calm. With head thrust out and nose tilted in the peculiar way they have, she was gazing into the sunset as though performing an act of worship. But no sooner did that cow smell strangers—Hardtack and Wally engaged in an acrimonious argument later as to which she got first—than she whirled about, her wild eyes glaring. Down came her head—and we parted company.

"All right!" cried a voice. "No worry! I fix him!"

A huge fat native stepped between us and the cow and drove it back with a stick. Then he turned to my friends with a broad grin.

"Well, here we are," said Hardtack.

"Yes; very nice."

"This," Wally announced, "is Fawy Bayoumi, the guy I was telling you about."

I shook hands with the sheik, who was blind in one eye and had a bewildering squint in the other.

"I," he said with a flourish, "will be your dragoman. Everything what is to be seen, I show you. Everything what is to be done, I do it. Yes; very nice."

It didn't hit me just in that light. Even for a dragoman,

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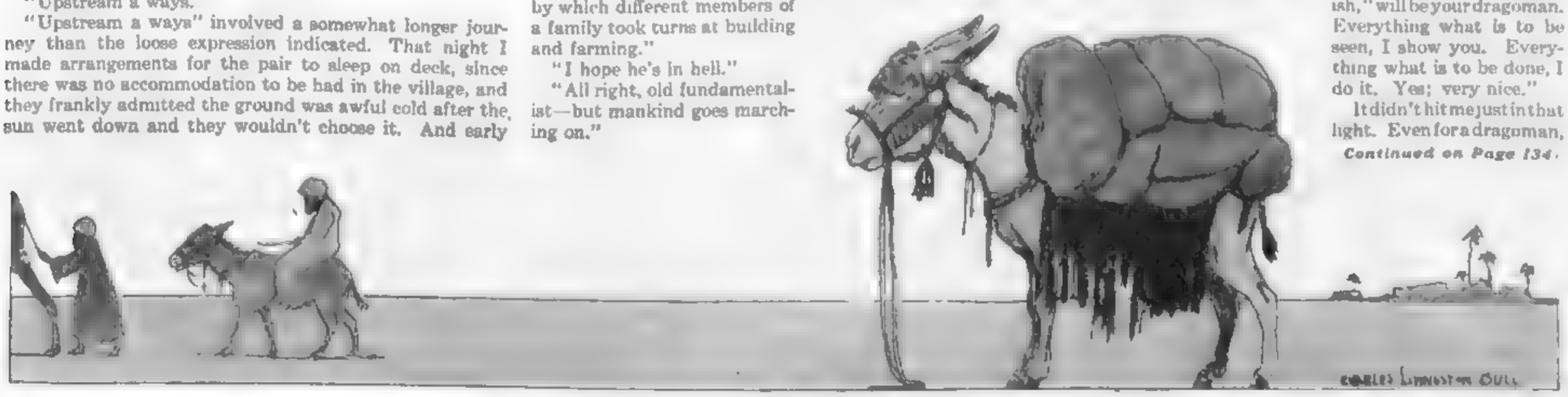

McSQUISH

By HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"Man, You've a Clapper-Tongue! I Have My Two or Three Faults, Perhaps, But, the Lord be Thanked, Sentiment is Not Among Them! Will You Smoke?"

TOWARD dusk I scuttled across the Place de l'Opéra—where the only rule is that if you're knocked down you're arrested for impeding traffic—and gained the sanctuary of the sidewalk on the Fourth of September Avenue. From the doorway of the nearest building emerged six-feet-three of lean round-shouldered muscle, with the familiar adjuncts of beard, steel spectacles and scrubbing-brush eyebrows. It was my ancient friend Donald Mackenzie McPherson, faithful to the rendezvous. And although I hadn't seen him for at least a year and a half, his opening remark was: "Lad, your cravat's crooked!"

We went around the corner to a café.

"Well, Donald," I said, "whatever brought you over here, anyway? Why, for a firm as big as yours, this Paris branch can't be important enough to need a full partner at the head of it, can it?"

"Man," said Donald, with the burr of a slightly diluted Harry Lauder, "I am on the mossy side of sixty-seven, but when I was aged fourteen I was apprenticed to a master accountant in Leeds, and he taught me to be very diligent and very responsible. Nor did I forget these lessons when I went out to America at twenty-two, when I was naturalized at twenty-eight, when I passed my C. P. A. examinations at thirty, nor when I was admitted partner at forty-nine. Consequently, since this Paris office is a costly experiment, requiring great diligence coupled with grave responsibility, it was altogether logical for me to assume its direction."

But I had known Donald for a good many years. "And being from the knuckle end of England," I said, "you'd rather die to slow music than admit you really wanted to come over here because France has a sentimental appeal for you."

"Sentiment!" said old Donald contemptuously. "Man, you've a clapper-tongue! I have my two or three faults, perhaps, but, the Lord be thanked, sentiment is not among them! Will you smoke?"

His cigarette case was gold and uncommonly heavy; the front of it bore his initials in crusted diamonds, and on the back were what looked like two facsimile signatures, also in diamonds.

"H'm!" I said. "But just the same, you're getting æsthetic, you old rascal, aren't you? Do you keep a scented handkerchief up your sleeve too?"

He bristled, and rolled his r's magnificently. "If you've reference to that specific trinket, impertinence, I'll inform you that it was a presentation to me."

"Oh, yes—from Roderick Evans and Dorothy Curtis Evans. What were you, Donald—best man, godfather or correspondent?"

From ambush his eyes gleamed severely. "Curiosity killed a cat! But it only goes to show what a practical man can accomplish even in a ridiculously sentimental country. Shall I demonstrate the point?"

"Do so," I said. And he did so.

Being a Scotsman—said my ancient friend McPherson—I am a man of few words, and being sixty-seven I am very respectful of facts; wherefore I will eliminate all the embroidery. It was about four months ago that I was sitting in the Travellers Club one evening when I was suddenly clapped on the shoulder by a young man named Evans, who had taken his baccalaureate degree at Harvard University a month or two previously. I had known him, however, before he was so much as house-broken, for his father and I had done business together for approximately twenty-nine years. So there was young Roderick Evans, exhibiting signs of pleasure, at which, as an old man, I took a certain pride to myself, even although my dignity was slightly compromised

"What, Bobbie?" I inquired. "Are you in Paris?"

"No," said Roderick, with the modern flippancy which passes for wit. "I'm in Constantinople, dancing a hootchy-kootchy on a clam!" He sat down beside me. "McSquish, I'm the happiest man in the world!"

Now for some curious reason this lad had always addressed me as "McSquish"; and although I was always offended I did not want him to know it.

"Bobbie," I said, "could that not be a faint exaggeration? According to statistics, the earth's population is now very considerable."

He laughed vigorously and placed a telegram in my hands. "McSquish, just you absorb that! From the most wonderful girl in the world! And then I'll tell you how you're going to save my life."

Ignoring his lack of respect, I cast an eye upon the telegram. It was from Rome, Italy, and it read: "Yes, yes, yes. Arrive Friday morning eight-thirty."

I returned it to him. "Is it a categorical reply to three separate questions, Bobbie, or does the lady stutter?"

"McSquish," he said fondly, "that's from the most wonderful girl in the world!"

"Bobbie," I said, "I had already made a shrewd guess at that. May I ask how long you have known the lady?"

"Why," said Bobbie, "I've known her eight days. Listen; I met her in Rome at a dance, but I'd been tipped off she was engaged. Now, you know what that means. Engaged girls are lemons. I ——"

"Bobbie," I said, "I've not your social education, but the only engaged girl I ever knew intimately well, I never found particularly distasteful."

"Oh, go take the air!" said Bobbie pertly. "Why, that was probably because you doped it out you could enjoy her company without any obligation to buy her anything—you dime-throttling old kiltie!"

"I am referring to Mrs. McPherson," I said with considerable restraint.

"And give her a big hug for me," said the insolent lad. "But listen, McSquish; you see, I'd heard she was engaged, so I didn't try to start anything; in fact, most of the time we just sat out dances and watched."

"Bobbie," I said, "don't attempt to deceive me. You sometimes conversed as well."

He laughed once more. "Why, I suppose we did. And then I made a date with her for tea a couple of days later, and—McSquish, as man to man, what's your ideal of womanhood?"

"Kindness and an even disposition," I said, "and not too good-looking, so as to prevent conceit and trespassers. A fair complexion, but a plain cook."

"Why, you antediluvian old lumber scow," said Bobbie, "all you need is a set of cast-iron underwear and an eel spear to be back in the Middle Ages! Why, Dorothy's alive! She—why, when she looks at you, you feel as if you'd been run over by a steam roller with Taft at the wheel! When she talks to you, why—why—it's—why——"

"On the end shelf," I said with considerable reserve, "there's a dictionary of similes, Bobbie. Shall we take a brief recess?"

"McSquish," he said, "in addition to a diabolical brogue you've got the entrails of an iron ox! Well, anyhow, the next day we had a walk in the Borghese gardens and then we went down and gave a bo-peep to the Colosseum by moonlight, and ——"

"And in the meantime, Bobbie," I inquired, "where was her intended?"

"Well, that's exactly what I found out at the Colosseum! She wasn't engaged at all! It wasn't anything but a rabid rumor! And there I'd wasted all that time being a spare part! It was ghastly!" Here he whisked out his telegram and reread it fatuously. "McSquish, I had to dash up here on a business errand for dad before I had a chance to propose to her, but I've just done it by wire and she's accepted me. But, McSquish—you know what dad is. And Dot's father is just like him. They're a pair of ten-minute eggs. That's why I need you. That's why I dug you out as soon as I heard you were here."

"Meaning," I said, "that you anticipate a certain parental opposition to this mile-a-minute romance? That makes it unanimous. So do I."

He stared at me. "McSquish, are you with us or against us?"

"Up to the present moment," I said, "I am preserving a judicious neutrality. Continue."

After considerable hesitation he continued. "Well, you know what dad is. He's got this bug of having me work up from the bottom. When I get back home I'm supposed to start in at a measly twenty dollars a week. I ——"

"Pause, Croesus," I said. "When I was your age I earned eighteen, and saved ten. But I had had several years' training. So you will have to excuse me for not shedding tears."

He glared at me. "I ought to have known better than to expect sympathy from a secondhand Scotchman. I'm sorry I disturbed you! I didn't realize I was interrupting the hardening of your last artery!"

"Sit down, Bobbie," I said with considerable asperity, "or, by the Lord Harry, you haven't the stamina of a timid guinea pig!" Presently he sat down. "Lad," I said, "I am a man of few words. I am also fairly well acquainted with your father, having done business together, as the company's auditor, for approximately twenty-nine years. But who is this lady?"

"Her name's Dorothy Curtis," he said sulkily, "and her father's a vice president of the Wall Street Trust."

"Then that would be Mr. Bodman Curtis," I said, "and I have had business relations with his bank since late in 1904—or perhaps early in 1905. I am not closely acquainted with him, but from my opinion of his mentality I doubt if he would consider twenty dollars a week a sufficient salary to justify his son-in-law in contracting marriage."

The lad now wilted. "McSquish," he said, "have a heart! You've got it all over dad like a blanket. If you just tell him that Dot's the right girl for me, why, he'll fold up like a gentleman and slip us enough to live on while I pick up the business. And if you don't—why ——"

"What you then ask me to do, Bobbie," I said, "is to risk participation in a family quarrel, and also to jeopardize two very profitable clients for my firm, by guaranteeing a successful match between yourself and a certain lady, sight unseen. And I fear that my partners might consider the undertaking as slightly speculative. But when does she arrive—tomorrow morning? Suppose you take dinner with us tomorrow evening, then, and allow me to judge more accurately of the lady's qualifications."

He consented readily enough, but for the next twelve hours I was considerably perturbed. To be sure, I have always been accustomed to serious responsibility, but not of this precise character. And our quarterly audits of the Wall Street Trust and of the New York and Virginia Paper Company are very considerable items, and both Messrs. Evans and Curtis are what you might conservatively describe as a trifle difficult.

In the middle of the following morning I was informed that Roderick desired an interview. I was slightly annoyed by this importunity, but he was the son of a good client, so I sent word for him to enter, and he came in, together with a young woman of seventeen or eighteen, of the most pronounced fashion. In fact, my original impression consisted solely of ankles, a somewhat limited costume, a mouth and a nose, one eye, and a hat.

I stood up, and was instantaneously struck by a feminine cyclone. The young woman had flung herself at me, and I was glad that Mrs. McPherson was not a witness. For, taken by surprise, I sat down again, and the young woman clung.

"You darling old thing!" she said, without any of the customary preliminaries. "Bobbie's told me all about you, so there's no earthly point in pretending to be so crusty, and giving me any more glowers, because I know you're just as soft as custard inside, and you're going to be our stage manager, aren't you? Say yes. Say it! Don't you know it's impolite to keep a lady waiting?"

"Young woman," I said authoritatively, "if you will have the common decency to remove yourself before my secretary comes in I shall be greatly obliged to you."

Both the young idiots laughed with considerable abandon. "Kiss him, Brownie," said Roderick. "Give the old porridge hound a thrill."

Lad, I ask you to visualize the situation. "Young woman," I said furiously, "get off before I boost you off!"

But before I could protect myself she had begun to wind my front hair around her thumb and forefinger.

"Now listen," she said, "I've got to take the noon train to Cherbourg. I'm sailing on the Imperial early tomorrow morning. I've got to. My chaperon's been called back all of a sudden, and of course I can't stay alone. And Bobbie's booking isn't for two weeks, and he can't change it and go back with me, because there isn't any space left. But Bobbie tells me you're the ultimate wow. And Bobbie's father thinks he's an inexcusable error, and mine thinks I'm thought-shy—but honest, we're just human and—and not too grown-up. We don't want to be grown-up! We aren't old enough yet. We just want to grow up together! And both our fathers think such a lot of you

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My Original Impression Consisted Solely of Ankles, a Somewhat Limited Costume, a Mouth and a Nose, One Eye, and a Hat

THE GRIFTING ISN'T SO GOOD

By AN EX-GRIFTER

FOUR twenty-four of the forty-five years the good Lord has so far allotted me I made my living either grifting or fixing around tented shows. Five years ago I retired from the profession and went into vulgar trade—all of which taught me something.

About all you get out of life is experience, and I began getting mine early in boyhood back in a Class D Iowa burg, where father ran a grocery and mother ran the women's end of a church. I did the usual healthy-kid stuff of my time—baseball, birds' nests, scraps with the gang south of the tracks, public school and all that. In other words, I got an orthodox start in life, thanks to respectable ancestry and roaring good health—and at fourteen I slipped.

It wasn't a bad slip, although it was that slip that gave me the big slide into grifting later on. A drum major's stick started it. Like lots of other kids, I had a hunch for the show business, and held an intermittent job as usher in the local opera house by main force and awkwardness. Beach & Bowers' Minstrels—Forty! Count 'em! Forty! Band and Orchestra!—played our town each winter. The drum major of that thrilling annual minstrel street parade—something the big-towners never see, poor devils—was my earliest hero. I saved my pennies, purchased a baton as pictured in the party-colored catalogues and became an expert in throwing the drum major's stick.

The next time Beach & Bowers' came to town I got some pal to press-agent me to Bobby Beach. He looked my stuff over and asked me if I would like to join out. Would I? I was in that special minstrel Pullman car when it pulled onto the main track that night, and I didn't say good-by or leave my route with anyone. Of course, father knew where I was and caught up with me a week later at Clinton, Iowa. Boy, I remember it yet!

Down the street I came, in Turkish jacket and trousers, with one of those fez hats on, strutting like a turkey cock and throwing the stick way over the trolley wires. Just as I got opposite the old Kehoe Hotel I took a slant at the hotel porch to see if I had a good audience, and there was Joe Crowley, a famous cigar salesman who made my town regularly, and father, giving me the once-over. I nearly dropped the stick. But father, always a good sport, motioned to me to go on. And didn't I send that nickel-plated baton up some? I'll say I did! Then father took me back to home and school; said he guessed I'd had a long enough vacation.

Lessons From a Shortcake Butcher

I LASTED as long as the second year in high school; then I threw a book at a teacher, who promptly expelled me. By springtime the trouper bug that had got into my system with Beach & Bowers' Minstrels and Henry Raker got in their work. Henry, when I first knew him, ran a little candy store in our town; but he had been a candy butcher with the old W. B. Reynolds Show and I used to hang around his shop nights and hear him yarn about the road and the big tops.

Henry had been a shortcake butcher—that is, a guy that sells pop corn, candy and stuff like that to the towners and understands the walk-away, the hold-out, counting both ends, pushing paper and handling silver. I'll explain all these terms later. The point is, he told me where I could get a job as circus candy butcher, and I hopped a train and got it. I was sixteen then. For the next few years I was trained in a school that believed the sucker and his money should be promptly parted, and that it is possible to make a living easy and you can get what you want without paying the price for it.

This first circus I joined out with was a four-car show. We'll call it Lemonade John's Great Railroad Shows. The Old Man was Lemonade John to the profession because he got his start on a lemonade stand. When he left off running a mud show and put it on four railroad cars he modestly billed the aggregation as his Great Railroad Shows. Fair enough.

All the Big Shows are Clean as a Hound's Tooth

Lemonade John didn't believe in paying salaries. That's one reason I had no trouble landing a job with him, and also why I learned to profit by the shortcake stuff Henry Raker had told me in his candy store. Almost any bright boy would have done the same under similar circumstances. You see, the shortcake works this way:

You're selling peanuts and candy, say, on the blue seats, and a simp or towner gives you a five-dollar bill for fifty cents' worth of stuff he's bought for the party of five or six he has with him. The chances are his mind is on his party or his eyes are on the performance that's going on. If not, you get his attention and—keeping his eye on yours—you give him his change in quarters and halves, as follows:

"Fifty cents for the peanuts, and twenty-five and fifty is one dollar"—always dropping quarters into his hand—"and twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five and one dollar is two dollars, and one, two, three, four"—dropping quarters each time—"is four, and the peanuts were fifty cents, and here's fifty cents. I thank you. Next gentleman."

If you stop to figure that out, which the customer rarely does, you'll see the candy butcher has really handed his come-on only three dollars in quarters and halves and has held out $1.50. The trick is in switching from "twenty-five, fifty, seventy-five, one dollar" to "one, two, three, four." The word "four" is your keynote; the other trick is in keeping his eye on yours. This operation I've just described is known as counting both ends.

Sometimes the smart sucker thinks you are giving him too much change, because you say "the peanuts were fifty cents" twice. So he stuffs his change into his pocket for fear you'll find out your mistake and ask him to give back some of it. That little slant on mass psychology is the grifter's first line of moral defense. I'll give you some more later. Suffice it to say counting both ends works in selling tickets or anything else on the circus lot, and about five times out of ten the towner, if he thinks about it at all, thinks he is getting the best of the trouper. Of course, it is not always so easy as that. I learned that grifting isn't all a bed of roses when I picked a wrong guy in a timber town of upper Wisconsin and got chased off the seats and off the lot and darned near off the show.

So when the Old Man offered me a job in the ticket wagon I thought that looked safer and I took it. Incidentally, it represented an advance in professional ranks, because the position theoretically carried a salary of eight dollars a week. When I learned that this salary, like others around the show, was paid in theory only I began to play for the walk-away.

The Walk-Away

NOW the ticket-wagon walk-away is about the most legitimate grift there is around the tented shows. In fact, I would not call it grift at all; it's sort of manna from heaven. The walk-away is, as you know, the change the towners leave at the ticket wagon. Some of the old grifting shows used to use pushers around the wagon to shove the ticket buyers past the ticket-wagon window before the simps could get their change money, which, by the way, the ticket seller held back just the fraction of a second, playing for the walk-away. That pleasant practice has been pretty generally abandoned, because most shows are honest now, even to the extent of keeping men at the ticket wagon calling, "Get your change. Get your change." But, at that, I guess every ticket wagon in the world shows an overage every time there is a count-up. It comes from what I would call the legitimate walk-away. But even in my penny-ante days the walk-away was pretty good; so much so that the Old Man came into the wagon one afternoon and spotted the pile of walk-away coin and currency at the right of my window and declared in his whiny, nasal way, "That there walk-away, son, that's all mine," and took it.

I learned about money from him. After that sad episode I kept all the cash receipts in one pile, but kept a pencil memo of the walk-away. So I knew just how much to hold out when the Old Man counted up with me and could thus make my cash check with the tickets in my rack or in the front-door boxes.

It was a wise guy who pulled that crack about necessity being the mother of invention. My walk-away hold-out was sometimes worth six dollars a day to me.

At that, the candy butchers had a better thing than I did. Ma John—that's not intended as a pun—ran the candy stands. She had a system. Each morning she staked each butcher to five dollars change money. Each day she checked him in and out on the stuff he sold. Each night at the count-up each butcher had to turn in the original five dollars change money, plus one dollar for Ma. And if, in an excess of prosperity, any butcher forgot on any morning to get that five-case note from Ma he was suspected of and apt to be fired for holding out.

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The Bet I Made With Uncle Sam

By J. R. JONES

AUTHOR OF PLAYING THE GOLD CAMPS

THE local land commissioner dropped the money into the drawer of his desk and handed me my receipt. As I stood a moment folding the precious paper the commissioner turned toward me and whimsically asked, "Who wins?"

"What do you mean?" I inquired, puzzled.

"Why, haven't you just bet Uncle Sam sixteen dollars against 160 acres of land that you can stick there for five years and not starve to death?"

Naturally, I laughed, for it appealed to me as quite a joke. I was in the mood for merriment, for hadn't I just acquired the right to fence, plow, plant, harvest, put up buildings, dig ditches, and in fact do just as my fancy dictated with a lovely tract of land, and for only ten cents an acre? Yet grim reality eventually dulled the point of that joke for me

I had been raised in the West and for many years had been eligible for Uncle Sam's land patrimony. I had viewed board shacks on the parched plains of California; the structures of stone and adobe that clustered the water holes of Nevada and Arizona; the shake buildings of Oregon and Washington and the log houses that turned the cold in Idaho and Montana. The homes of the open country had always seemed so hopeless; not a tree to relieve the monotony or cast a welcome shadow. There was the fierce heat of summer and the cold winds of winter; the mire of mud when the rains fell and the caked earth when the sun shone.

A Wyoming Homesteader Starting to Build on His Homestead Before Water Was Brought to the Land

An Unequal Struggle

THE family quarters were usually cramped for space and the features of the older people showed evidence of their struggle for existence. Indeed, I had seen much outward evidence of misery among homesteaders -barefoot children in the cold wind and deep frost, women valiantly striving to give a touch of color to their dreary surroundings, and dazed men enmeshed in a web of debt, crop loss, broken fences and depredations of range stock. The food problem was always acute; of social life there was none, and ever-present was the monotony of plains blending into distant horizon. In the timbered sections of Oregon and Washington the struggle went on in little valleys and small clearings.

There was often nothing but a garden or small grain patch, and buckskin gloves were their most easily marketed product. For at the period I write of, game laws were but little respected and wild meat was the most easily secured food. Everywhere the struggle had appeared to me so unequal; the houses so bare; the future so hopeless; the problem of education so disheartening.

Yet here I was in spite of my years of observation taking a fling at the game with a wife and three children. Also I was feeling so sure that I would succeed. I had $3000 in cash, and seventeen years ago that was a considerable figure. Then, too, I felt that I had chosen well in the matter of location; a tract of rich soil in a scenic valley of the Wyoming Rockies. Many streams of water rushed down the mountain slopes and waves of timber swept from valley border to the base of rocky pinnacles. Herds of elk ranged the forest, and there were deer, moose, mountain sheep, bear and antelope freely sprinkled throughout this region. There were numerous varieties of fur-bearing animals, besides grouse, sage hens, coyotes, wolves and mountain lions. All the streams contained trout, and luscious huckleberries ripened in the cool depths of deep forest.

As I left the land commissioner's office I was greeted by an acquaintance, who inquired, "Have you located?"

I informed him that I had, and he wished me good luck, but frankly stated his opinion that I had made a mistake.

"You can never wrastle a piece of raw land into shape as cheaply as you can buy from some disgusted fellow who has proved up. I have been through the mill myself and know what I am talking about. But people are land crazy, and it might just as well be you as someone else who gets stung."

I thought my acquaintance was a pessimist and his remarks passed lightly with me.

Getting Home

I HAD made my filing in June and two days later a man was drowned trying to ford the river just below my place. None of the big streams were bridged, and when I brought my family in during August we were carried across the smaller channels of Snake River on the back of a man; boated across the swift current and forded the rushing overflows to the opposite bank in a wagon. Our two-day stage ride from the railroad ended at the metropolis of that region; a post office, two stores, saloon and hotel. The following day I hired a team to haul us the nine miles to the homestead.

As we neared the place a thunder shower swept across the valley and we raced for the partially completed two-room log cabin. The rough board door had been left open and range cattle crowded the interior. They left at our approach, leaving it vilely fouled. The cabin was neither chinked nor daubed, and only holes were cut for windows. The board roof had been lightly covered with dirt, and muddy streams of water poured through the cracks. The storm was driven by a high wind and was almost a cloudburst. The crash of thunder was deafening and lightning flashes followed each other in quick succession. Heaven's orchestra was giving us an unappreciated welcome to our new home, and we found no pleasure in our muddy baths.

After what seemed a long period of time the storm passed on to drench the distant hills. A drizzle settled in the wake of the downpour and we struggled to build a fire before the cabin door. Soaked and chilled, the wife and children crowded around the tiny flame that licked so feebly at the dripping wood. Dusk had settled before it blazed cheerfully up and cast a measure of warmth upon us. Until late that night we turned before the fire like spitted kids as we dried our clothes. Finally the children became so sleepy that we cleared a space on the dirt floor of the cabin and rolled them, with their clothes on, into the damp bedding. A hot camp-fire breakfast revived us the next morning and our bedding was stretched to dry in the warm sun. The day was spent in removing filth from the cabin and carrying driftwood from the river.

PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

A Wyoming Homestead After the Land Has Been Irrigated

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Seattle Slim Meets Irish Olga

By VICTOR SHAWE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

As He Was Speaking, One of His Assistants Joined Him There on the Floor, and Then Another

AN OBSERVING lady once made the statement: Consequences are pitiless; and thereby achieved an apothegm. Slim had never heard that sententious maxim, but he was expressing the same thought when he told himself moodily that life was just one thing after another. As he reviewed the events leading up to that particular June morning he decided he had begun to slip when, the day before, he had been persuaded to keep an engagement with a red-haired lady. Dog-gone the red-haired ones anyhow! They always had brought him bad luck. Keeping that engagement had caused him to miss a train. As a result of missing the train he had met some former friends of his—hard-rock men who were celebrating their return from a southern camp. He had joined them in their celebration. As a pitiless and, one might add, inevitable consequence he was broke again and in need of another job. He did not mind being broke—that was no new experience; but he did hate the idea of having to hunt another job.

However, facts were facts and not to be evaded or argued with, so he directed his listless steps toward an employment office where the hard-rock miners, the soft-dirt men, the blacksmiths, the mechanics, the mule skinners, and even the cooks and flunkies of the camps gathered while in Spokane. Nels Hansen's place was a rendezvous for them all—those denim-clad, heavy-booted, hard-fisted and hard-living workers who followed their favorite bosses from construction job to construction job, or else drifted with the changing seasons from camp to camp—theirs an ambitionless, hopeless, degrading circle, broken only by an occasional debauch and wild days of unrestrained carousal.

Hansen's establishment occupied a low-ceilinged store building, long and narrow. The walls within and without were covered with blackboards upon which were chalked details regarding the various jobs offered. A shifting crowd of men, singly and in groups, wandered aimlessly from blackboard to blackboard studying the ever-changing lists of offerings.

About half the distance down the room an L-shaped counter projected from one wall. At this counter Hansen and his clerks transacted their business.

When Slim entered the building he was hailed by one of a group of men who were lounging with Hansen near the counter. These were miners, favorites of Hansen's because at one time he had followed the camps as a hard-rock boss. The man who hailed Slim was one who had managed to keep clear eyes and a clear head in the previous night's celebration.

"Well, Slim," he greeted, "why aren't you on your way to Seattle?"

Slim approached the group, stretched out a lean, powerful arm, and with a clenched hairy fist smote the counter violently.

"Take warning," he said. "I can lick any son-of-a-gun who says Seattle to me today." Everyone who knew Slim knew that for years he had believed Seattle in June was the finest place in the world for a workingman to spend his winter's savings; and everyone who knew Slim knew that always his winter's savings were squandered before he could reach that fair port, or else some more immediate interest—usually a red-haired lady—succeeded in diverting him from his purpose.

"If that is the way you feel about Seattle, how do you feel toward the red-haired ladies by this time?" another of the men asked, winking for the benefit of the rest.

"The next red-haired dame I meet," Slim vowed, smiting the counter again, "I'm going to smack bang upon the nose."

Then Hansen put in a question:

"What's this the boys have been telling me about a new theory you've evolved—a two-per-cent theory?"

"Dog-gone it!" Slim said plaintively. "Did I tell about that too? Why is it every time I get lit up a little I have to go and tell everything I know? I suppose I even claimed the theory for my own. At that, it's a good theory, even though I didn't evolve it."

"Tell us about it," Hansen insisted.

"Well, it was this way: A year ago last spring when I started to Seattle—dog-gone the red-haired women!—I met up with a lad who was drifting over into Central Oregon to take up a homestead. This lad had figured there wasn't more than two per cent difference between the average man who succeeds and the average man who fails. He had figured all a man needs to succeed is two per cent more ability than average, or two per cent more desire, or two per cent more determination. Yes, and it worked out that way with him when all he had to go on was a little more determination than average—two per cent more, maybe."

Hansen thought this matter over for a moment, applying the theory to the cases of men of his own acquaintance who had succeeded in a business way.

"Slim," he said then, "desire—no amount of desire—will ever get a man anything or anywhere. Take your own case. We all know you hone to visit Seattle. But have you ever made the trip? You have not. That's because you need something more than desire. But I'll agree with you regarding the rest of the theory. No question but it would work. You should give it a tryout yourself."

"Oh, I know it will work," Slim agreed. "Even the desire part," he added, trying to start an argument; "because if you have the desire—just two per cent more desire than average—that will cause you to cultivate the necessary ability and determination"

"If you are sure it will work," spoke up a youth in the crowd—a youth with humorous pale blue eyes and a bulging upper forehead and with a nose too small for the rest of his features—"why don't you try the theory out on some of these red-haired dames trifling with your destiny?"

"Sure, it's a good theory," another said, continuing the jest. "He should see if it would work with Irish Olga."

"Irish Olga?" Slim questioned with immediate interest. "Who is Irish Olga? Has she red hair?"

The men seemed uncertain as to the color of her hair; agreed it must be yellow or brown—anything but red.

"And yet she certainly has a red-haired disposition," one commented.

This brought a laugh, and in graphic, frequently interrupted sentences they told Slim about Olga.

"Old Pete Lafferty is her father," one of them said, as if this statement should be sufficient to identify the girl.

"Old Pete is a soft-dirt man," Hansen qualified. "Slim wouldn't be likely to know him."

"Never heard of him or of Olga either," Slim admitted.

"Well," the first speaker continued, "a long time ago Old Pete hooked up with a Scandinavian waitress, and after the baby came—this Olga we're telling you about—Pete cut out the hooch and began turning his pay checks over to his wife. She sure must have saved something for him, because by and by Pete bought him a dirt gypo outfit and began taking on little subcontracts. This kid of his this Olga—was always trailing at his heels when she wasn't in school, and even as a little kid she learned how to boss the old man. When she finished high school she worked in his office for a couple of years, and then took a notion to go back East to one of those colleges where they teach business as a science. They must have filled the girl full of principles and such things, because when she came back she was all primed to send Pete out after the big contracts."

Hansen now took up the narrative:

"Lafferty had always been a soft-dirt man and he should have had sense enough to leave the hard-rock jobs alone those tunnels he's muddled up with now. There are three of them in a string there in Northern Idaho near the Montana line—on this new railroad that's building out from the East. For some reason the big contractors didn't want to bid on the job, and when Pete went after it he didn't have any competition to speak of. Olga egged him after it. She had him hire a gang of cute little engineers to figure his estimates. Then she added what she thought would be a fair profit, and slapped another fifty per cent on top of that for what she called a margin of safety. And like all the world knows, Old Pete got the contract. Now they can't let go, and it looks like poor Old Pete would be busted flatter than flat before he gets through."

"What seems to be the trouble?" Slim asked.

"Oh, just one thing and then another. Principally Olga, engineers, and the kind of rock they have encountered. Just now they are trying to drive through a dike of stuff in the middle tunnel that crumbles and runs from the top and sides faster than it can be mucked out. In fact, if they don't get control of it soon they won't have any tunnel left. The engineers with the big outfits most likely figured on that dike, and I guess that is why they didn't go after the contract. Another little thing that has been balling up the job for Old Pete is Olga's system for hiring men. In that college she attended she studied what she calls vocational character analysis—picking a man for a job according to the color of his hair or the shape of his nose or something like that. Anyhow, when they need more men—and that is most of the time—she comes in and hand-picks them according to type. Yeh, you wouldn't believe it, but all her muckers must be of the same type, and her mechanics of another type, and her hard-rock men of another. Yeh, for a fact "

"I guess I'll hunt up Olga and let her pick me," Slim decided. "She sounds interesting. And she has yellow hair—or is it brown hair?"

"No chance for you," one of the miners told him—a tall slender fellow of Slim's build and general appearance. "Twice I've tried to cop a job with her, and both times she has given me the cold up-and-down and then refused even to listen to my story."

"Olga has him sized up as a ten-day stiff," Hansen explained for Slim's benefit, "and she hasn't any use for ten-day men. Says they are always an uncertain and disturbing element and the cause of a high labor turnover."

"Uh-huh," said Slim, unimpressed. "When is this dame coming in here again?"

"She was here this morning picking a gang," Hansen told him. "That is why these men are waiting here. She will be back this afternoon for more. She figures on taking them all up to the main camp on tonight's train."

While Hansen was still speaking one of the miners nudged him.

"Shut up," the man warned. "Here she is now."

In the doorway of the employment office a young woman stood. She wore a weather-stained, belted corduroy jacket, and trousers that were tucked into high-topped boots. Pulled snugly down, almost hiding her hair, was a soft plain brown velvet hat. After a brief survey of the room she walked down among the men, sizing them up carefully, and occasionally called one to her for a moment's conversation Almost without exception the men to whom she spoke came directly to the desk and said they were shipping out on the night train.

Slim, as the girl approached, perceived she was young not more than twenty or twenty-one. She was of medium height and rather stout and muscularly built. The fresh pinkness of her complexion—her only heritage from her mother's race—was in odd contrast with the dusty, weathered clothes she wore. Her dark blue eyes under heavy prominent brows showed the Irish strain, as did a small straight nose, full firm lips, a round strong chin with the suggestion of a masculine cleft

"Your move," one of Slim's companions told him. "Let's see how the two-per-cent theory works with the ladies."

"All right," said Slim. "Here goes."

He approached Olga and lifted his hat

"I'm a hard-rock man ——" he commenced, and then paused while she appraised him with a quick comprehensive glance, judged him according to her standards, and decided against him. She asked just two questions

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Old Pete Lafferty Thought Differently. With One Movement of His Brawny Arm He Swept the Engineer Aside

FLORIDA LOAFING

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ANY investigation of Florida for the purpose of discovering what the idle rich or near-rich and the retired business men are doing, and how much they spend in doing it, is apt to be severely handicapped by the discovery that the rich refuse to stay idle and the business men refuse to stay retired

There is a great deal of cheating in Florida on the part of people who some years ago solemnly announced to their relatives and friends in Iowa, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut or some similar Northern state that discountenances loafing among its residents that they were going to Florida for the purpose of taking life easy and doing nothing with the utmost enthusiasm and persistence amid the soothing, flutelike notes of the filhiloo birds, the restful fragrance of the orange blossoms and the bland and brow-cooling breezes from the Gulf Stream.

One gets wind of a man who came to Florida not many months in the past with a trick kidney or a touch of the gambler's rot to live on an income of $3000 or $4000 a year; but when one runs him down to find out how he does it, one is more than likely to discover that he is in the act of developing a subdivision in the middle of a piece of waste land that nobody but the blue herons would look at as far back as three years ago, that he has entirely forgotten about his kidney and that he is in a fair way to make $1,000,000.

A large part of this cheating is evidently due to the justly celebrated Florida climate, which is without question the most wonderful climate in the world. It has only one failing; and it holds this failing in common with the California climate, which is without question the other most wonderful climate in the world—except for certain parts of Arizona, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and a few other Southern and Western states, where climates are also the most wonderful in the world, except when they are too hot or too chilly.

The Truth About the Weather

THE one great failing of the Florida—and California—climate is its occasional unwillingness to show off before strangers in the way that the old residents wish it to show off. And by an old resident of Florida one means a person who has lived there more than thirty days

When an old Florida resident talks about climate he has in mind a temperature that will permit one to run around in the sun without feeling at all hot, and at the same time to ride around hatless and coatless in an automobile without feeling at all chilly. Since this is a difficult combination to get, the Floridian—like the Californian—spends a great deal of valuable time explaining to strangers that he doesn't know what to make of this weather: that he can't remember when there has been any weather like this; that a person might come down here every year for a thousand years without finding it as hot as this—or as cold as this, or as dry as this.

A Night View of Biscayne Bay, Florida. Above—the Morning Bathing Hour at Palm Beach, Florida, When All Society Turns Out for the Daily Dip

That is the great failing of the Florida climate. If the old residents would only stop talking about it, more than 90 per cent of the visiting climate hounds would soon wake up to the fact that a Florida winter is just about like a Maine August—fairly warm at times, fairly cool at times, and occasionally fairly rotten, but on the whole a very excellent spell of weather.

Florida is badly in need of a conspiracy of silence on the part of her old residents on the subject of weather at least until southbound travelers have learned that they have bought tickets for Florida and not for heaven

The Florida climate, however, appears to have a striking effect on many persons who take up their residence in the state Persons who are born in the state are usually immune to the climate, as may be seen from the sluggish actions of the Florida cracker, or conch—the latter word being pronounced conk.

The Florida conch is an individual who lives in the waste spaces of the state, eking out a lazy and contented existence by languidly catching an occasional fish or moodily plucking a few limes ever and anon and sending them to market. It is well known in Florida that when one is traveling through the flat expanses of the southern part of the state and sees in the distance an object that may be a stump or a conch, one may possibly discover what it is by stopping and watching the object patiently. If, at the end of several hours, the object has moved at all, it is probably a stump.

The Land Fever

THE Northerner who comes to Florida, on the other hand, is more favorably affected by the climate, if all of the so-called old residents of the state are to be credited. These people make the flat statement that every person who comes to Florida adds ten years to his life. Some old residents, indeed, make such strong claims concerning the life-giving qualities of the Florida climate that if their claims are true, many Floridians now living will probably have to be knocked on the head with clubs in order to insure their demise on judgment day

It is certain that there are many hale and hearty gentlemen swinging mean mashies on Florida golf links who entered the state for the purpose of dying not so many years ago; so it is not at all unlikely that the climate is responsible for the unretiring natures of the retired business men who have retired to the activities of Florida.

Tremendous numbers of persons who are supposed to be living on their incomes in Florida and enjoying a life of ease, free from the carking cares of business, are dealing in real estate with as much energy as though they were only two jumps ahead of the sheriff. This may be due to the fact that all Southern Florida, like all Southern California, is in the relentless and racking throes of a real-estate boom that is booming as persistently as the bass drum in a band that is playing The Stars and Stripes Forever.

Due to this boom, everybody in Southern Florida has just bought a piece of real estate, or has just sold a piece of real estate, or is on the verge of buying or selling a piece of real estate.

The St. Petersburg, West Palm Beach, Miami and Orlando newspapers are as full of real-estate advertisements—full-page, half-page, quarter-page, and even smaller outbursts—as a tin of English bloaters is full of smell.

Anyone who reads the real-estate advertisements in these papers for two or three days in succession becomes

thoroughly convinced that failure on his part to buy a lot or two in Blinkavista Estates or Sharkfin Gables or Hollobello Fruitlands, or any of the other 57,000 subdivisions that exist in Southern Florida, is as criminally careless as would be the using of $1000 bills in place of a Cape Cod lighter in an open fire.

The cupidity of the newspaper readers is further aroused by auctioneers' advertisements which speak highly of their power to enrich everybody. One auctioneer, confidently addressing "all readers who wish to make money," urged them to read the following letter to him, which he published in full with names and addresses:

Dear Mr. You will be surprised in getting this I am sure, but my husband told me to write as he thought it wouldn't be fair not to.

We bought 5 lots from you 2 years ago. We are people of moderate means and it strained us a little, but you said it was a good buy. We paid $2300 for them, we sold them last week for $11,000 and thank you very much for insisting on us taking 1 other lots, as the profit on those lots will enable us to complete our home. With best wishes, MRS.

Few persons have the stubbornness to refuse to inhale this bait with a low moan of excitement, and to call eagerly for more.

In the winter the Floridians occupy themselves almost entirely in selling to visitors from the North. In the summer, when the tourist tide has receded, the Floridians sell their real estate to one another just to keep their hands in. The women as well as the men participate in this orgy of real-estate dealing; and thousands of Florida couples have bitter daily fights because he didn't grab a corner lot for $3000, or because she sold a lot for a profit of $250 when any half-wit should have known that she could have made $1000 if she'd only hung on for another two weeks.

Sent to a Sanitarium

LARGE amounts of raucous laughter are directed at this great Florida real-estate boom. Floridians almost die laughing at it themselves. A Floridian buys a piece of land somewhere for $750, and suddenly wakes up to the fact that he has been cruelly stuck. Controlling his anger as best he can, he hides in a doorway until a gullible Northerner comes along. Then, springing out on the Northerner, he tells him all the old ones about the climate, speaks touchingly of the delight of owning a little place where you can have an orange and a grapefruit tree in the back yard, and sells him the same piece of property for $2200. Then, keeping his face straight with difficulty, he waits until the Northerner is out of earshot, whereupon he laughs himself sick to think that anybody could be so foolish.

All this is perfectly all right; but in a few months' time the gullible Northerner turns around and sells his $2200 lot for $4500, at which point the Floridian ceases his reminiscent chuckling, scratches his head in a meditative manner, and asks blankly, "Well, what do you know about that?"

The real-estate boom in Southern Florida has now been under way for several years, during which time nearly everyone who has had the slightest idea what he was buying has made money when he bought in or in the vicinity of established cities and resorts like Palm Beach, West Palm Beach, Miami, Miami Beach, Orlando or St. Petersburg.

Nowadays a Floridian will believe almost anything that he is told concerning real-estate development and the possibilities in it. He hasn't always been so gullible. In 1913 a large real-estate advertisement of an auction sale of water-front land at Miami Beach was run in a Miami paper by the real-estate firm that was conducting the sale. The advertising writer spread himself on the advertisement and told what were regarded as a number of whoppers. Among other things, he said that hundreds of thousands of dollars would be spent on completing improvements at Miami Beach. Since that time $21,000,000 has been spent in improvement work at Miami Beach.

The lots that were sold at this auction went for $500 and $600 apiece. The auctioneer who did the selling was quite upset over the affair, as he knew very well that the lots weren't worth anything like $500 apiece. He talked about it to his friends quite a good deal, and remarked several times that he thought he'd give up auctioneering and go into some more refined pursuit, like burglary, in which he would only hold up the people that could afford to be held up. Three or four years later this same auctioneer went back to Miami Beach and paid $6000 for one of the lots that he had sold for $500. A fair valuation of each one of those lots today would be from $25,000 to $40,000.

Twenty-four years ago an elderly gentleman purchased two corner lots in Miami for $1700. When his son heard of this criminal expenditure of money, he galloped into court, had the deeds canceled and had his father placed in a sanitarium as incompetent. This same bit of land is now appraised at $300,000.

Spanish Type of Houses in Orlando

A Bargain

FOUR years ago a prominent New York lawyer paid $80,000 for a house and an ocean-front lot at Palm Beach. People thought that his willingness to disgorge this stupendous sum indicated he had been affected by overwork and was becoming a trifle balmy in the upper story, as the saying goes. This year he refused $240,000 for the same house and lot.

Five years ago a wealthy tobacco merchant was offered a choice bit of real estate in St. Petersburg for $30,000. He refused to take it because the price looked to him as though he was regarded as being sufficiently ripe to fall from the bough and burst with a pulpy thud on the ground beneath. Since the offer was made to him, a portion of the same bit of property was sold as a hotel site for $160,000, another portion was divided into six building lots that sold for $10,000 apiece, and still another portion was divided into eight building lots that sold for $15,000 apiece.

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A House Near Miami Which, With the Land, Cost $13,500. Above—Orlando's Skyline Across Lake Eola

NOISY BOY

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

For About a Couple of Weeks I Looked for Trouble With That Big-Mouthed Strutting Disturbance Around, But There Wasn't None

AS THE old bullwhacker led his wet and willing pony into the Box Elder stage barn it became evident that the steady downpour of rain following the chinook of the day before had not dampened his spirits. He seemed in fact rather exhilarated by the undoubtedly premature vernal influence, so much so that he lifted his rather cracked voice in more or less appropriate song:

"*In the springtime, gentle Annie,*
Think not biltuhly of me-ee ——"

He continued without pause, recitativo, "Come out of that, you wall-eyed, voracious, fiddle-headed fool! Ain't you got the manners to wait until I get the bridle offn you, dad-burn your old hide? There! Now go ahead and bust yourself. Eat all you want; it's the company's hay."

"Sure!" observed the stock tender, who, attracted from his living quarters by the unwonted sounds, had appeared in the doorway of the partition that separated him from his charges. "Sure, it's the company's hay, and I reckon you figure that the company's trusted representative is a-going to stand idly by and see that tick-infected old crow bait of yourn consume it, similar to a devouring flame. Don't you never feed him?"

"I give him the pick of all outdoors most every day," the old bullwhacker replied, throwing his saddle on the covered grain bin. "He lives on the fat of three quarter sections of land, that elegant, high-bred animal does. . . . A considerable moist this morning when you get out from under the shingles, ain't it?"

"Well, I reckon I'll have to let you in," the stock tender growled, moving away from the door. "One more loafer won't make a sight of difference, I spose. Tip Yoakum's here. Seems like I might hang out a tavern sign, just about as well. . . . Moist, did you say?"

The stock tender exhausted his supply of lurid adjectives to describe the weather as it impressed him. Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, who was occupying the most comfortable chair in the apartment, within easy range of the wood box, winked at the old bullwhacker.

"Hank don't appreciate the bounties of Nature," Tip remarked. "Why, Hank, if we didn't have no rain we wouldn't have no grass, which would put hay out of the question; and consequently there wouldn't be no horses, nor no stock tenders to chambermaid and valet 'em, and you'd be—well, you wouldn't be; and when a man ain't he's in a hell of a fix, if you ask me. . . . How's the river, Sam?"

The old bullwhacker opined that it was a-swimming at the fords by this, and the most of the winter's snowfall in the upper hills to hear from.

"Looks like you and me would have to make out the best we can with Hank's cooking for a few days," he said dolefully. "I figgered that it might be thataway when I started out, and some men wouldn't have started, but I thought of pore Hank all by his lonesome, with no mind to occupy and nobody to talk to except himself—or to listen to either, which is just as bad, or worse; and I says to myself, 'I'll go and stay with him if it kills me.' Besides which, I was plumb out of smoking tobacco. So I shut up the shack and lit out."

"Me, I allowed Red might have a package on the stage for me," said Yoakum. "But if the river's up, like you say, he ain't likely to leave Blueblanket. As you say, we'll have to make the best of it. Anyway Hank's got a deck of cards and a checkerboard and plenty of grub and tobacco and some Seaside Liberries; and I will say for him, he's sure a free-hearted boy, and the best he's got is none too good for the stranger within his gates, let alone good friends of hisn like you and me."

The stock tender had been gazing moodily out of the window. He turned at this warm tribute to his hospitable nature and remarked that if it kept on a-coming thisaway the river was sure liable to wet a man's feet at the fords, wherefore he would not urge his guests to linger overlong. Nevertheless, he set about preparing the noonday meal, peeling potatoes, slicing bacon and mixing in a bowl the materials for a batch of biscuit. But the sound of the rainwater pouring from the eaves trough into the overfull washtub outside had got on his nerves. It wasn't raining rain for him; it was raining extra work—cleaning gumbo mud from harness, also a long-neglected trench digging to keep the water out of the stable, to say nothing of a probable spell of rheumatism. He felt that he was not so young as he had been. Again, the rain meant irregular schedules and long days of solitude, perhaps, for a little matter of the Cheyenne in flood wasn't going to keep the old bullwhacker from getting home for his chores. A man might as well be a sheep herder! Not all the rhapsodies of his guests concerning the present cataclysm, hymned at frequent intervals during the meal, could reconcile him to this particular rain at this particular time, with the fast-melting snow from the upper hills to hear from.

"Why ain't I rich?" he demanded plaintively. "This here's a dawg's life. Why ain't I rolling in riches like some of the lunkheads I've known has got to be—a passel of 'em that never had enough sense to ——"

He hesitated.

"—— to get in out of the rain?" the old bullwhacker suggested. "Well, that question's easy to answer, Hank. You never wanted money bad enough or long enough at a time. You'd quit wanting as soon as you had ten dollars in your jeans. As long as the sun was shining and you had a full meal tucked under your belt and your pipe a-going, that was all you wanted. You wasn't willing to do certain things. If you want anything bad enough there ain't nothing you won't do on the chance of getting it."

"I reckon that's true," the stock tender admitted. He spoke more good-naturedly under the mollifying influence of the dinner and his pipe. "I never could bring myself to foreclose on a widow woman's mortgage, and a blind man's pennies have always been as safe as if they was in a bank, for all of me."

"I meant that you'd even be willing to work," said Mr. Stegg. "If you was in earnest you'd work and quit using redeye and tobacco and all forms of extravagances and superfluousness. You'd resk your neck for a nickel, but you wouldn't resk a nickel to save your neck. Talking about resking, as I was a-dodging driftwood, crossing the raging waters a while ago, I couldn't help thinking of Andrew Jackson Scudmore, who was working for Milt Sowash the time Milt and me was running Milt's outfit on Witch Creek. There was a boy that sure wanted something right bad, and kept on a-wanting it, and finally put it first and foremost."

"Did he get it?" asked the stock tender.

It wasn't an it, except in a manner of speaking as an object; it was a her—the old bullwhacker explained. Lorena Lane was her name. She was one of Alvin Lane's girls, on Cottonwood Creek. He had three of 'em, but the other two wasn't more'n half grown, so the old man wasn't as much pestered as he might have been with company that just happened to be riding apast, and how was Mis' Lane and Lorena and the rest of the family? All the same, Lorena didn't lead no lonesome life or feel that she had to take that or nothing. As I remember her, she wasn't noways unsightly or ugly dispositioned or careless about the way she fixed herself up. She done her share of the work around the house, and I've seen her in the truck patch, bugging taters, which speaks a heap. On the other hand, she wore gloves and a sunbonnet to do it, which says a word or two more. I also took notice that, when I rode up to the fence, close to where she was, and we got to gassing, it wasn't long before she pushed the sunbonnet back off her head and let it hang by the strings, which is the most becoming way for a good-looking girl to wear that speeches of millinery.

Andy was reckoned to be one of these here mejum sort of boys—a mejum good cow hand, mejum height and weight and mejum as to his looks and behavior. He could take a drink or he could let it alone, and he most generally let it alone. He could talk if he'd a mind to, but he wasn't reckless or wasteful with his conversation, keeping it sort of in reserve and mostly using it only when it was ness'ry, and then no more of it than was called for. One of his pet words was "no," if he seen you wasn't looking at him and didn't see him shake his head; "yes" was another, if a nod wouldn't do. He sure made them two words go a long ways. I reckon he must have said more than that to Lorena, because there was certain things that it wouldn't have been human nature not to tell her, and he wasn't what you'd call dumb in no way, shape or manner. Anyway, it looked as if he was pretty dog-gone fair-to-middling solid with her for quite a spell.

Then come Carlos B. Gruby—come shacking along on a right peart black mustang, filling out a Spanish saddle all diked with silver and hand tooling. Carlos B., by gollies, with silver conchas on his chaps and silver inlaid into the

steel of his hand-forged bridle bit and jingle-bell spurs, and a pearl butt to a .45 peeping from the flap of an elegant scabbard; Carlos the Bold Buckaroo, eighty and a half inches of him from his boot heels to the peak of his silver-embroidered hat and seventy-three in the clear; a hundred and eighty pounds of him, bone, muscle, hide and hair, and a couple of gallons of him gall.

We was a-setting in a line on the top pole of the corral, facing out, when he came along and joined us; but we skassly noticed him, noticeable as he was, at the moment, being, the four of us, joyfully awaiting the sudden and violent death or hopeless crippling of a fellow creature - a noble young man, name of Egbert May, then in the full tide of health and vigorousness. Egbert was sitting astraddle of the quivering ridge of what you might call a slumbering volcano, if you've a mind to, the said volcano being roan in color and bearing the Half-Circle-Bar-Seven brand, which had been slapped on him when he was a yearling, and he hadn't been much more than seen in the dim distance in the three years since that time, let alone handled. He wasn't exactly slumbering, but his eyes was blindfolded and he seemed to be having a nervous chill that took his attention away from whatever it was had clumb on his back

"Turn him loose," says Egbert in his devil-may-care way

Chris Holling and Banty Briggs followed instructions and hurried to climb their own horses Roany rolled his eyes back, but didn't move otherwise He was probably considering just where he'd dump it.

"Giddap, nice horsy," says Egbert, and slapped him with his hat.

Then the eruption took place. It lasted for a full three-quarters of a minute and the general conscientious of opinion was that Egbert done mighty well to remain in proximity to the saddle as long as that. Just as he went to the bosom of Mother Earth with a dull sudden flop, and before the resulting dust had cleared away, and while we was leaving our seats, Carlos B. Gruby spoke up.

"Men and fellow citizens, does e'er a one of you happen to be the boss? And if so, which? And if not, in what direction would you recommend me to ambulate to find him, providing he ain't too far and wide?"

Old Man Sowash had hopped his perch with the rest of us. He gave Carlos B. a cold, passing glance and started for where Egbert May had lit; but, seeing Egbert get up and commence to dust off his pants, he stopped and give Carlos another look.

"Do I hear any reply?" says Carlos, smiling at him real winning.

Old Man Sowash kept on a-looking. He was a little man, Milt was; but it hadn't never been safe to trust to that in any kind of a dispute with him. Some claimed that you could cut him if you used an ordinary sharp knife with good steel in it, and bore down hard; others claimed not. Anyway, he was a tough old rooster. Raised to be a preacher too.

Carlos met his look without blinking. He had a nice little silky black mustache and he twiddled one end of it as he smiled.

"I reckon you're the caballero I want to see," he remarks.

"Well, I ain't far and I ain't one of the extry-large widths," says Sowash. "As for being the boss, all I can say is I pay out what wages is paid and now and then make a few suggestions that is frequently adopted, so I reckon you might as well feast your eyes for a spell."

Carlos threw a leg over the horn of his saddle.

"I've got glad tidings for you, suh," says he. "I'm bringing you the opportunity of a lifetime to acquire a real top hand, a rider and a roper equaled by few if any and excelled by none, a lynx-eyed lallapaloosa that brings back what he starts out for on any range and reflects glory and profit on any outfit that he connects up with, a ripsnorter of meritoriousness and modesty and right easy to get along with as long as you don't rumple his hair. Most any Pecos puncher will tell you that about Carlos B. Gruby; but as there ain't none of 'em here, I'm sort of obligated to impart them facts myself, leaving the future to show you how much I've understated 'em. The question before the house now is: Do you want to hire such a man as I've imperfectly described—which is me?"

"You're joking," says Sowash. "You're just trying to see if you can't fool the old man. You don't want no job.

"You might want to buy me out at my own price, regardless, or maybe trade me one of them silver mines you own; but it ain't in reason that you should crave a common cow-puncher's forty an' chuck. Besides which, I don't see how I could use you even if I could afford you."

"You might use me to ride that horse to start with," says Carlos, jerking his thumb at the roan that Holling and Briggs had caught and was bringing up. "You prob'ly picked your best man to top him."

"You hear that?" says the old man, turning on Egbert with a cackle of a laugh. "This here gentleman has got the idee that you're the best rider I've got. That's what I call a compliment, Egbert. But then he ain't seen Wung Lo ride the chuck wagon and he ain't met up with my niece's five-year-old kid on his pet burro, so the mistake's natural. What made your nose bleed, Egbert? You didn't fall on your face."

"The son of a gun started that out on me before he changed ends," says Egbert. "But I'll try him another whirl."

"No, you won't—not now," says Milt. "This here distinguished visitor of ours is a-going to show you how easy it is first."

He nodded to Carlos and Carlos swang out of his saddle, dropped the reins over his horse's head and jingles up to where the boys was holding the roan.

"Let me at him, hombres," he says. "Here's where we take a little pasear:

"Foot in the stirrup, hand on the horn,
Best damned cowboy ever was born.
Come a yip ——"

He was in the saddle like a flash, hardly seeming to touch stirrup or horn, and Roany, just as quick, or quicker, rose to the occasion. I'd seen a few performances that was similar in some of the main aspects of that one; but it was certainly amazing to see the fight that simple, untutored inexperienced four-year-old put up. The little roan devil had more kinds of kinks and curlicues, plain and fancy, and done more ground-and-lofty evolutions than some I've seen four times his age with every opportunity to learn and aplenty of disposition. He reared and he pitched, he whirled and reversed, he jumped and he counter-jumped, forward and backward and sideways and straight up and angling and angleworming; he was whalebone and rubber and cast steel and bricks and mortar, a soaring lark and a pile driver all in one; but a flea under his hair couldn't have been more permanent through it all than Carlos B., even if it stuck a mite closer. Carlos wasn't one of these easy, graceful, quiet riders. He yelled as loud as any of the yelling bunch that watched him; he swang his quirt right and left as he yipped and spurred flank and shoulder. One busy boy! Finally the tangle of the two straightened and from being of contrary minds him and Roany seemed to come to an agreement. Roany took a notion that he'd do some plain straight running to beat the speed record to the rim of the earth, and Carlos B. fell right in with the idea and helped and encouraged him all he could on the way In about three minutes you needed a pair of field glasses to make them out for sure

"Well, he's a rider," says Sowash. "If he ever gets back he'll find a job a-waiting for him."

So that's how come Carlos B. joined our circle in the bunk house. Seems like he wasn't traveling as light as appeared; but his pack horse had gone lame and he'd left him at Brinkerhoff's, about ten mile up the creek, and after dinner Sowash sent Andrew Jackson Scudmore to get the pack Bets was offered that it would contain a portable bathtub, a full len'th mirror and a change of silk nighties; but there wasn't no takers, Carlos not being present. Anyway, all Andy brought back was a bed roll, a war sack of duds and an extry saddle that looked like the cow business, a fry pan and a coffeepot and some odds and ends. The next morning Carlos sat up to breakfast with nothing on him in the line of wearing apparel that was different from what the rest of us used common and ord'nary All there was that sort of set him apart, as it were, was his build and his looks and his gall.

He started in right well. By this time he knew us all like we was his near kin. No introductions was needed and he didn't have to be told our names. He guessed 'em. Chris Holling was Runt, Egbert May was Bronco Bill, Andy was Noisy Boy, Banty Briggs he called Sorreltop and he addressed Guy Shope as Mister Limberfinger.

"That ain't my name, gentle stranger," says Guy.

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"Do You Reckon You Like Me Now as Much as I Want You to Like Me?"

ART AND ARTFUL ART

As Told to Edward H. Smith

THE world was appreciably younger and perchance a shade more gay when young Mr. Anthony Atchison set out for Paris and the art schools. Anthony was, in fact, nineteen, and full of despite. The maudlin 90's of the late lamented century were hard upon us and the air shivered to the cacophony of sob ballads, side-show Cairene and *fin de siècle* Missouri ragtime. To the Middle West, which had sheltered Mr. Atchison's adolescence, it was the day of chromos, bicycles, bustles, Black Crook troupes, jig-saw architecture, tin bathtubs, Axminster carpets and golden oak. All these and a good many other details of the American milieu, such as his father's law business and his uncle's eloquent burnsides, stirred in the young adventurer a most fierce and fathomless contempt and sent him out rejoicing to the land of evergreen good taste.

One cannot say that the departure was then considered an event. The voyager himself noted most of the particularments in his diary, possibly not without a covert notion that they would some day prove interesting to his biographers, of whom I chance to be the first. However, there was neither public nor private attention save from the members of his family and the lean editor of the local newspaper, who indited the customary paragraph. Such is the human lack of vision. Could the countrymen of this outbound boy have foreseen even dimly the profound and long-enduring influence he was destined to exert upon the most intimate details of their future states—upon such fundamentals of their lives as the chairs they occupy, the tables from which they eat, the beds of their repose and the pictures of their delectation—they must either have sent him away with flourishes and the ruffling of drums or locked him solidly into his father's cellar in the interest of public safety. But to those times and modes Anthony Atchison was just a fool boy, going abroad to study art when he might have had a job in the bank and amounted to something.

That was, as you may estimate, rising thirty years ago. Today Tony Atchison is not so young any more and his despites are few. Indeed, he has reached the purlieus of the reposeful state of retirement in splendor. He did not become the painter of immortal works, as he had once determined, but he has turned out, nevertheless, many bits that are in every sense unforgettable, especially to those who bought them. Fate denied him a mastery of art, but compensated him with a mastership of artfulness. There are many kinds of election. To phrase the matter quite bluntly, since my hero has himself no sentimental qualms, he became not a maker but a faker of art. It was a matter of sore disappointment and bitter self-reprehension in days gone by, but everything has its eventual equation. Tony Atchison's pictures, by his own confession, hang in museums to which the successful painters among his Quartier Latin contemporaries have not attained, and his other creations adorn the homes of the nobly affluent, where his more upright schoolfellows will never penetrate.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Mrs. Hatchett, by Gainsborough

Giving the Public What it Wants

ANTHONY ATCHISON—whose parents had no complicity in the invention of the name—has been selling to the American collector and the American public, for about twenty-five years and for a shameful total of money, all manner of art goods and antiquities. He has operated in various parts of the country, though mainly in New York, where his special commerce seems to thrive best. He has supplied archaic Greek pottery with the brand of twentieth-century tools upon it; ancient Japanese kakemonos made in Newark, New Jersey; and fifteenth-century primitives painted in Brooklyn. He does not regard the name "faker" as an odious appellation. Neither is he reticent, under the right circumstances, as to his misdeeds and prodigies, as the following stories of his life will show. I cannot smirch him with the pious cheat of too late penitence, and it would be vain to claim for him the charity of misguidance.

He states his own justification in his own way. The writer who assisted in the preparation of his account can add nothing except that his informant is a real person and that the matters he relates are facts.

For a little more than twenty-five years I have been giving the public what it wants. Ergo, I am a miserable faker. It is true that I couldn't have produced the genuine articles I falsified, but it is also a fact that my people wouldn't have had them in most cases. On the other hand, I set out in life to be something very if not altogether different from the person circumstance and the times have made me. It happened this way:

In the late 1890's I was studying painting in Paris and making what probably was fair progress. The excellent if rather sadly successful master who was trying to teach me something of his skill saw hopes for me. But the whole thing was too indefinite, too slow and too painful for my temperament. I did not realize it till I met Melin.

One of the veterans of the American art colony pointed him out to me in a café, introduced us and vouched for me. Melin, a frail little man of uncertain antiquity, promptly invited us to his studio off the Place Pigalle, and I went along willingly enough, knowing that he had won repeated honors in years gone by and was known to painters as a man of high distinction. Here was one of whom the young hopeful might learn.

We followed Melin to an obscure old house and wound up four flights of temperamental stairs in the darkness peculiar to old and narrow houses. He fumbled for a few moments at a pair of huge ward locks and threw open the door. The pure north light of the brilliant afternoon fell from two high windows upon walls that made me take my breath. One glowing Fragonard elbowed another; one Greuze milkmaid tried to crowd her sister from the place. On the easel stood a big half-finished romance of nymphs in formal gardens, to which the name of the old voluptuary of Grasse had already been fixed.

I knew enough to hold my tongue, brash as I may have been. My companion glanced at these sumptuous things casually and asked Melin to show some of his own work. The Frenchman complied grudgingly, bringing forth from another room, where they evidently had lain in dusty retirement, a series of the most delicately beautiful landscapes it has ever been my privilege to see. When I tried to praise them the artist shrugged with resignation.

Finally I grew bold enough to ask, "Why do you paint Fragonard when you should be painting Melin?"

He looked at me without the least resentment and said slowly, without a trace of drama, "Fragonard, who died like a dog, commands fortunes. Melin paints him. Melin, who will die unknown, may bring prices later. Then someone else will paint Melin."

After Fifty Hungry Years

I DID not know then what fascination drew me back to the strange studio again and again. At any rate, I went almost day after day, to watch this thwarted artist at his work. His story was so much the usual thing that there is no need of recounting it. His landscapes had taken medals and prizes, but the public had no sense and no taste. It bought what was reputed, even if it was fake. A good artist's work began to pay a hundred years after his death. Melin had starved to his fiftieth year. Then, realizing that he had the technic of the late eighteenth-century masters at his finger tips, he took advantage of their sudden and rewarding

PHOTO. BY H. KNOEDLER & COMPANY. FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Lady Warwick and Children, by Romney

popularity and began turning out their work by the dozen pieces. A dealer whose name is too well known to be mentioned supplied him with old canvases and took the fake romantics at very satisfactory prices. Most of them were for the Russian and American markets, but a few of the most successful ones went into the French and English auctions. One of them had passed through the Hôtel Drouet at an almost fabulous price.

Melin died presently, but his preachment remained with me. I didn't, of course, start out deliberately to fake, but quite without design I began to imitate the style and even the works of men who appealed to me. The Whistler craze was at its height, with the result that ten thousand art students in a thousand schools were toning, shading, harmonizing, imitating. I was one of them. The nocturnes especially appealed to me, and I must have made fifty of them first and last. Most of them I destroyed. A few that seemed most pleasing and, to my verdant eye, almost as good as Whistler himself, were kept. One of these purely playful imitations led to my fall.

It happened in New York the following year. I had almost given up the dream of an artistic career and returned to America. Funds being unusually low, I was living in a studio in West Twenty-third Street with another artist, who knew a number of dealers and dabbled a little in collecting. He had, of course, seen my near-Whistlers and all my other work. One day he came storming back from a trip up the Avenue

"I've found a spot for that biggest nocturne of yours, Tony," he told me, almost out of breath

"The hallroom Whistler?" I asked, laughing.

"Yes. Can you sign the Whistler butterfly?"

The Craze for the Barbisons

I TRIED to explain that Whistler had used this signing device so differently at various times in his life that it would be necessary to fix the date of my imitation and then put on a butterfly in keeping with the period. That would take a little study and practice.

"Forget it!" commanded my tempter. "This fellow comes from the sticks. He won't know one thing from another. Put on a butterfly. That's all you've got to do. I've got an old frame to fit. Leave the rest to me."

Three days later my nocturne left the studio with a fairly respectable-looking butterfly in the corner. At the end of the week my friend counted out three hundred dollars and stuck it into my hand.

"I got four hundred," he said. "You get three. The rest is commission."

The once-innocent nocturne had gone to an obscure dealer uptown, who had palmed it off on a man from New England for eight hundred dollars. The customer had come to New York to pick up a few Whistlers cheap. He paid perhaps a tenth of the value of such a genuine Whistler for something that wasn't worth express charges to his home.

The three hundred was welcome. I didn't complain. In fact, when times got hard again I visited the dealer uptown and sold him my other imitations, all provided with excellent butterflies. Several reached the original customer in New England. Others appeared in exhibitions and auction rooms for years afterward, to my mounting amusement. It was with the money from these idle sketches that I launched myself as a purveyor of spurious beauty to the spurious art lover.

At this time—1898 and 1899—the craze for the Barbisons was already under way in the United States, and the works of Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz and their fellows were bringing constantly better prices. With their fame and popularity began—or so I hold the development of modern commercial picture faking in this country. Through the urgings of various interested dealers and the constant trumpetings of critics, many of whom have since regretted their overenthusiasm, the work of these Frenchmen came into a demand that far exceeded the supply. As is usual, most men wanted to own Corots at the price of daubs. Fontainebleau landscapes were the fashion and every man who had means or pretended to have them must needs possess at least one specimen. Far the greater number of these new collectors had no more sense of a picture than I have of beatitude. They bought, as so many still buy, not works but names. It was the most alluring situation that ever confronted a faker.

I have already said that I never was a successful painter, and it may as well be admitted in the beginning that neither was I ever a really expert imitator. My talent, such as it is, has been rather of the business order. After my first few essays I knew enough to hire more facile and talented men to do the actual work on my paintings and other art objects. I attended to their marketing. So, when I got the money out of my false nocturnes and decided to increase it by dealing in alleged Barbisons, my first step was to associate myself with a man who had a genuine talent for the reproduction of these works. I knew enough to get canvases, stretchers, frames and other appurtenances of the right kind. My partner did most of the painting, with occasional help from me.

Setting Up Shop in the West

IN THE beginning it was necessary to import the canvases from France, but the traffic in false French pictures of the early and middle nineteenth century soon grew so extensive that enterprising manufacturers in this country reproduced the materials with sufficient accuracy to deceive the average picture buyer. Being as patriotic as the next man, I patronized home industry. Besides, it paid

When we had produced a sufficient number of our false Barbison landscapes my partner and I took the advice of a more experienced craftsman and went West with our store. In New York there was the danger of the too convenient expert, and the added peril of competition. It was too simple a matter for a purchaser to go a few blocks and summon an imposing fellow from a rival shop, who would take one glance at the offered work, turn up his nose and walk out. Often enough such connoisseurs did this trick on principle, without caring whether the work they condemned was genuine or false. We consequently resorted to inland cities, where such experts were rare.

Our method of selling was not always the same, since we had to adapt ourselves to local conditions, but the usual program may be of interest. Generally, after investigating a city and finding that it offered hopes, we rented a shop in the best block of the business district, fitted it up with hangings, bits of old furniture and lights. We advertised an exhibition in the newspapers and we approached promising men of the town individually.

Such occasional local judges of pictures as we encountered were usually taken care of by no more heinous a scheme than offering them a liberal commission, often as

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Florence Nightingale—After an Old Engraving

PHOTO. BY M. KNOEDLER & COMPANY FROM THE WORK BY UNDERWOOD, N. Y.

The Ladies Sara and Catherine Bligh, by Hoppner

POCONO SHOT

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

AT THAT moment the doctor was violently, overwhelmingly interrupted. The sun was well behind the hill by now. The stream had become a painted mystery in the dimness that followed. Flies were appearing by thousands to drift before a faint breeze above chuckling rapids or solemn pool. Trout were breaking close to a ribbon of froth just above us, and a mirror of water below was scarred again and again by magic, ephemeral rings.

I had sat there absorbed by the doctor's story. At one point I had been absolutely stricken by his words. And yet from time to time I had found my glance resting on the spot in the stream made noteworthy by the trout whose rise had necessitated the removal of the rod. Such is the way—and such, thank God, it will remain—of the simple fly fisherman.

And now within a few feet of the fascinating spot came a cataclysmic upheaval. The previous trout had been large. This was his great-grandfather. The doctor gasped and was lifted to his feet by a power greater than mere muscular action. Pocono Shot stood trembling by his side.

Said the doctor, blending good sportsmanship with an unmistakable firmness, "Are you going after him?"

"I'll watch you," I said, and handed him his rod.

The doctor's third cast was rewarded. He struck; the rod bent and the shine of his spectacles grew dim in the greater light of his countenance.

"Got him," said he in a half whisper.

I was prepared to witness a battle of the giants, and so, I think, was Pocono Shot, crouching tensely on the bank; but nothing epoch-making followed. The spectacles reëstablished their supremacy as the doctor mastered a ten-inch fish and the dog, obviously dejected, brought it to bank.

Once more the doctor waded into the stream. Again and again came the swish of the rod, the faint hiss of the curving line and the flicker of the flies taking water. So twenty barren minutes passed.

"'Ain't You Goin' to Do Nothin' Except Stand There?' Said Bill. "'There's Nothing I Can Do, Bill,'" I Said

"You're fishing dry, aren't you?" said the doctor at last. "Go below and take a crack at it. I'll get out of here."

"I'd rather you went on with what you were telling me," I said.

"That'll keep till tonight," said the doctor. "Why, man, he was two feet long!"

So for another twenty minutes I sent Cahills, Whirling Duns, Woodruffs, Fan Wings of various sorts and many another deft arrangement of feathers to the foot of the miniature waterfall and watched them come bobbing down the riffle into the quietness of the pool. Whether the taking of the doctor's minnow had disturbed the leviathan, or whether the wisdom of age was too much for my most cunning cast, I do not know. At any rate, nothing happened; and the doctor and I and the sedate Pocono Shot wended our way toward Emmetville, silent, a little awed by the unearthly beauty of the stream and the hills beneath a glory of rose and flame that was the sky.

"Glad to give you a bite at my place," said the doctor as we came, in the last of the twilight, to the street corner where we must separate.

"Thanks," said I; "but I want to get out of these waders and clean up a bit."

"Well, come over later then."

"You may depend on that," I assured him.

It was too dark to observe whether my new impression of Gaylord's held in the face of reality. The limbs of the maples were spidery tracings against a green sky in which a crescent moon and the evening star swam in pale serenity. The front of the house was only a ghostly shimmer, and the mellow light, streaming from several windows, softened their stare.

"Bigga feesh?" asked Joe as he took my creel from me on the side porch.

"Not very," said I.

The light from a dining-room window streamed upon him to reveal the simplicity of his humble smile. It gleamed in his big, brown, faithful eyes. So there had been some moves made to lynch this friendly doglike soul! What an utterly monstrous thing a mob could be!

I found it hard to inspect, with a new though pitying curiosity, the silent woman of Gaylord's. I tried it as she served the table. My thoughts being what they were, my eyes insisted on dropping to my plate when she was present.

What a nightmare of horror the memory behind her astonishingly placid brow must hold! I could not account for that placidity. I could not account for her contented singing. . . . Suddenly the explanation came. Hymns! Always hymns! Of course! The thing she saw with her farseeing gaze was, as I had suspected, not of this earth. But I had been wide of the mark. I had fancied a dead husband, or even lover. Now I knew that no such recollection sustained her. She, who had found life so appalling, was convinced of a better life to come. The ecstatic contemplation of its possibilities was what absorbed her. Looking after the comfort of anglers was purely automatic.

A phrase came to me out of the past—out of that past from which had come the memory of the hymns she sang: "The peace . . . which passeth all understanding." I had never comprehended the meaning of those words. I would never fully comprehend it. But the silent woman of Gaylord's comprehended it; a blessing surely—an all but miraculous blessing—that for her the thing was possible.

VI

"IT'S only lime juice, sugar, water and Bacardi," the doctor was explaining an hour or so later.

We were safe in the consulting room attached to the wing of his house. I had been assigned a comfortably tipping desk chair. He had dragged in a chintz-and-wicker affair from the outer waiting room in which to dispose of himself. He settled into it, glass in hand, with a contented sigh.

"Only Bacardi," I exclaimed. "Only diamonds and pearls! Where do you get it?"

"Pal of mine is ship's doctor on a fruit steamer."

I missed the gorgeous presence of Pocono Shot and asked if he were in the house. "No," said the doctor, "he's out in his kennel. He's restless in the house except in winter. Likes fresh air, I suppose. Glad of it. It's better for his nose."

"I should think he'd want to be near you," I suggested.

"He doesn't care anything about me."

I looked my surprise.

"Fact. He stays with me because he knows he's supposed to. He's friendly with me just as he'd be friendly with you; but care for me? Not for a minute! There's just one person in the world he cares about. If you were around him a little while you'd find it out."

We sipped in silence for a moment.

"Well?" said I at last.

"Where was I when the whale came up?" asked the doctor.

"You were at the shack with the sheriff who'd come for the dog."

"Oh, yes. Did I tell you how Shot looked at Ed?"

"Yes, and what the sheriff said."

"Well, after that we drove to town. I followed the other car in the flivver. When we got to the bridge below the rift we left the machines and crossed the bridge on foot. About three hundred yards down the stream I saw two state troopers, each sitting on a rock fifty feet or so apart. There were people standing on the bridge watching the troopers, and an even bigger crowd along the railroad track farther down; men and boys mostly, with a few women. The sheriff led us down the stream to the nearest trooper. He said 'All right, Jake,' and we passed the trooper and came to a halt on a rock-strewn bar, with willows and laurel all along the land side except in one place. Here a narrow slide of shale flanked by willows and undergrowth pitched from the railroad right of way to the rocky bar below.

"'Now, Bill,' said Ed, 'right at the foot of that slide is an oblong stone about as big as your two fists. It has dried blood and a little hair on the side nearest the slide. There's a pool of dried blood on the other side of it toward the stream. The girl was killed with that stone. Take the dog over there and see what you can do. If you want to pick up the stone, lift it by the ends and keep your hands off the clean side. A pair of bloodhounds will get in from Wilkes-Barre on the 1:40. I hear they're not much good; but if your dog falls down we'll give 'em a chance. Don't move around over there any more than you have to.'

"Bill started for the slide with Shot at heel. Suddenly the dog stopped and stuck his head low and forward, sniffing. Then his hair went up on his back and he whined.

"'I know. Come on,' said Bill, and Shot followed him to the foot of the slide. Bill stood for a minute looking down, took a step or so forward, squatted and lifted a stone to the level of Shot's nose.

"'Smell this!' he said.

"Shot whined and backed away.

"'Come on, it's got to be done,' said Bill.

"Shot came to him and pushed him with his nose, whining.

"'Smell it!' said Bill.

"Shot smelled the side of the stone Bill held toward him and backed away.

"'Smell it good!' said Bill, and the dog came slinking and smelled the stone again.

"'Now, can you find him?' Bill asked.

"Shot gave a half bark, half growl

"'All right,' said Bill. 'Let's go!' He waved his hand at Shot. The dog circled with his head in the air, stopped and stuck his nose forward as he had when he came to the slide, lifted it high, his nostrils working, and bolted on a lope off through the scattered willows, downstream

"'Slow!' yelled Bill. 'Slow!' And Shot came to a walk. 'He's got it, Ed,' said Bill, following the dog.

"The crowd up on the railroad had begun to move along in the direction Shot was taking. The sheriff yelled to the troopers to keep the crowd from following and started after Bill. I trailed the sheriff. I could hear the troopers yelling to the crowd to stand still, and one of them was threshing about in the thicket, swearing, as he tried to force his way through it up to the right of way. Shot led on down the stream for a quarter of a mile, swung left and started diagonally through a lot of blackberry and wild rose vines. He crawled under a barbed-wire fence along the right of way and climbed a steep slope of cinders up to the tracks.

"'Don't step in those,' I heard the sheriff say, and saw deep footprints in the soft cinders where someone had climbed the slope. Shot turned left again, up the eastbound track along the ties. He was heading straight for the crowd huddled in the right of way with a trooper acting shepherd over them.

"My heart was trying to jump out of my chest, with the climb and excitement, and my clothes were ripped and my hands bleeding from the briers we'd come through. I heard Ed begin to swear as he saw we were going back to the crowd.

"'Every damn fool in the Poconos has rammed up and down that track in the last ten hours,' he said. As we got nearer, he yelled 'Get out of the way! Get off the track!' and the crowd scattered to each side. As we came nearer still, Shot stopped suddenly. He whined, turned, came back past us and stopped again. He swung his head back and forth like a scythe, with his neck stretched out. You know how calm his expression is as a rule? Well, it wasn't like that then. It was tremendously intent and anxious, and you could hear his nostrils sucking at the air.

"'No hurry,' said Bill; 'take your time.'

"Shot went ten feet further down the track, turned back, and then, for the first time in his life, I think, put his nose to the ground—or rather to the ties. He came up the track again, a step at a time, a tie at a time, with a deep sniff at every tie. He went that way clear to the station, right through a lane of people as though they hadn't been there.

"The trooper tried to hold the crowd where they were; but most of the boys and a lot of men broke away from him and trailed along after us, and the crowd on the bridge joined them as we passed. By the time we reached the station there must have been a mob of over a hundred following us. Shot's head came up at the station road. He broke into a lope as he started down it and Bill had to slow him again

"The crowd started to yell. The sheriff stopped at the road and turned on them. 'I'll shoot the first —— that tries to follow past here,' he said. He spoke quietly. His voice wasn't any louder than the buzz of a rattlesnake—and not much more harmful sounding.

"We went on alone.

"Shot went down the station road, left it for the clearing at the end of the gorge, crossed the clearing, struck the west road through the gap, followed it to the Mulhauser place, turned in through the drive, went round the house to the side door and stopped. He scratched at the door, looked up at Bill and gave the same low half bark, half growl he had at the slide.

"'I'll make you a little bet the party you want is in here, sheriff,' said Bill

"'I won't take it,' said Ed. His face was a frightening thing to see as he opened the door.

"Emmet Senior and Emmet Junior and Ed's daughter Ruth were in the room we came to at the end of a hall leading from the side door

"'Why, father!' said Ruth; and then she saw his face, and her own face froze.

"Ed's eyes were on Emmet Junior, who came up out of his chair like a ghost. There was a brier scratch across his forehead and one on his chin. They looked redder than blood against the deadly white of his face.

"'I thought so,' said Ed, half to himself. Then he nodded to Emmet Junior and said, 'I want to talk to you. Come on outside.'

"Emmet brushed his hand through his hair exactly as he had with me. I remember being startled by the gesture. It didn't seem possible he could have an affectation left in him.

"Ruth rushed over to Emmet Junior. 'Emmie,' she said, 'what is it? Why does he act like this?'

"Her father said, 'You get on your hat and go to your mother! Wait there till I come!'

"'Why should I go home? What do you want with Emmet?' she said.

"Old man Mulhauser had been staring at the sheriff Now he walked over to him.

"'What the hell do you think you're doing, Bascom?' he said

"I remember seeing the sheriff's hand go out and sort of hover at his daughter's shoulder as he answered.

"'I'm sending my girl home,' he said. 'This dog took a trail from where Lucille Firth was killed last night, and came straight here. I want ——' He nodded at Emmet Junior.

"Ruth screamed and let go of Emmet Junior. Emmet Senior went brick red. He gave one look at Shot standing quietly beside Bill, watching Emmet Junior.

"'You crazy fool!' he yelled at Ed. 'You dumb idiot! Take that damn dog out of my house and don't you ever stick your nose in here again as long as you live!'

"The green look I'd seen once before had come into Emmet Junior's face. He began to sway. He muttered, 'She fell! She fell down the slide!' Suddenly he gasped out, 'I swear to God she fell!' and came smashing to the floor in a dead faint. . . . How about another drink?"

"No, thanks; not just now," I said; but my self-denial got me nothing.

"Well, I seem to be doing the heavy work—I think I've got one coming." The doctor rose from his chair. "Just as easy to mix two."

"Well—if you insist."

"There wasn't much to Emmet Junior's trial," said the doctor, his powers as a raconteur having been duly stimulated. "He'd scratched himself, charging wildly through the briers that night. The footprints in the cinders up to the tracks tallied with a pair of his shoes they found, with cinders in the eyelets and along the soles. Kittridge, who was coroner, testified about the autopsy, which made it clear why Emmet Junior was afraid to leave after his marriage, and why he had met Lucille down by the stream.

"It turned out that Lucille had really fallen down the slide, as Emmet Junior had declared before he fainted. He was waiting for her among the rocks below. She must have rushed down the slide in a sort of frenzy when she saw him. At any rate, she fell near the bottom and struck her head against a stone. As she lay at his feet, half stunned, or perhaps wholly so, Emmet picked up the stone and brained her. I'm certain he never intended to kill her.

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"'You Crazy Fool!' He Yelled at Ed. 'You Dumb Idiot! Take That Damn Dog Out of My House and Don't You Ever Stick Your Nose in Here Again as Long as You Live!'"

WITH THIS RING

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VII

THERE were, with the possible exception of herself, no interesting persons in the sleeper which bore Lila Kemp to New York. How often does one hear it said, and with what ghastly pertinency—nice people never travel!

Lila read Sam Humphreys' magazines, ate his chocolates; read Gracie's copy of Black Oxen—without acute interest, having read it some months before; made pilgrimages three times a day to a crowded and stuffy dining car, and cast her dreams ahead of her all the way, as a fisherman casts his nets.

From the first half-hour stop which the train made she sent a wire to a certain hotel, impeccably located, upon Fifth Avenue near the Park—"Reserve room and bath. Arriving May third"—and signed it Mrs. James Duval.

A charming name! A thoroughly dignified, sweetly conservative name! Lila Duval. Just the touch of romance, of mystery and of ardor that Lila Kemp lacked.

Where had one heard it before? With what vague atmosphere of bared shoulders and hooped skirts, of clinking gold, and lace-draped beds, of stifled coughs and waxen scentless flowers. Camellias, of course! Camille—and Armand Duval.

James, however, Lila instantly decided, should be not at all Armand's type. A trifle stout, James, the merest trifle bald, imperceptibly hard of hearing, and none too quick at understanding feminine hungers and thirsts—but a heart of gold! And a fairish amount of the same useful commodity lining his pockets. A husband, in short, such as one sometimes sees.

Lila wrote also, while still upon the train, a letter to her Cousin Maisie, lengthier than the wire, if not so definite.

"Dear Cousin Maisie," she said in it simply: "It has been rather a tiresome trip and I am not sorry to have it over with. You mustn't worry about me any more for the next month, as I shall devote myself to having a complete rest and shall probably come back to you a much pleasanter person than when I went away. I shan't write—as I told you before—and I don't want you to. I don't want unanswered letters on my conscience. This is merely to satisfy you that I haven't lost my memory on the train—and gotten off at some way station as you feared I might. I am still quite clear as to where I am going." She crossed out that last with a whimsical scowl and a chuckle and wrote, "I always was quite clear as to where I was going. Cousin Katrina's early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise sounds wonderful. Give my love to the girls—if you see any of them—and expect me home about the sixth of June. I'll wire you the exact date. With much love ——"

This effusion she signed modestly Lila Kemp, and put it away in her bag, to be mailed sometime, somehow, from Stamford, Connecticut.

After which she read other magazines, recruited mostly from the observation car, and often looked out of the window for hours at a time.

She got into the Pennsylvania Station about five o'clock of a lovely chilly afternoon and took a taxi to her hotel in a heavenly state of perturbation and excitement. Would her wire be sufficient? Would Miss Kelly's story of the nice little room, high up and way back, for a moderate price, hold good?

Yes, both ways!

Reassuringly and emphatically, yes!

"Mrs. James Duval?" murmured the smooth-haired, calm-eyed young man behind the desk in the lobby of the Gothard. "We have your wire. Yes, indeed, Mrs. Duval! Now—let me see—what would you like? I could give you a room on the fourth ——"

"James Shouldn't Let You Get So Far Away From Him if He Doesn't Allow You a Little Innocent Amusement"

Lila interrupted him sweetly. She turned upon him the dignified appeal of two long dark eyes; she spoke with the faintest shy hesitation in her Southern drawl:

"I—I'm going to be here about a month. This place has been so pleasantly spoken of—by friends—I should like—do you think you could possibly find me—a rather—inexpensive—room? Not—not necessarily in front—nor—on a lower floor. I—I rather prefer it well up. Don't you think the air is better?"

"Very possibly, very possibly!" said the clerk. "Something for six dollars a day, say—or five and a half?"

"Oh, five and a half would do nicely," said Lila, her heart going like a Polynesian tom-tom. She smiled upon him in a way to increase his already visible importance.

"I have a nice little room on the nineteenth floor," he told her, delightfully smiling in return. "Going to be here a month, you say? That's very pleasant. I hope we shall be able to make you comfortable."

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it," said Lila.

He beckoned a boy with her bags, handed him a key. "Nineteen-fifteen! I hope you'll let us know, Mrs. Duval, if there's anything we can do. Oh, by the way ——"

Lila turned back to him, the tom-tom quickening to a stutter. She lifted innocent dark eyebrows. "Yes?"

"I have it right, have I? Mrs. James Duval? In case of mail, you know; or telephone calls."

"Quite right," said Lila, and added, gilding the lily—"D-u-v-a-l."

"Thanks," said the clerk. "I think there's nothing here for you, as yet."

"Oh," said Lila quickly. How could she have forgotten to ask! "Nothing at all?"

"Nothing at all. Sorry!"

"There will be other mails tonight?"

"Oh, yes; several."

"Thanks so much!" said Lila gently.

She followed the boy to the elevator—with an air, delicate yet unmistakable—as of a young married woman, traveling alone, sure of herself and aristocratically distrustful of nobody else.

A simple achievement, that air—a matter chiefly of controlled knees, shoulders and eyes.

As she went, she glimpsed to the left of the lobby a lofty-ceilinged dining room, long, sheer-curtained windows looking upon the Avenue, dark carpets, dark ruddy draperies, slim-stemmed flowers in tall slim vases, a background altogether of restful elegance, of well-bred quietude. Rich comfort with a touch of old-school stateliness. To the right, the velvety recesses of the writing room—pictures on shadowy walls, people sitting at little desks, deep settees and chairs of maroon; nice color, maroon, for them as liked it—warm, but reserved. Back of the elevators a cozier place, with tea tables, drawn up before cushioned secluded seats, obviously for two. Soft lights, trailing curtains, rosy flowers; here, a man and a girl; there, a man and a girl; the place was full of laughing murmurs, and other murmurs without laughter.

"I must have something very good-looking—for tea," said Lila to herself between the first and the nineteenth floors; "something dark, and one of those platinum foxes."

She was not, it might be added, thinking of food.

The little room on the nineteenth floor was indeed a little room, and a most engagingly crooked one. It widened from a tiny hallway of its own connecting with a small but adequate bath, into a close rectangular space, high-ceilinged and narrow, papered with climbing roses—small red roses, slightly faded but imperishably gay. A little virginal white bed stood against one wall, a small mahogany desk at the foot of the bed; against the opposite wall a dressing table. Two chairs, one large, one small, completed the inventory. There was one window in that room, but what a window! Lila ran to it with a cry; stood there spellbound!

A little window, a narrow window, giving upon the roofs of all New York. Louise, singing her heart out in the heart of Paris, had in that moment nothing—as they say—upon Lila, eye to eye with the golden weathercock upon the roof of an unknown rust-red church.

Nineteen stories below her, Fifth Avenue flowed by—open to her gaze as a river is open to the gaze of an airman. Filled with unending drift of busses and taxicabs and motors, as a river is filled with water bugs. Motors did not, at that distance, look larger than water bugs—greatly.

In the nearer foreground, a matter, say, of only three or four stories below, the name of a famous maker of gowns wrote itself across a building. Upon a flat inclosed rooftop, slightly lower yet, stood—of all things in the world—a baby carriage! Too far to see if it held, at the moment, a baby.

Far, far to the right, spanning a misty primrose sky, frail as a spider web, unreal as a lunar rainbow, the Brooklyn Bridge! What a window!

Lila stood there, dreaming, while the sky deepened and in a thousand thousand windows lights came on. Little orange squares of light slashing the tall gray buildings, limning the long deep streets.

It was the hour at which Cousin Maisie, divesting herself of a large white apron and smoothing her crinkly gray hair with a plump moist hand, would be drawing up her chair to the table with an eye on—pot roast and potato cakes, most likely.

A gentle unremitting roar—like the sound of the sea or the wind—came up to Lila from the streets below. No sound, it would be safe to state, disturbed the quiet of Cousin Maisie's evening meal, beyond the hoot of an occasional motor, or the wail of Myra Field's little Jimmy, a door or so away, preparing for bed.

"Thank heaven," breathed Lila devoutly, "I'm out of it!"

She made a meticulous toilet and descended nineteen stories to the dignified dining room which she had observed upon her arrival.

There she dined in solitary and exquisite state, profoundly attended by a slim and melancholy young foreigner—with tulips in the center of her little table, with Fifth Avenue purring pleasantly just beyond the curtained window at her side.

True, the size of her check when it arrived, after an apparently modest meal, suggested dimly that it might be as well to dine, sometimes, in tea rooms or what not, but for that first night Lila refused to consider ways and means. She tipped the exotic one who served her, slightly beyond his deserts, bought at the desk a ticket to the most Gallic comedy she could discover, and went to the theater alone.

VIII

THERE is a wave in the affairs of men—not to say women! Lila was riding the crest of that wave.

Waking in the narrow white bed next morning, in the little crooked rose-papered room, with the song of the city coming up to her—nineteen stories up, through her one magic window—she lay and considered deeply.

"I've got just the Lawless Love money—it will last me only so long—half for clothes, half for living expenses. This is the biggest adventure I'll ever have. I'm taking a lot of chances to have it too. Do I want to waste any time? No! What's the first thing to do? Go and see the scenario people. Anyhow—they're the only people in New York I have any right to go and see. And Something Something Smith might be rather fun.

"I never want to go to the theater alone again—ugh!—worse than being on a desert island with a deaf mute. If I looked as conspicuous as I felt, it's a wonder I didn't stop the show. N. B.—First thing needed for a successful adventure, one young man; one, at least. Yes—I am by nature a monogamous woman—I think one would do. Might Something Something Smith be that one? Where's his darned letter?"

She got out of bed, found the letter in her beaded bag and got back again among her pillows, having rung first for breakfast.

The letter, regarding which Cousin Maisie had suffered such futile pangs of curiosity, that last evening in Columbia, still read:

"Dear Madam: If you have any other scenarios on hand of the same type as your story, Lawless Love, recently accepted by us, we shall be glad to give them a reading." And still it bore the signature, illegibly intriguing, of Something Something Smith.

"H'm!" said Lila to herself, regarding that chirographic mask from every possible angle. "He's young—or he wouldn't make his upstrokes so black. He still aspires high. Generous—or his curves would not be so rounded. Distinctly generous—I only hope he isn't fat! Whimsical—no tail to his *g*, no dot to his *i*."

Interrupted by a modest yet peremptory knock at the door, Lila drew her rose kimono deftly about her shoulders, gave a touch to the soft disordered waves of bronze above her ears, smoothed her eyebrows, bit her lips and cried, "Come in!"

A waiter entered, with a smallish table bearing under a fair white cloth, orange juice, coffee and rolls. The identical breakfast of Lila's and Miss Kelly's plannings. Dreams do, then, come true!

He set it down beside Lila's bed, with a chaste "Good morning, madam!"

"Good morning," said Lila, signed for it, and left a precious fifty-cent piece on the card.

Which may have been the beginning of Peter's affection for her.

Having recklessly begun with a fifty-cent piece she was never able to offer him less.

"How is it outside this morning?" inquired Lila, with the air of a veteran traveler.

"Very nice, madam; very nice, indeed! I would advise a coat."

"Not raining?"

"Oh, no, madam! The most marvelous sunshine, but a little cool."

"I see," said Lila, opening her Times.

"Everything is all right, madam?"

"Very good indeed—ah ——"

"Peter—my name is Peter, madam."

"Oh, very nice, then, Peter—thank you."

Peter bowed himself out. He had the face and demeanor of the Duke in Rigoletto, scaled down, as one may say, to a working size.

Lila compared him with Cousin Maisie, to that lady's detriment. Cousin Maisie had never been able to supply Lila with coffee and rolls unaccompanied by vast and smothering floods of conversation.

Peter seemed as impersonal as a minor deity and yet as warmly regardful of Lila's wants as a hen with a solitary chick.

Lila, breakfasting luxuriously above the pages of her paper, returned mute thanks for Peter.

"Even if Something Something Smith weren't on the horizon—even if I hadn't almost a thousand dollars in my pocket, all my own—even if I weren't in New York—and it weren't May—I should still be glad of Peter! I should, indeed! He begins the day sweetly."

Sweetly perhaps—but none too soon.

It was well toward eleven when Lila, in the new beige suit, with the small brown cloche, with the wisp of peacock-blue bandanna dependent from one pocket, strolled out upon Fifth Avenue, a tiny wicked smile tugging at the corners of her mouth, a dancing imp in either eye.

She had said to the clerk at the desk, as she was on the point of leaving the hotel: "Good morning. Are there any letters for me this morning?"

(Continued on Page 88)

Peter Seemed as Impersonal as a Minor Deity and Yet as Warmly Regardful of Lila's Wants as a Hen With a Solitary Chick

VIPER OF THE WEST SIDE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IT SEEMS absurd to state that if Mr. Trumper Bromleigh had not landed on a Monday in Hoboken from his sojourn in Europe there would never have been a Viper of the West Side, especially in view of the fact that she was then twenty-four years old. Nevertheless the affirmation stands, based solidly on the paradox that we are not what we are, but only what the circumstance of the moment makes us. The location of Mr. Bromleigh's landfall was a circumstance; so was the Monday; so was the helpful presence of his man Fetch, who assumed charge of the baggage, thus permitting Trumper to make straight for his office; so was Fetch's penchant for minding his own business, which prevented him from passing a casual remark that would have deflected his master from the Cortlandt Street ferry, and two lives from their courses.

While Trumper was on the ferry, and even for a block or two after leaving it, he was absorbed in retrospection so that he did not notice at once the unusual emptiness of the boat and streets. He was thinking how good he had been, in the sense of keeping out of trouble, for a relatively long period. His one night in London, now withdrawn to three months in the past, apparently had finished teaching him the lesson which a memorable encounter with his wife's niece, Daphne by name, had begun.

That an elephantine duke should have trampled on tradition and presented himself as host to a lonely stranger was amazing, but had been made to seem delightfully plausible at the time. What stuck in Trumper's mental gullet with the continuing prick of a lodged fishbone was the fact that a quiet young girl had made him think that she was the duke's niece, and the duke think that she was his guest's sister, for six hours on end. If a female, insignificant in appearance, apparel and age, could do that sort of thing in somnolent London, then where was man safe save in the desert places? He had gone to Tangier, where the women were veiled, and had stayed there in spite of the heat.

Speaking of heat, this day of arrival on his native pavements was no zephyred balm, in spite of gusty breezes. They did not cool; they reminded one of a barber's hot towel. He pushed back his straw hat, mopped his brow, and swung his Malacca cane gently, with a minimum of effort. Its spaced tap on the sidewalk sounded abnormally loud, and simultaneously with the realization of that fact came the consciousness of a great emptiness. He stared dumbly up one street and down another. Scarcely a person was in sight; not a shop was open; New York was standing still and dead on its stilts! He felt a huge depression in his chest which he recognized as awe, a sensation never before attained.

What on earth had happened? He hurried the few remaining steps to Broadway and came to a dull stop. Not a car in sight, motor or cable; only a solitary woman standing on a corner holding down her hat and her skirts against the impertinences of the fitful wind. Trumper did not pause to reflect on her sex nor to ascertain that she was not veiled.

He made a bee line for her as if he were in the country, and spoke with naïve directness.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"Cut Out the Comedy, Girlie," He Remarked After One Adept Measuring Glance at Sadie. "Here's the Contract All Ready for You to Sign, or Make Your Mark"

Now a man may address any other man in New York with impunity and receive some sort of answer, even from a policeman. But the women of Manhattan when at home, especially the good-looking young ones, are the gun-shiest mortals on earth. The reason is that abroad they know exactly what to expect from men who stare and speak—one cause, one effect—but they have learned that on their native island there are two hundred and eight varieties of hocus-pocus for the one on the Pincio in Rome or along the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires. Let it be emphasized that they are not shy, but gun-shy.

The person picked upon by circumstance and Trumper had not been abroad recently or at any other time, and consequently could not have been expected to understand, even if it had been explained to her, the feeling of back-among-the-folks which had led him to breach an established and hoary convention. However, she was not flustered; she was the coolest thing in the hot city as she sized him up with peculiarly shrewd eyes which would have spotted a counterfeit note blown past them by a forty-mile gale. Evidently the instantaneous survey reassured her.

"What's happened to what?" she replied, almost commiseratingly.

"Why, to New York," explained Trumper, feeling a premonition that he was about to appear exceedingly foolish. "It's—it's so quiet, so deserted."

"Labor Day," snapped the girl, and immediately fixed her gaze stolidly on the signboard of Schweitzenheimer & Geldstein across the street. The convention which Trumper had ignored still existed for her in all its pristine force, and precluded a laugh, a smile or even an appreciative twinkle. As a consequence he was denied the relief of anything more than a weak laugh at himself, which sounded almost as silly as he looked. They stood side by side, but as separated as the North and South poles, while a lone street car came hurtling up the Whitehall grade and roared down upon them.

Trumper was too stunned and the girl too absorbed in the propriety of her fixed gaze to remember to step off the curb; as a result the motorman did not slow down. Just as the car was about to careen past them a nasty gust of wind, attacking from the rear, tore off her hat and dashed it directly in the course of the ruthless Juggernaut. The car went on. The girl stared expectantly at its rear; so did Trumper. They stared harder and harder, their mouths slowly opening. No hat or vestige of a hat came out; it was as though there had never been a hat!

Now indeed were the tables turned, and Trumper was on the point of laughing loud and long, when his attention was seized by the controlled antics of the girl. He perceived suddenly that she was a person of marked individuality, tall and angular. First she crooked her neck, then one knee, then both elbows, jerking from one pose to another as she watched the receding car, and matching expression to each ungainly attitude with the grim brand of humor so peculiar to the native daughters of Manhattan. Instead of laughing, he chuckled with keen appreciation.

"You're all right," he commented presently. "You're wonderful, and I owe you a hat."

She turned on him with a gesture which transformed her instantly into a waspish vixen ascending to the turbulence of a virago.

"I should say you do!" she snapped, and then continued to the vacant air. "What has happened?" she mimicked, a vapid look entering her face and leaving it immediately. "You bring your rubberneck mind across the street, and without even bothering to pick me up first, you start right in asking somebody that never heard of you, never saw you, and don't want to again, to please wake you up from your morning nap and tie your bib! The worst of it is that it was catching; it put me to sleep standing on my two feet so they couldn't step out and take that car instead of it taking my hat. I'll say you owe me another one; and that ain't all. How do you suppose I like being the bare-head goat of lower Broadway? You've hurt my feelings, that's what you've done; and feelings are worth money nowadays."

Her steadily rising voice conjured a policeman out of the void who approached with purposeful dignity devoid of haste.

"What's the matter here?" he asked, looking curiously at the girl's bare head.

"That's it; that's what's the matter," she replied promptly. "This rube took my hat."

The policeman examined Trumper's dapper figure and the empty street with thoughtful eyes. "How big was it?" he asked with surprising acumen.

"Never you mind how big it was," retorted the girl sullenly. "He took it. You ask him if he didn't."

Trumper felt immediately that through some mysterious feminine twist she had thrown herself upon his honor. He did not reflect that this was the favorite of all the acrobatic feats of woman; instead, his thoughts actually wandered off into speculations as to what might not be made out of this extraordinary girl, this bundle of long limbs, wit, clothes and manners, all in the rough. He forgot Daphne and Phyllis in the excitement of meeting the possible reincarnation of Becky Sharp. He drew out a dollar bill and passed it to the policeman.

"There is something in what the lady says, officer," he explained. "I am indirectly responsible for the loss of her hat. On your way to get a drink I wish you would send us a cab. I shall take her home, and I promise to arrange matters satisfactorily."

The policeman started to go, and then paused. "It ain't that I'm curious," he murmured sheepishly, "but my wife will half kill me if I don't find out what became of the hat."

"Why ——" began Trumper sympathetically, only to be interrupted by the girl.

"Don't tell him nothing," she enjoined. "He lies when he says he's married."

The policeman hurried away.

"How did you know?" asked Trumper with unconcealed admiration.

"How do you think?" she answered pettishly. "By looking at him, of course."

"Can you always tell?"

"Not always," she confessed. "When a man's a crook you can't tell anything about him. That's what makes women fall for them."

"I see," said Trumper untruthfully, wondering whether she would classify himself as a crook, a married man or a neutral. But he dared not ask.

A hansom cab approached presently from the environs of City Hall Park and drew up before them. After considerable hesitancy the girl climbed in, and Trumper also, but only when he had learned that her address was in West Twenty-third Street. Had it proved to be north of Forty-second, threatening a parade of the Avenue, nothing would have persuaded him to exhibit himself in such strange company, however remote the chance of discovery by one of his friends. As the vehicle lurched and then proceeded uptown the girl grew increasingly nervous.

"Gee!" she remarked presently. "I don't like this thing. It's like a rocking-chair with both rockers busted, and when I felt the sun burning the back of my neck I looked up through the roof trap and it was nothing but that red-nosed driver's eyes boring holes into me. A driver ought to sit with his back to you, where you can save yourself when he starts to look around."

"Save yourself from what?" asked Trumper, smiling.

"From whatever you happen to be doing," she replied with matter-of-fact candor. "Besides," she continued, "what do you think my friends would say if they seen me riding in a gocart with a softy? Why, I'd never hear the end of it. You tell him to go to the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third. That's where I'll get out."

"Without a hat?"

"Sure. But I'd forgot the hat. What about it?"

"How does fifty dollars strike you?" suggested Trumper. "Will that make it all right?"

"I guess so," she answered without much enthusiasm.

"Then we have your feelings to consider," he continued.

"That's so," she remarked, her eyes narrowing. "I'd forgotten them, too, all on account of my not liking this wagon."

Trumper had many times before been on a brink without knowing it. This time he had not the excuse of ignorance; he knew perfectly well that all he had to do to play with fire was to move his hand about six inches. Physically he did not budge, but mentally he crossed a bridge, and burned it. However, by subjecting his companion to careful scrutiny, he fooled himself for a moment into thinking he was hesitating.

What he saw was a not unattractive ensemble best described collectively by the adjective rangy. The girl had long slits for eyes, long nose, long neck, long limbs and long brains. Looking at her, one felt instinctively that there was more reason to worry about the world while she was around than about her ability to take care of herself while in it. And yet, let it be repeated, she was not unpleasing to the eye. Distinctly, here were possibilities; which is just another way of saying that Trumper was once more in the inexorable grip of the creative impulse.

"I think I know how to heal your hurt," he remarked as casually as possible, "but it will take time. Do you happen to be free after four in the afternoons?"

"Yes, I do," she replied after a short pause, during which her eyes narrowed still further.

"Well," said Trumper, scribbling on a card, "suppose you come up to my studio at four tomorrow. Here's the address and the telephone number, and the fifty dollars. I haven't thought anything out yet, but I'm sure I can if you'll help me."

"Studio!" she scoffed aloud, the pupils of her eyes all but disappearing. Then she read the card. That was the instant Trumper should have been watching her face instead of striving to penetrate the mists which shrouded the future. Her lids flew open and closed again. "Oh, all right," she muttered. "I'll come."

What Trumper thought as, after dropping her at the corner, he drove past the row of houses in one of which she resided, was that for years he had wondered what those sandstone sarcophagi guarded and if, like the Lycian Lapis Assius, they had the faculty of disintegrating the bodies deposited within them. That gruesome fancy persisted even after acquaintance with the girl as one of their denizens. Perhaps because they looked so secret and abandoned, yet permanent. Perhaps because of the litter of newspapers, yellow with a week's age, red with running colors, glaringly white even at their dirtiest, which befouled the once staid approaches. Was there anything more evident, more disastrous to the eye, than a vagrant news sheet? And then arose a question far more pertinent: Could anything evolve from such a background without retaining a ghoulish tinge?

It is easy to read Trumper as above, but the man clever enough to do the same for the mental mechanism which occupied a small compartment in the top of the girl's head as she climbed the stairs to his studio, might truly laugh at locksmiths. Not that her face was not expressive; it was. But it had a way of saying what she wanted it to say rather than what she thought; which, after all, is the grim backbone of comedy. Following instructions, she arrived at the top floor and entered without hesitation, to find Trumper in immaculate shirt sleeves busy at his easel. She stared at him and at the rather Spartan background with an air of surprise if not of disappointment.

"Do you mind if I call you Scorp or Scorpie?" he asked pleasantly. "Short for Scorpion. Just between ourselves, of course. Somehow I think it will help the general scheme of things."

"Why, no," said the girl with a look almost of dismay. "I don't mind what you call me. I don't mind much what you do "

"Well, take off my hat then, and make yourself at home," said Trumper. "I would suggest that you do the stunt you pulled when the car went by and nothing came out. You know," he continued, noting the blank look in her face "You crooked your neck, then your knee, and then your arms. I want to draw you that way."

"Draw me!" she exclaimed. "Say, are you kidding, or do you really think mamma came here to watch sonny play with his box of paints?"

"I see," said Trumper, laying aside his crayon, "that we'll have to come to an understanding. It happens that I've had some success as an artist in developing individual keynotes in others. We all have personalities, but I am only interested in distinction. You happen to have it —of a most unusual brand. I believe I can strip you of furbelows and leave something which will strike the public eye as unique. If ——"

"One minute," she interrupted. "Do you call taking off my hat stripping? Because if you do, Broadway has seen all you're going to see."

"You misunderstand me," continued Trumper patiently. "Perhaps we'd better put it this way: Your time is worth money. Suppose I employ you at fifty dollars a week to do exactly what I tell you to do, from four o'clock on, without asking any questions. It goes without saying that I promise not to touch you. No rough stuff, I mean. All you'll have to do is to stand around, and in the end put on whatever clothes I have made for you."

"What do I get out of it besides the fifty per?" she asked, her face still somewhat bemused. "What I mean is, where are we going?"

"If you are stubborn or if I fail," replied Trumper, "you aren't going anywhere: but if I succeed I expect to see you on the stage and screen as the Viper of the West Side."

"Really, now!" jeered the girl; then added with a frown, "What's a viper anyway?"

"A viper," said Trumper coolly, "is something that stings anyone who comes within its reach "

"Is that so!" said the girl. "Well, considering I've been stung all my life it would be a treat to turn and sting back for a change. A girl hasn't a chance against you men, the way things are—not a chance."

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Looking Upon the Unbeautiful Figurines, She Was Not Chagrined; She Saw Merely a Permanent Record of What She Had Intended

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1924

Future Leadership

ONE of the major reasons for pessimism in American life today is the supposed lack of leaders for present and future needs. It is not so much that we are short of pacemakers in business enterprise, the sciences and technical arts. There are many devoted physicians, teachers, civil servants and technicians, while every line of industrial and commercial effort has its quota of ambitious and determined youth.

The questioning and searching for leadership are not concerned with narrow, occupational lines. They do not lay emphasis upon industry, finance, the professions or even public life. A man may be a manufacturer, a banker, a lawyer or a senator. The people have no great respect for mere occupational distinctions, no awe whatever of place. They want something above, aside, apart from the label. The label may, for all they care, be anything.

Former President Eliot, of Harvard, who recently celebrated his ninetieth birthday, was an example in his time of the light and leading which are sought. They come perhaps from a railroad president, a country editor, a traveling missionary. Who are the men of mark, who are the really big men to carry on?

This question is asked eagerly wherever there is serious discussion, and back of the interrogation is the uneasy fear that material progress has run ahead of civic, social and spiritual values. This is not so much an opinion as an instinctive feeling. It is not a platform or a program so much as it is an unformulated pessimism regarding the caliber of men of note, public and otherwise.

Temporarily when scandals are uncovered there is no doubt a distinct loss of confidence in the office-holding class and in large sections of the business community as well. But such tendency as the American people show to look on the dark side is not caused primarily by the derelictions of any occupational group. On the whole, business men have deserved well of the nation. As for officeholders, politicians, public men so-called, who is there any longer so innocent as to look to them for the whole of salvation?

What the country needs is the unifying process of a simple restatement of what is worth while in life. The extensions and complexities of scientific and material progress have bewildered and stunned us all. The world of production and of commerce is so vast that any voice raised by the church and any speeches made by public officials rise hardly at all above the tumult.

But the values and standards of conduct in the family, in communities, in the state—these must be borne aloft, no matter how confusing and measureless become the surprises of invention and the prodigies of industry. Human character and conduct—these are supreme, as ever. When the questions are asked, Who are the men of mark? Who are the coming leaders? it means that people want men at the front, at the top, who stand for, who express these values and ideals. For they must persist, regardless of whether communication is by foot messenger or radio, and of whether a few thousand or a few billion dollars constitute a fortune.

There is no substitute for leadership, or rather for the values and ideals which leadership stresses. Least of all do new laws form even a makeshift. If there be not sufficient tolerance, intelligence and education among our people to guarantee honest, fair and judicious teaching in the public schools of the facts and theories of history and science, no statute prescribing the exact facts and theories to be taught, or the specific textbook to be used, will remedy the defect.

The mere formation of committees and associations can hardly take the place of leadership. A new committee, a new association is often merely a method of dodging responsibility, of throwing it upon other citizens.

New conditions have produced new professions, such as engineering, with many others rapidly emerging. The more enthusiastic members of these newer occupations and professions announce that they are going to make over the world, produce a new and better society and set up higher standards than have been known before. They will contribute, no doubt, to the sum total of valuable information, but technical facts will never serve as popular sustenance. The leaders of a nation must speak in very simple terms, loud and clear.

The institutions of higher learning—universities, colleges and technical schools—are playing an ever-increasing rôle in American life. But except for an occasional Eliot and Wilson they do not speak out in the ringing words which alone great multitudes can comprehend. Courses of lectures, examinations, marks, cuts, football, clubs, fraternities and good fellowship—these are very delightful, and on the whole tend to refine and round out human material. But on the average the material is mediocre or at least undistinguished, and a four years' college course has no touch of magic wherewith to stamp the imprint of greatness upon those congenitally incapable of receiving it.

It is part of our national genius that greatness and leadership should surge up from the people, from all the people. Leaders never have been and they never will be turned out by the schools, whether their learning be the old-fashioned classical culture or a newfangled subject known as business administration. The simple qualities of greatness and leadership will not be regimented or conventionalized into schools of Latin or schools of commerce. They spring alike from the palace and the hovel, from the hard school of experience and from the softer but at times very valuable training to be had in university halls.

There is discouragement because the people prefer movies and radio to an oration on civic duty by the visiting clergyman or state senator. They prefer, so it is said, the cartoonist and columnist to the editorial writer. But the medium is less important than the voice which speaks through it. The means of reaching a large public may change from year to year, but the vital interests of mankind do not change. They have to do with happiness and character, with life and death, with conditions of living, with what in the last analysis are moral standards and values.

The prevalent interest in biography is a wholesome sign. Every crop of new books contains biographies, every bookstore window is filled with them. The modern biographer is supposed to be unsparing; that does not matter. After the critical faculty has exhausted itself we still find a cloud of witnesses to the many who possessed constructive ability and noble character in the past few generations.

Human nature does not change to any marked degree in a generation, or even in much longer periods of time. We are reading today of the lives of those who graced the recent past; can there be any doubt that twenty or fifty or a hundred years hence there will be as many helpful biographies of those who live today or in the immediate future?

Men always look for prophets in a distant country, never in the same or an adjoining county. Yet few are the communities in which there is not such a one to follow. Who cares if such a one be railroad conductor, high-school principal, contractor, university president or country doctor? What matters if he be the son of a workman or of a millionaire?

One of the great gains of the labor government to England is the addition of new classes to political participation and responsibility. The old ruling class had become sadly decimated by war, emigration and ruinous taxation, not to mention the inevitable deterioration of a hereditary aristocracy. New blood was needed in England, and it is being had.

We require no labor-party movement to make it possible to avail ourselves of new blood. It is always being infused into the veins of the American system. Regardless of the size of any one of our communities, if there are men living there with character and unselfishness enough to formulate and by their lives proclaim high standards and ideals, then that community has no right to ask despairingly, Where are the men to lead? It is true that when the question is put, those who ask are not thinking of their own or of any particular town so much as they are of the country at large. But the nation can rise no higher than its source.

These Beauty Contests

NOWADAYS it is a poorly illustrated Sunday supplement that does not present the picture of at least one winner of a beauty contest. The publicity given the national event at Atlantic City seemingly resulted in making the selection of carnival queens and prize-winning beauties a national sport. State, county and town contests are everyday events. Lodges and conventions seem to need the excitement of a beauty ballot. Bathing beaches fight their way into print by pulchritude tests, and manufacturers even have staged elaborate contests. An outsider who depended on the Sunday newspapers for impressions of American life might be forgiven for thinking that the people of the United States had suddenly acquired a carnival complex and that the national dress of the young American girl was a one-piece bathing suit.

The selection of a queen of beauty is a custom that has come down the centuries. In the early days it was a beautiful and dignified rite, but, if history is to be believed, an invariable provoker of trouble. Paris handing the golden apple to Aphrodite, Ivanhoe extending the crown on his lance to Rowena, Don Quixote demanding homage to his fair Dulcinea—always the prelude to something unexpected and painful. Later the custom descended to the lower classes, and the selection of a Queen of the May became an annual event. Although no jousting preceded the election, there were generally wigs on the village green and plenty of petty feuds and jealousies after each Maypole festival. The beauty contest—American plan—has plenty of precedent, therefore; but the original idea has become sadly warped in the course of time and has acquired a commercialized aspect.

It is a long cry from the choosing of a rustic beauty for the morris dance to the parade of half-clad bathing girls before thousands of neck-craning boardwalkers. There was beauty in the decking of the May queen in garlands of flowers; but it is hard to retain any of the glamour when the contestants come clothed in costly creations donated for purposes of publicity.

The beauty contest has become the last resort of the unimaginative press agent and the trump card of the picture editor. It is being so overworked, however, that in time it will effect its own cure. Before very long, without a doubt, it will be possible once more to pick up a Sunday newspaper without finding these tiresome photographic poses of corn-fed blue-ribbon femininity.

The British Brand of Socialism

WHAT THE COMING OF LABOR IS DOING TO BRITAIN

By Norman Angell

THE country which very many have been apt perhaps to regard as the most conservative in the world since China became a republic; the country maintaining an ancient monarchy, hereditary legislators, a state church, bishops who are also lawmakers, complicated feudal ceremonials, and an empire which is more widely spread than any other known to history—passed a few months ago under the rule of declared socialists, of men who have proclaimed themselves enemies of the existing social order. One of the most distinguished members of the present cabinet last year, in the House of Commons, delivered a ferocious attack upon "the whole capitalist system under which we live."

A Remarkable Event

THESE new rulers of the British Empire have for years been working to place society upon what they were accustomed to describe as entirely new economic foundations; a policy which the bulk of Englishmen, like the bulk of Americans, have heretofore regarded either as dangerously subversive or inanely Utopian. Though England did not have its Lusk committee to prevent men who now form the cabinet from taking their seats in Parliament, it had its Dukes of Northumberland daily preaching that they should be sent to penal servitude for life. Indeed, among the men who now make up the government of England are some who were for years under police supervision. They had their *dossiers* in the special police department created to look after Bolsheviks like themselves. Quite a number of the members of Parliament sitting on the government benches have passed several years in prison. A dinner was given the other night in the House of Commons, limited to members who had done time in jail. It was quite a large gathering.

Such are among the people who now rule, as the predominant party of the state, the very ancient monarchy and the very modern commonwealth which we know as the British Empire. It is a true revolution in the exact dictionary sense of the term. Those who were beneath are on top; those who were on top are beneath.

It does not dispose of this very remarkable event to say that the socialists are a government on sufferance; that they can be turned out if they do anything radical or revolutionary. If Debs were elected President under some system of recall, or a negro elected governor of Alabama, we should not say that the event had no importance. We should realize that some very remarkable change had taken place in American politics and American ideas.

Well, what has this revolution done to Britain—what will it do? What does it mean to the world, this really remarkable event which no one, speaking broadly, until recently would have regarded as within the realm of political possibilities?

The Russian change is one which affects the West in a social sense almost as little as would a change in rulers of some of the dense African populations on the equator. But Britain is very much part of the world's life. What she has done in the matter of laws and constitutions and social changes these past five hundred years has deeply affected the way of life of nearly everyone in the world, where life can be affected by politics at all. The influence of her laws has been felt from Gopher Prairie to Delhi, from Vermont to the Punjab. It is not merely that every representative institution in the world has felt the effect of the more or less successful working of the Mother of Parliaments.

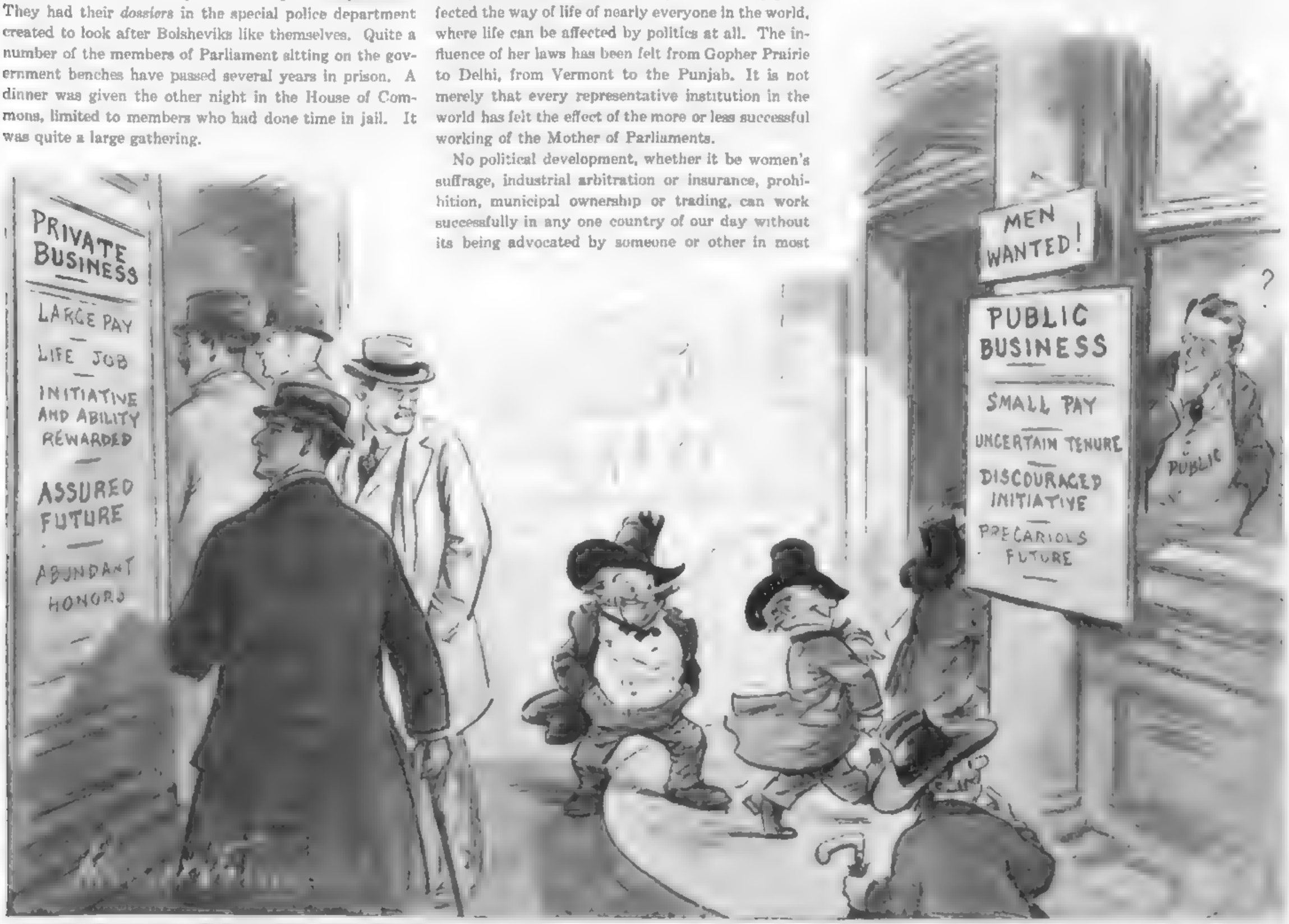
No political development, whether it be women's suffrage, industrial arbitration or insurance, prohibition, municipal ownership or trading, can work successfully in any one country of our day without its being advocated by someone or other in most Western countries. In the competition of parties for something with which to win votes, a new reform is as valuable to a politician as a new method of manufacture is to a manufacturer. And it is as certain as anything well can be in politics that if the old English laws relating to things like private property, the degree to which the nation may control certain economic activities, the relation of the nation to its railroads or banks, are fundamentally changed, and the new order of society works successfully, or even appears to do so, then those changes will not be long in affecting Gopher Prairie also.

What Has Really Happened?

BUT again, are the changes introduced by the socialists fundamental? Has anything really happened so far? Will not the parliamentary situation of the Labor Party the fact that it is in a minority and can be turned out the moment that it attempts anything really radical or socialistic—prevent it from doing anything that the older parties might not have done?

If one were to judge an event like this simply by the legislation which immediately made its appearance on the statute book, there would be a good deal to say for the view just indicated. But obviously the political importance of Labor's arrival is not to be measured by the new legislation of its first weeks of office. For instance, one

(Continued on Page 116



NATURAL SELECTION

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Adventures of Alice

"WHAT are all these men doing?" Alice asked. They were in a large high-vaulted chamber in which a number of solemn, dignified men were seated about a table.

"This is a Senatorial Investigating Committee," said the Red Knight; "Committee Number 27X."

"What are they investigating?" Alice asked.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Red Knight. "Now that's a question. Let me see ——"

He consulted a little notebook that he drew from his pocket.

"They're investigating Committee Number 44D," he said. "You see, Number 44D was appointed last week to investigate the scandal growing out of the Senatorial Committee that was appointed to investigate graft in the Janitor General's Office Committee. Number 18K, I think that one was."

"It sounds awfully complicated," said Alice.

"It is," replied the Red Knight. "And the worst of it is that it ties up the business of the country. No one is left for the unveilings."

"Unveilings?"

"Yes—unveilings of monuments. What do you suppose we elect officials for?"

"I thought they were elected to pass laws and to run ——"

"But that's an old-fashioned idea," said the Red Knight impatiently. "We have too many laws already. We elect our statesmen to unveil monuments and to attend dinners."

"How lovely!" said Alice.

"But all the favorite sons are under subpœna, so the monuments have to remain veiled and the dinners uneaten; and the country's in an awful state."

"Can't something be done about it?" asked Alice.

"Well, I suppose the Senate might appoint a committee to investigate the situation," the Red Knight replied.

In front of each senator was a large can of paint with the handle of a brush sticking out.

"What are they for?" Alice asked.

"This is what is called a nonpartisan impartial senatorial inquiry," explained the Red Knight. "As soon as one senator is through painting a witness black another one gets up and whitewashes him, and vice versa. That preserves the senatorial reputation for fairness."

"Why can't they leave the witness his original color in the first place?" Alice asked indignantly.

"What would be the sense of that?" said the Red Knight. "You don't understand the first principles of investigating. Listen, they're starting." A meek, mild-faced little man sat in the witness chair.

"Now, Mr. Woggle," said a tall, burly senator who was conducting the investigation, in a loud voice, "when we adjourned yesterday you were telling us about a Mr. Boggle. When did you first meet this Mr. Boggle you were telling us about?"

"I never met him personally," said the witness. "My wife was standing in the Pennsylvania Station ——"

"How long ago?"

"I don't remember exactly. Say, fifteen years ago. She heard two women talking. One of them said, 'You'll have to see Boggle.'"

"This is very significant," said the senator. "Very significant indeed. Who were those women?"

"I don't know," said the witness. "My wife never saw them before—or since."

"Will the senators permit me to suggest that we subpœna those two women?" said another senator.

"By all means," said the first. "It's quite apparent that they're hiding. Now, Mr. Woggle, who is this Mr. Boggle?"

"I never heard of him in my life."

Alice whispered to her companion: "I don't quite get the drift of this."

"It's perfectly clear," said the Red Knight. "You see, in the language of the underworld 'to see' somebody means to pay him money for an unlawful purpose. So when that woman said that the other would have 'to see Boggle' it meant bribe him."

"But who is Boggle, and what was he to be bribed to do?"

"Ah," said the Red Knight, "that's the mystery. If we knew that, there'd be no need for an investigation. Let's go across the street and see how Committee Number 27H is making out. They're investigating British propaganda in the War of 1812."

Norman Lery.

Mrs. Backhome—"Have Yer Radio, Si, If Ye Want It—But th' Old Party Wire is Good Enuf for Me!"

The Beau Brummell of Antiquity

IN THE days when Tutenkhamun lived on tuna fish and salmon
In his palace on the naughty, nifty Nile,
All the nondescripts and gentry, every fisherman and sentry
Looked to him to set the standard of the style.

If he went without his sandals, chewing wax that came from candles,
Or imbibed until he didn't know his name,
If he spent his nights at poker or affected red and ocher
Everybody rushed in haste to do the same.

When he walked beside his daughters by the opalescent waters
His regalia was a sight for sore eyes;
And the whole Egyptian nation followed dumb with admiration
For his most exclusive choice of hats and ties.

None can ever doubt his passion to be called a man of fashion;
Mortal tongue cannot impeach his taste in clothes;
In the matter of creations he made startling innovations
Dealing chiefly with umbrellas, shirts and hose.

Years and years he ruled his vassals while they wore his frills and tassels,
Till at last he had presentiments of doom;
So he called his chief advisers and his wise men and assizers
To decide upon the purchase of a tomb.

After much investigation for a suitable location,
After bickering for days of fruitless things,
The advisers, well-deported, satisfactorily reported
Of a cavern in the Valley of the Kings.

(Continued on Page 62.

Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"Wow! If I'm Like What That Mirror Shows, I Need ——"

"Great Snakes! This One Shows Me Worse!"

"Violet! Oh, Vi!"

"Send One of the Children for the Vet! I'm Coming Down With Something Terrible"

Money can't buy finer vegetables!

They make it a meal!

Better vegetables don't grow.

If they did, they would be used in Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

To make good vegetable soup, the vegetables *must* be good!

We are constantly at work on our own great farms to produce more perfect, better tasting, more nutritious vegetables.

We search the markets of the entire country for the finest produce.

No effort, no expense is too great. For "every single can contains our business reputation."

Fifteen tempting vegetables are blended in this hearty and delicious soup. Broth of fine beef, cereals that are rich in nourishment, dainty herbs and seasoning!

Can't you just taste it!

Luncheon Dinner Supper

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Snappy work and sparkling play
Come from eating soup each day.
Campbell's make me feel so fine
I can hardly wait for mine!

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

IT WAS Nanny indeed. Her hair in streamers, the frail dinner dress beneath her wrap a wet clinging rag, she closed the door and shrinking against the panels for a moment she put out her hands in a gesture of fluttering anguish and distress. She did not speak, however. She tried, true, but no sound came from between her parted lips; and Blandon saw her totter. Leaping toward her he was just in time to catch her swaying figure as she fell.

"I—I came back," she said. "Oh, Jerry! Jerry!"

Blandon swept her up in his arms. He did not speak; but striding back along the hall he headed toward a lounge near the fireplace. The girl made no struggle; but as she lay against his breast he could feel her tremble, shaken either with a chill or the stress of some emotion—fright perhaps. He had no sooner set her down, though, than she pushed him away and sat upright.

"Quick! You can't stay here," she said. "You have not a moment to lose!" She spoke hurriedly, the words coming from her in helter-skelter haste. "There's a car at the door; I left it there with the engine going and you can get away in it before those men get here. Hurry, Jerry, or it may be too late!"

Blandon bent over the hearth and began fanning the dying embers into flame.

"Hush!" he growled.

"But, Jerry!" she exclaimed.

"Don't talk to me," he ordered.

His voice was harsh. If he felt any tenderness or compassion for her he repressed it; and his face was grim and unrelenting. He was still in a haze, of course, over what lay behind all that had happened to him and still was happening; but the fight upstairs in the garret had been to him something more than merely a fight. In its violence it had served, for one thing, to clear the cloud befogging his mind; and he saw vividly what a dupe they had made of him. From the jump off, in fact, he had been tricked and befuddled. That, too, was but a part of it. Before he had so much as put foot in the house they had set out to get rid of him. The holdup out on the road was an instance. True, they had held up another car, but it was only through the mistake they'd made that he had escaped them then. Having failed they had tried to frighten him out of the house. The warning pitched through the window was the first attempt; then, when this and a second effort had failed, they themselves had been frightened. That was why they'd tried to get him upstairs in the hall; and why they had been frightened he knew, too, now. It was because he'd guessed what had happened to Norris Colquitt; though this was but a detail. It was, in fact, all of a piece with all the other violent and high-handed proceedings of that night; in particular, the means they had taken to hide from him what had occurred. That business of the man with the scar was part of it—that Malay, faugh!—along with which was that stuff about the strike at the mill, the theft of the books from the office and their alleged fear of that lantern-jawed labor agitator Graham.

Absurd as it all was, though, the incredible staggering fact remained that murder had been done here in this house, in these surroundings. The attack on his own life was corroborative evidence of what had happened to Colquitt; Blandon, in fact, no longer could doubt it any more than the attempt on himself. More incredible even than this, however, was that the woman he loved seemed as deeply steeped in it as that other woman, Colquitt's wife, who now had fled with her guilty partner.

But why had the girl returned? What was her purpose now?

"Do you hear me, Jerry? I tell you you haven't an instant to lose!"

Blandon smiled grimly.

"You mean, before those men get here?"

"Yes, they—if you say so," she flashed.

"The police?" he drawled.

Had he not been stooping over the hearth he would have seen the look she gave him. Fright leaped into her eyes, and she stiffened.

"I—I mean those other men," she faltered; and Blandon laughed, the laugh harsh and short.

"Don't hand me any more of that. I know your game. You're trying to get me out of the house. You want to get me out of it before I tell the police what I know."

She gasped as she heard him.

"You mean to tell them?"

"Naturally."

"Just what—what are you going to tell?" Blandon controlled his voice with effort. "The truth of course—that Norry is dead. That he had been murdered."

"Murdered?" Her voice rose. He still dared not look at her, but he was conscious that she stared at him, appalled. "You—you are going to ——" She broke off, her voice hoarse. "What!"

"What else should I tell them?" he inquired. Then he added, "You know, of course, that they tried to get me too."

"Get you?"

"Yes; upstairs."

"In the hall?" Before he could speak she laughed discordantly. "You fell down the steps."

Blandon said nothing. A cold rage again had settled over him; and he was prodding at the blaze when he heard her stir.

"Then that's what you mean to tell the police?"

"Why not?"

"That Norry's been murdered? That they tried to murder you too?"

"Well?"

"Do you know what will happen if you do?"

"Yes, I know," he returned.

"Do you?"

"I do."

"Yes; but have you thought what will happen to you?" she inquired, her voice all at once like steel.

Blandon gave a start.

"To me?"

"You'd better think of that," said the girl, her voice clear. "If Norry isn't dead, if he should happen to turn up—how would you stand, Mr. Jerry Blandon?"

"What!"

"And if he doesn't turn up," she added, "what's to prove that all you tell isn't moonshine? Will the police believe you—you or us—if we say Norry has just gone away on a trip?"

Blandon gave another start.

"Hah!" he cried.

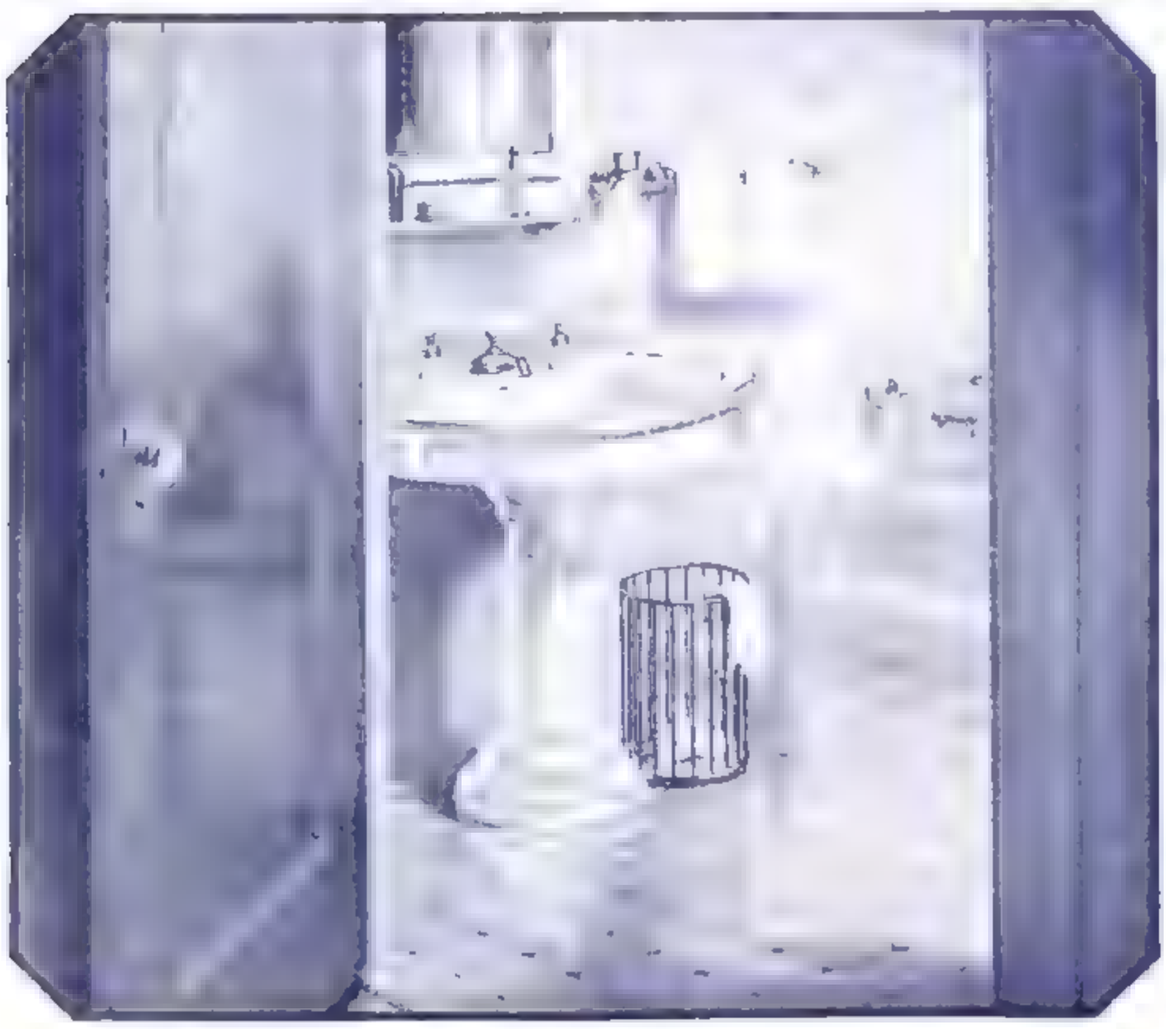
"Hah what?" she inquired coolly. She gave him no chance to reply, however. "I don't know what you know," she said sharply; "I don't care either. I leave it to your imagination, though, what the police would say—anyone else either—to any tale you had to tell. You are without home, without occupation. By your own account, for five years you have drifted all over the world, floating from one place to the other; you have no job, no calling except that of a common adventurer; and I ask you now, have you ever reflected how people—ordinary respectable people—look on a man like you? Do you think they'd listen to you? Would they believe you or would they believe us?" She laughed again, the laugh scoffing. "That's plain, isn't it? I mean to be plain, however. You'd better stop and take stock of yourself, Mr. Gerald Blandon!" she drawled, her tone biting; and Blandon listened, his face white.

The attack, that sudden change of front, left him dumfounded. She was right too. What would the police—they or anyone else—have to say to the tale he had to tell? Tough chow, that, to swallow! It was, in fact, so tough that even he himself found it difficult to digest. Gad! If it happened he had made any mistake! But how could he? Leaving Colquitt out of it, hadn't they tried to bump him off as well? No; he saw at a glance what the girl's game was.

And this, too, was the girl he loved!

Emerging Out of the Gloom Beyond the Doorway Was the Tan-Faced Man With the Black Patch Over His Eye

(Continued on Page 38



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Double action *yet costs less*

How many pairs of busy hands are washed each day in the lavatory bowl! And what stains and rings they leave!

But not for long—with **Sunbrite** on the job. For with *double action* power to sweeten as it cleans, **Sunbrite** keeps lavatory and bathroom shining, fresh, inviting.

No extra precautions to make them fresh and odorless and sanitary *after* you've scoured off the dirt and stain. For in **Sunbrite** itself is a special purifying agent that freshens and purifies.

One process, two results—that's *double action!* Add to this, the further advantage that scour as you may with **Sunbrite,** it will not scratch the surface you are cleaning or roughen your hands.

For only a few cents, you can enjoy the advantages of **Sunbrite!** Little enough, even without the United Profit Sharing Coupon that comes with every can!

Use **Sunbrite** in all your kitchen and bathroom cleaning—wherever you want to rout dirt and disagreeable odors in one time-saving process.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Wash thoroughly in soap suds the knife with which you have cut an onion: then cut a lemon or an apple with it—and the onion flavor is still there! A **Sunbrite** *cleansing not only polishes the knife but destroys every trace of the onion flavor*

(Continued from Page 36

She spoke abruptly, her voice harsh, breaking

"The time's going; there isn't much time left; if you're going you'll have to go now!" Then, as he listened, he heard a new note of a sudden in her voice—a note of almost frantic appeal. "Go, I beg you! It will come out all right, I swear. I'll be able to explain it all!" Her voice hurried now; and glancing covertly over his shoulder he could see her look about, her head cocked, her air alert, listening She feverishly wet her lips. "Don't be nonsensical, don t make an ass of yourself! Hear me, Jerry. You can come back in the morning; you can come back in an hour if you like. Look, I'll go with you! If you say so we'll drive away in the car together!"

"What!"

"I'll tell you all, explain everything if —" She broke off with a sudden startled gasp. "Jerry!" she cried

He had scrambled to his feet, turning to her now his marred, battered features with the marks of that murdering blackguard's claws on it; and it was this she had seen, her eyes wide.

"You—you're all blood!" she said

He was of course; though he gave no heed to her astonishment.

"You will go with me?" he echoed ponderously.

In turn she paid no heed to what he said. "You're hurt; your face is all torn! Jerry—what was it?"

A growl escaped him.

"I told you once. That dog tried again to get me."

"A man, you mean? Here?"

She looked stupefied.

"Not that man—him? Not the one you feared?"

"I don't know what you mean by feared?" he returned "What man are you talking about?"

She was staring at him, her mouth rounded and her eyes like saucers.

"The—the one you told us of. That that Malay "

"Pshaw!" he snarled "Don't give me any of that rot'"

"But, Jerry, you—you —" Again she broke off, her voice, in its slow horror, sunken to a whisper "You killed him?"

He laughed, a growl coming from him.

"No, but I wish I had!" he answered; and she crept toward him, a hand on her breast

"Where is he, Jerry?"

"Safe; don't you worry!" he snapped.

"Here? In the house?" she faltered

"In the garret, yes" he answered Then a sudden suspicion shot into his mind. "Here! Why do you want to know?" he was growling, when with a start he stopped. The next instant, leaping away, he crouched behind the shelter of the table, his hand at the same instant flying to the weapon in his pocket. "What's that! Hark!" he whispered

She, too, awoke swiftly

Rigid, her breath held, she raised her head to listen Then, in a pause between the gusts that still sobbed and drummed about the house, another sound intervened. It was a man's whistle—three notes long drawn, a signal; and again as its sound pierced the waiting silence it was echoed by another crashing noise from the stair overhead

The clock there struck. One by one, the chime thudded out the hour; and as the last stroke clanged, the house reechoing with the noise, once again the signal outside was repeated

Ten o'clock! It was the hour set in that warning; and, his eyes like coals, Blandon waited, the automatic flashing in his hand. The girl cried out as she saw it.

"Jerry! For heaven's sake!"

"Keep still!" he ordered

She did not keep still, however. "Jerry! You crazy fool!"

At the instant, though, he was too absorbed to heed her. He had no means of knowing where they might break in on him; but instinctively he glanced toward the door in front. Out there was where the whistle had sounded, and, every nerve on the alert, he was not prepared for the sudden dart she made at him

"You idiot, give me that!" she cried

At the same instant, her face determined, she snatched the pistol from his grasp

A strangled cry leaped from Blandon. Unarmed, he knew himself to be helpless; and forgetting all else but the pistol she had wrested from him he leaped at her She was too quick, however. She sprang away, at the same instant thrusting a chair between his legs, and he went down in a heap. He was on his feet again, though, at a leap; but meanwhile she had put the table between them. "Keep off!" she warned. "Keep away!" She raised the pistol at him, but Blandon was not deterred by that.

"Go on, shoot," he mocked her savagely. "Shoot, if you like. I'd as lief be killed by you'"

But she didn't shoot. His head back, his arms at his sides, he was striding toward her when she shrank back from him, her face white.

"Shoot, why don't you?" he taunted.

He was only a stride or two away when she turned and raced to the stairs. Halfway up, with Blandon in pursuit, she halted and turned swiftly toward the stained-glass window, her arm raised. The next instant, before he could stop her, she had flung the pistol with all her strength through the leaded panes

The glass crashed, tinkling as its fragments sprinkled the stair; and giving him no time to catch her the girl sped on up the stairs. He was still gaping when he heard a door slam overhead. Blandon, however, did not follow. Again, as he stood there, he heard that signal sound outside, this time nearer; and he knew he had no time to waste. He had been tricked; that girl had cozened him once more; but let her go.

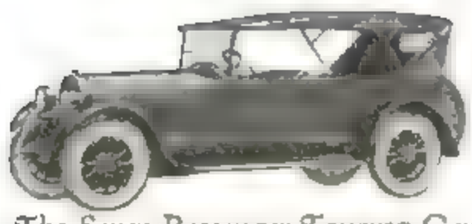
His life hung, perhaps, on that pistol she'd flung through the glass. He must get it—that was all.

Very good. If he got it he stood some chance to fight them off. It was one thing, though, to go out and pick up that pistol and it was another to face single-handed the men out there. Leaping from the stair, he had shoved back the door and was dashing out into the back entry when he stopped short, the breath wheezing from between his teeth. A hand was fumbling at the knob. He looked and he could see it turn. He saw something else as well. While he had been in the living room someone had come down those stairs and slipped back each one of the bolts and other fastenings.

He was still rooted there, gaping at the discovery he had made, when the door creaked on its hinges and slowly opened. (Continued on Page 40)

The Next Instant, Before Blandon Could Stop Her, She Had Flung the Pistol With All Her Strength Through the Leaded Panes

A Body style *for* you —



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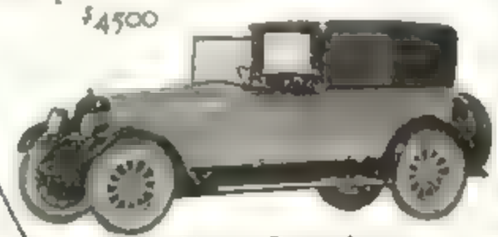

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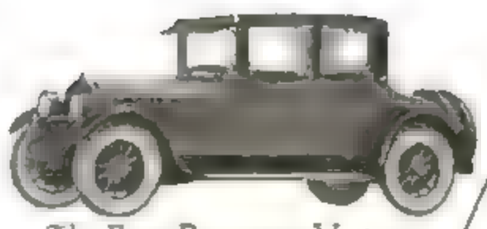

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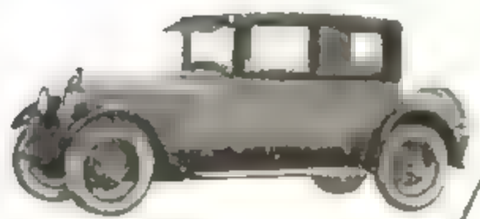

The Five-Passenger Coupe
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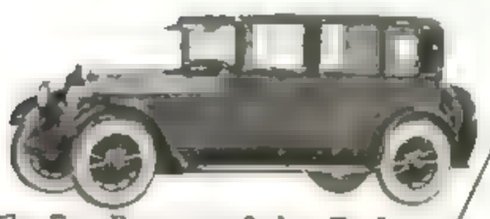

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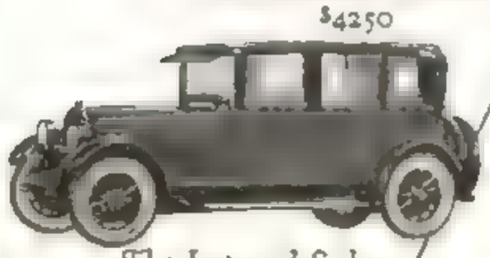

The Imperial Sedan
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Thirteen body styles—a Cadillac for every taste and requirement. ***One*** standard V-63 chassis.

CADILLAC

V-63

Continued from Page 38

A man's figure stood revealed in the opening, and as Blandon saw him he shrank back into the living room, the door held on a crack. The man who entered had a bundle on his shoulder, a heavy canvas sack, the sort seamen use; but it was not till he set it down and stood up again that Blandon saw his face. A shout leaped in his throat, but he choked it back. There was no mistaking that face. And he had thought, too, it was a myth.

The light from overhead shone down on it; and the skin was yellow, the yellow he knew and had seen too often not to know; while stretching across it from the mouth to the edge of the black oily hair was a white and jagged cicatrice. And Blandon had no sooner seen this than emerging out of the gloom beyond the doorway a second figure appeared. It was the tan-faced man with the black patch over his eye.

Minutes seemed to pass. It might have been hours for all Blandon knew. He had not moved, but shrunk down beside the door he kept his eye glued fast to the crack.

The man with the black patch spoke.

"Looks like this place was deserted."

Scarface jabbered a reply. Whether it was in Tamil, straight Malayese or one of the other dialects, Blandon could not detect. Then the man with the patch spoke again, his voice growling.

"I'm going to have a look."

Blandon leaped to his feet.

He could not face those two unarmed. The iron poker still stood beside the hearth, but he realized its ineffectiveness, especially if he tried to make a stand in that wide and open space, the living room. The man with a patch would have a gun—that was sure! No, the one thing to do was to flit, get out of the house; he had no time, either, to waste. But as he swung toward the door at the front Blandon stopped short. "Gad!" he whispered to himself. What halted him was a thought of the girl upstairs. She was alone; and if, after all, she was innocent, he could not leave her to those men. The thought, however, had hardly flashed into his mind when he could have laughed aloud. She? Why, she, of course, was hand in glove with them; and slipping to the door he flung it open, then leaped down the steps, taking them at a jump.

It was no time to tarry, as a fact. There was no time either for precaution. As Blandon leaped, though, an involuntary cry escaped him. Out there under the dark porte-cochère a figure—a man's figure, big and wrapped bulkily in a shaggy fur coat—was bustling toward the door. There was a crash, then a yell.

"Hey!" the man bellowed, shouting in surprise. Then, as Blandon scrambled to his feet and strove to dart off into the darkness, a heavy hand gripped him by the collar. He was yanked back and held struggling. "Here, you; what's your hurry?" he heard his captor growl.

Limp, Blandon gaped up at him. He knew the voice. Even in the dark it could not be mistaken. He knew, too, the bulk and bigness of the man who held him fast.

"Colquitt!" he cried. "Norry!"

It was Colquitt for a fact; Norris Colquitt in the flesh. He stood there in the dark, looming high above the shorter, slighter man, whose collar he still gripped; but though it was Colquitt indeed, Colquitt had yet, it was evident, to identify the battered, bloodstained individual he was still holding out at arm's length.

"I'm Colquitt, yes," he rumbled. "Who the devil are you?"

For the first time that night Blandon's nerves cracked on him. It was only with an effort that he choked back the sob that gurgled in his throat.

"Norry—don't you know me? It's me; Jerry—Jerry Blandon!"

"Jerry? Blandon?" He seemed stupefied.

Blandon gave another gurgle.

"It's me, myself, Norry. I'm ——"

Colquitt knew him then.

"I swan!" he said.

The night resounded with a shout. The next instant Blandon felt himself snatched from his feet; Colquitt's arms were flung about him; and in the dark, limp now and all in, he had the momentary sensation of being danced up and down as if caught in the wash of a tornado.

"Jerry, you old goat! You old skeesicks! Oh, but I'm glad! You don't know how glad I am! Of all persons—you!"

There was no time for that. Blandon felt his ribs crack as Norry Colquitt hugged him closer, but getting a hand free as Colquitt gave another shout—"You old hoss, you!"—he clapped it to Colquitt's mouth.

"Hush!" he warned.

"Hush, nothing! Why "

"Be quiet!" begged Blandon.

"Huh?" Colquitt inquired.

Blandon gave him another warning gesture.

"Hush, I tell you!" he repeated. "They're in the house—the Malay and that one-eyed man!"

In the dim light from the front door Colquitt's face was a picture. "The Malay? The man with one eye? What are you talking about?" he inquired stupidly.

Blandon caught him by the arm.

"Careful! I'm telling you—they nearly got me," he babbled.

Then excitement getting the better of him, he began to pour forth in a flood all that had happened to him that night. In the midst of it Colquitt gripped him by the elbow.

"Here! Hold on there, Jerry. Are you drunk or anything? What do you mean, nearly murdered? Not here in my house?"

It was so. He was pouring it out again when Colquitt sucked in his breath with a startled gasp.

"Where's Effy? My wife? Has anything happened to her?"

At the question Blandon faltered. He dared not answer that. While he faltered, Colquitt shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Answer me! Where's Effy?"

"I—I don't know," stammered Blandon; "she's not in there; none of them are but Nanny Granger; she and those men."

"What men, Jerry?"

Blandon cried desperately, "I'm telling you—the men that mean to murder you. Don't you understand?"

"Murder me?"

"Murder you, yes!"

"Well, we'll see about that!" snapped Colquitt.

Before Blandon could stop him he was up the steps and throwing open the door.

XIV

INSIDE the house Colquitt did not wait to throw off either his hat or his coat. He was a big handsome man with square-set, stalwart shoulders; and about him now was a look of ominous darkness that boded ill for anyone who might chance to get in his way. But Blandon knew those men; they were armed and would do murder at any provocation—without any, for that matter—and darting after Colquitt he again caught him by the arm. He was just in time, too, for Colquitt was already at the door leading out into the entryway.

"Wait! Don't you understand?" he cried under his breath. "They'll shoot you on sight!"

"I'll take a chance!" growled Colquitt.

He shook off the hand on his arm and was once more about to open the door when Blandon once more stopped him.

"Are you crazy!" he cried. "I tell you they are all armed, every last one of them. They all have gats—these two out here, the man in the garret, that fellow Pegram too!"

Colquitt swung round to him.

"Who?" he inquired, scowling.

Blandon wondered at his stupidity. "Don't you get it, Norry? I've told you once, that bird upstairs shot at me. If you're going to tackle them get a gun—get anything! Only don't go in there with your bare hands!"

Colquitt was still peering at him queerly.

"Did you say Pegram was one?"

"Pegram, yes. He's the fellow they call Burt."

"And you say Burt's in on this? You don't mean he tried to murder you?"

"He as good as tried. It was young Pegram anyway, I'll swear, that let that murderer upstairs into the house."

"Burt did?"

"Haven't I been telling you?" demanded Blandon; adding, "He warned me, too, if I wasn't out of the house by ten he or his pals would get me."

"Warned you? What?"

"If you don't believe me," returned Blandon, "look at that window there!" As he spoke he pointed to the hole in the shattered glass. "They flung the warning through that."

Colquitt looked at the window. He looked back then at Blandon, his face wrung into a scowl. Then he spoke, his voice laborious, drawling slowly.

"I don't get all this, Jerry. You'll have to quiet yourself if I'm to make out what's happened. Just sit down there in a chair now and tell it to me from the beginning."

Sit down? Quiet himself? Blandon felt, instead, as if he could scream. There were these men—they were here in the house—in the hall at his elbow, to be plain; and he was asked to sit down and take it easy!

Colquitt gave him another searching look. Then before Blandon could halt him he walked to the door and shoved it open.

"Look, Jerry; there are no men there," he laughed.

It was so. The hall was empty. Blandon, however, didn't laugh.

"They're here somewhere, Norry."

Colquitt gave a shrug. "Let them stay then," he grunted. Slipping off his fur coat he flung it with his hat on a convenient chair. Then he swung around slowly, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on Blandon. "Now just get hold of yourself, Jerry. When you have, I'd like to know from the beginning what's happened."

Blandon got hold of himself. Then again, piece by piece, he related the happenings of the last few hours. His voice was strained; it was hurried too; and he wet his lips feverishly. The first detail was the episode at the station, Pegram's surly brusqueness, his curt rejoinder to every question; and then the first sight of that murdering blackguard, the rat-faced man—this and his play of running off with the limousine. Blandon could explain that now. They had meant to get him then, only there had been some slip about it. It was the same with the holdup later on the road. They had tried once more to lay him out; but once more luck had been on his side; by mistake they had held up the other limousine. As Blandon related this Colquitt's face grew more queer.

"You say a boy and a gray-haired man were mixed up in that?" he repeated.

"So old Pegram said," Blandon answered.

His eyes fell as he spoke. He still dared not tell Colquitt that it was his wife—she and old Temple—who, in all probability, had staged the holdup. He dared not even to look at him.

"Go on," directed Colquitt, as he hesitated; and Blandon went on.

He told next of coming to the house, of finding Nanny Granger in it; then he told what she had related to him—that is, the tale of Colquitt's disappearance. As he came to this he saw Colquitt start.

"What?" he murmured. "She said that? That I had been murdered?"

"No, not exactly," parried Blandon. "She said you had disappeared."

The reply seemed to affect Colquitt as incomprehensible.

"That I'd disappeared, you say?" he inquired. Blandon nodded gravely; and Colquitt gave him another curious look. "You're not joshing?" he drawled.

It was the last thing Blandon had in mind.

"Your wife told me the same thing, Norry."

"My wife?" echoed Colquitt. His look was more than ever curious, its air commingled incredulity and bewilderment; though Blandon hardly heeded that. In detail he related laboriously all that Colquitt's wife had said—her tale of Colquitt's life, his sudden slump, then her suspicion that Colquitt had done something to involve them all in peril.

"Huh?" inquired Colquitt expressively if inelegantly. Blandon nodded; and Colquitt gave another grunt. "I see," he drawled; though it was improbable he did. "So that's why I disappeared, got myself murdered?" He grinned sourly. "Did Effy tell you that?"

"She said you'd disappeared," repeated Blandon.

"Then she didn't tell you I'd been murdered?" demanded Colquitt; and Blandon shook his head.

"Not exactly." As a matter of fact she hadn't. It was, instead, the other sinister happenings that had led Blandon to believe it. "What I figured, Norry, was she thought you'd run away."

"Run away? Me? Run away for what?"

"For a lark, Norry. You'd been advertising for me; and before I got here she thought I'd gone off with you."

A low rumble came from Colquitt. "I went to Boston on business, if you want to know."

Blandon was not astonished. After the way he'd been tricked and cheated and bamboozled he was ready now for any evidence of Effy Colquitt's duplicity—hers or Nanny Granger's.

"Then you weren't stale—fed up—bored?"

"Bored?"

"You didn't run away for a change, for something new?"

"I've been bored, if that's what you mean. What's that got to do with it though?"

"Then you did mean to run away?"

"I? Well, if I wanted to go away for a month or so, why shouldn't I? But run away, no."

It was too deep for Blandon.

"But you advertised for me, Norry; you say you tried to find me."

"Well, what of it?" growled Colquitt. "I was worried about you, wondering where you were and if you needed any help. I thought, besides, if I could find you we might be able to go off on a little trip; a couple of months or so knocking around somewheres. Then when we got back I wanted to give you a job in the mills."

Blandon pricked up his ears.

"A job? Me?"

Colquitt made a gesture of helplessness and irritation.

"Spill out the rest, Jerry. Let's hear this nightmare of yours to the bitter end."

Blandon himself began to feel nettled. Nightmare might be the word for it—he had for it, in fact, the same feeling himself; but what irked him most was Colquitt's look of almost open doubt, not to call it disbelief. If there was nothing behind all these happenings, then why had Colquitt come home? Why, in particular, had he come home that night?

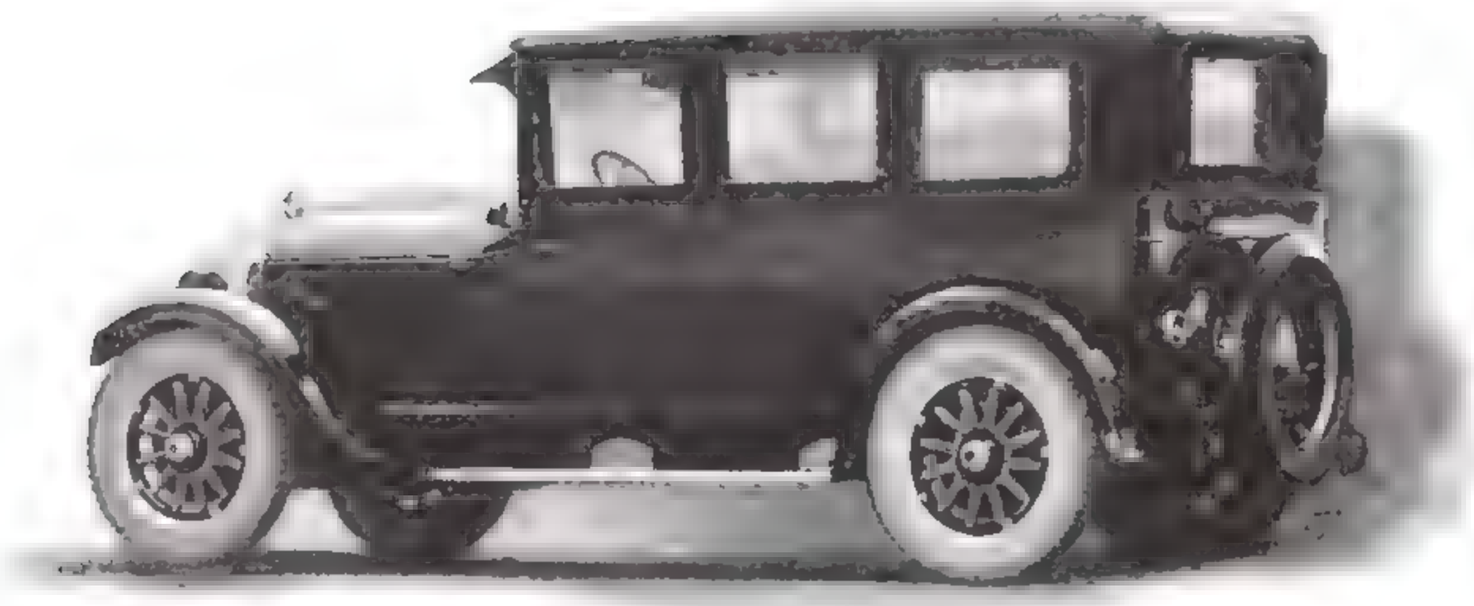
"Why? Because I was telephoned to come home," returned Colquitt.

"By your wife, Norry?"

"No; the office."

"You're sure?"

(Continued on Page 113)



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573

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Examples might be cited by the score; but they would not convey to you the realization you should have of the marvelous pick-up of the Chrysler Six; or its beauty; or its steady, two-ton-car riding comfort; or the way it wipes out road shock.

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There you can test and study the car, ride in it and drive it, and in your own mind give to it the place of precedence which is being generally accorded to it.

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Glimpses of Our Government

Construction and Reconstruction

By William C. Redfield

U. S. OFFICIAL PHOTO FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hatchery and Fish Cultural Station at Boothbay Harbor, Maine, Devoted to the Propagation of Lobsters and Other Marine Species

WHETHER President Wilson did or did not prepare before his inauguration a definite plan for reconstructing the relations of the Government to our commerce, it is certain that soon after he took office a series of legislative and executive steps began which continued until new relations were established which have affected the whole structure of our trade ever since. The old has gone and there is little present sign of a wish to recall it. Who is there that desires to retrace our steps to the economic position in which President Wilson found us? Great as his work was in war and for peace, it did not prevent his doing constructive service of the first order for business. This side of his public life has hardly received its share of thought. Some of it is little known. We shall, therefore, examine it as these articles proceed. A small part of the structure he built has been changed; other parts in the hands of lesser men have lost their bearings. Some parts of the fabric were ill-matched, even mistaken in their structural form and relations, but the work as a whole has stood the test of war and the equal trial of a peace more political than ethical, and it is here to be appraised.

Several important events in this series were related closely to my own personal work. With most, not all, of the others I was familiar as an adviser. Sometimes my advice was taken, sometimes not. As I see results today they seem to justify my counsels whether for or against. We shall see what these counsels were as we proceed, but in order to avoid routine we shall not consider all the steps in the series in unbroken sequence. Each of them has its individual story as well as its interlocking relations. It is my purpose to tell the one and make clear the other.

Not in the Party Platform

AS I LOOKED out from my office chair in Washington upon the conditions which have been partially presented in the preceding articles, it was evident that there was much to be done with which politics or partisanship had no more to do than had the nebular hypothesis. For there is no Democratic way to build a wharf or design a ship, and no Republican way to construct a laboratory or run a glass works. I did not find in my party platform any plank that was useful in a plant for handling coal, nor did Republican principles cast light on the new engines needed for the Fish Hawk. These things and hundreds more of a like kind had to be done, and there was but one way in which to do them, and that was the business way. It was necessary to treat them just as if we were running an industry, as in fact we were, and to do so if we could without looking for either help or hindrance from party politics of any kind. That was expecting much. We certainly got little or no help from politics, but it did cause some hindrance. This was chiefly at the start and only for a few months. Politics did not trouble us much later, when we were better understood and when the heated ambitions of certain subordinates to succeed their chiefs had cooled. Of course I have used the word "politics" above in its narrow sense. There were times when features of our work found sympathetic understanding and support from men of both parties.

As the extent and the variety of my own department's operations became more clear it seemed imperative to get out into the field as often and as far as official duties permitted. I wanted to see the different work in progress, to meet the men who did it and to learn field conditions and necessities from personal touch. Enough of our country-wide operations was reflected in Washington to make it clear that they should be studied at first hand. Interesting things beckoned from distant places. The work of the ships in our maritime services was of absorbing interest. There was the terrapin farm on the shore of North Carolina, the laboratory on the Mississippi where we inoculated fishes with germs from fresh-water clams to maintain the pearl-button industry, the lobster hatcheries on the New England coast, and the far-distant fox-farm islands which we leased to private parties, furnishing them with brood blue foxes from our own herd on the Pribyloff Islands. Scattered all over the country within these wider limits were numerous fish hatcheries and other important stations. We were transporting live fish in special cars throughout the land to stock streams and lakes, and had carried living lobsters across the continent from Maine to Puget Sound. In return young humpbacked salmon were brought from the Pacific Coast to Maine rivers and successfully established there.

All this was alluring, and much of it called for examination by a responsible officer. I found it true in the government service, as it had been with industry, that personal touch with the active work was of great value to it and to me. It gave a clear understanding of its nature, permitted the correction of faults in men, mechanisms or materials, and allowed opportunity for the development of effective work. The field worker for the Government is often, perhaps usually, very much alone. He knows more at times of restraint than of reward. The department must seem often a distant, severe master, a rule maker, an overlord, not kindly and personal, rarely appreciative and friendly. The reaction upon the service is too apt to make it spiritless, perfunctory, merely obedience to external law and to regulations too little humanized. I wanted to get out among our field men, to praise them if they did well, to guide them when I knew how to do so wherever it seemed necessary. It is but just to say that as a whole the work was admirably performed, sometimes with a spirit of unselfish devotion beyond both pay and praise.

Fascinating as this outlook was, the temptation had for the time to be resisted, for there were duties in Washington that would not wait. It was the time of watchful waiting for events in Mexico while the heavy pressure of our disapproval bore with increasing weight upon those whose temporary power was gained by assassination. It was depressing to see how many Americans were willing to condone successful political murder if their profits were untouched. Men of vivid imaginations and tingling pocket nerves saw all things Mexican in lurid lights. They were impatient at patience and contemptuous at any suggestion about the welfare of the Mexican people. There seemed to be something in the air of that southern border that made men see visions of things that were not, and that set their tongues a-wagging in ways to make Münchausen envious. It would have been quite easy to create a Mexican section of the Ananias Club. Ere long Senator Fall was to see barbed-wire entanglements in some rusty ranch fences, and to summon us to battle through his fears. Luckily a dauntless army officer with good eyesight discovered the harmlessness of that which had acted as an exciter to the senator's fevered brain, and the little crisis passed.

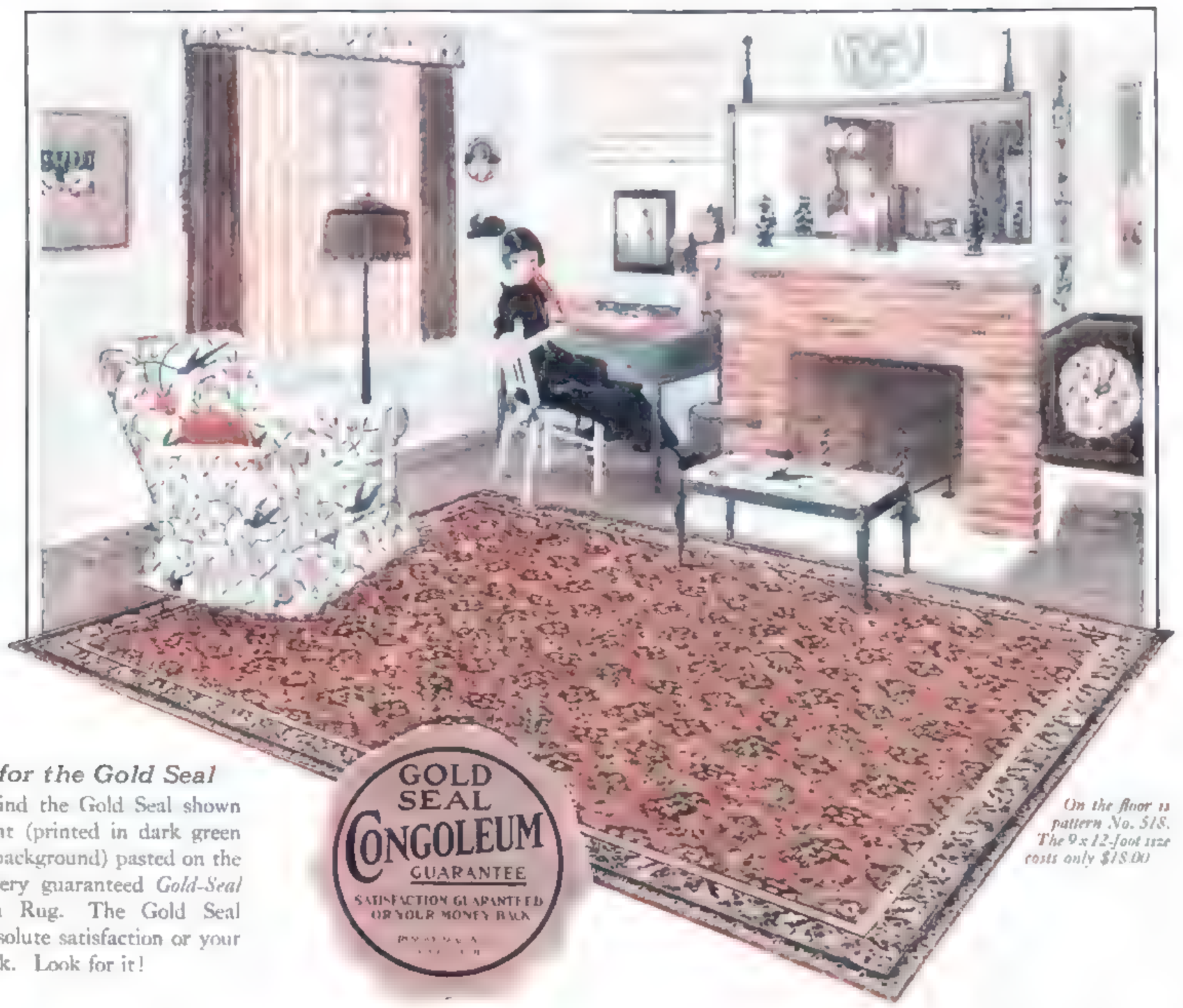
The Sting of the Political Bees

THEN arose also certain Californians to say disparaging things about the Japanese, causing Mr. Bryan a trip across the continent and affording him a fine opportunity for service to his country, of which he took full advantage. The Japanese crisis while it lasted was more acute and much more dangerous than the Mexican one, and it also was complicated by the use of tongues that seemed to be hung in the middle and to work overtime at both ends.

It is curious how political partisanship acts upon men who are otherwise sane. Once bitten by that bug they begin to lead a double intellectual life. In family or business concerns they continue to be discreet, candid and fair; quite otherwise in public matters. The merchant who is a Democrat will sell a Republican on four months' time and take his unsecured note without a qualm, but that same Democrat when stung by political bees regards the same Republican with an evil eye. Candor flies away and fairness vanishes. In our public discussions it is amusing to see how Democratic disapproval follows as the night the day on any Republican statement, or vice versa. Neither seems to have the least idea that his own position would be stronger if he gave an opponent full cordial credit where it is due. The critic speaks with double power if he is seen to be just and candid, but one who always snarls at his political opponent is discounted, and even just criticisms from him fail to convince.

All of which bears on the country-wide discussions about the Federal Reserve Bill when it was pending. If the remarks made about it by some men in the banking world, if the votes cast against it by distinguished legislators could be recorded today and hung upon the outer walls of the new Federal Reserve Bank buildings where all men could see and read them, there might be certain regretful searchings

(Continued on Page 44)



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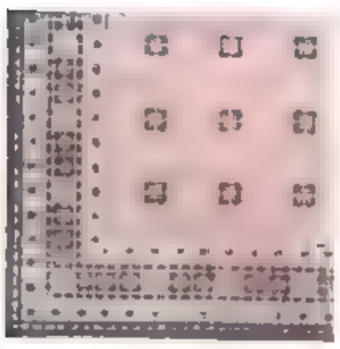

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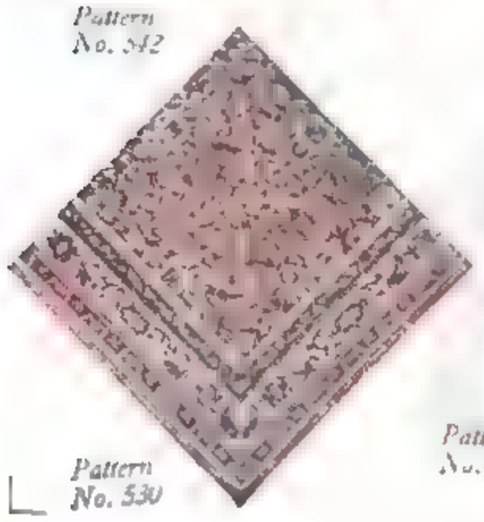

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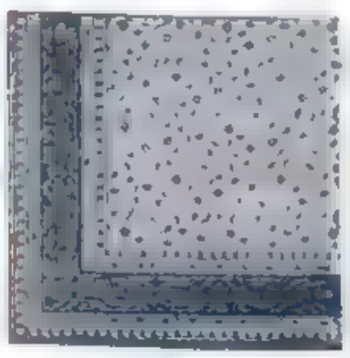

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6 x 9	feet	$ 9.00	The patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only. The small rugs are made in patterns to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3	feet	$ .60
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(Continued from Page 42

of hearts. Much research work and constructive planning of great value had been done through years, which made the path to better financial conditions more plain. Yet a new arm was needed to strike the final blow, one which would be free from the restraints and embarrassments which had caused paralysis up to that time. It took many years of creditable effort to create the situation out of which at last grew the Federal Reserve Act, but the men who drew, guided and enacted it are not entitled to the less credit for what they did, any more than a modern contractor is refused praise for building well upon a good foundation prepared for him.

It seemed at times to us that the business world was gifted with an amazing power of putting its worst foot forward. Faith in the unseen was necessary to hold us fast to belief in the unselfishness if not in the integrity of our commercial men, for what was visible was often ugly. The hard-boiled, the exploiter, the profiteer and the selfish, calculating, mercenary type were in evidence. Often they were too skillful, too diplomatic to reveal themselves at once in their true character.

Many were not intentionally callous; sometimes they were unconscious victims of distorted ideals and of habits of thinking on low levels. Had business men generally been able to see how they were misrepresented, or how their creative part in our economic life was poorly played by bad actors, they would have been vigorous in protest. It is due to the farseeing wisdom of President Wilson to say that though he saw shameless greed masquerading as business policy, he kept his faith in the sincerity, patriotism and right-mindedness of the average business man. I was sufficiently a witness of these things to know their truth. Mr. Wilson believed in the world of business against the preponderance of evidence which that world for long presented.

The ruthless type of money-maker who trod the path to power over ruined victims was no figment of fancy. He existed not only in fiction and oratory but in historical truth as well, as many men still living can testify. He was often a singular combination of creator and destroyer, even as Napoleon, a supreme warrior, has left upon France to this date the abiding marks of constructive statesmanship.

Thumbs Down for the Grabbers

THERE was another money-getting caste not so ruthless, even more constructive, but whose sense of relative equities was selfishly directed. They would seek not merely a rich reward for their service but something more, and would get it by taking advantage of the ignorance, weakness and inexperience of those whom they were asked to serve. Two typical cases arose in the cabinet. One was an international loan to China, which was widely discussed. When the contract was read to us a section was found in it which substantially mortgaged the financial independence of China so far as certain of her valuable resources were concerned. Having apparently no necessary relation beyond the immediate transaction proposed, it was a reaching out to a future and a controlling position which took an unfair advantage of the client who was ostensibly served. So, at least, it seemed to us, and the contract was unanimously disapproved.

In the second case the parties concerned are unknown to me, but the substantial position was that a concession for railway construction in Latin America included certain grants of land as part of the compensation to the contractor. But it appeared that the contract was so drawn that the land grants were certain and the obligation to construct was uncertain, so that the concessionaire might get the land and the concession giver might not get the railroad. Cleverly done; indeed, quite too cleverly, too selfishly done. The contract was disapproved.

Everybody knew that the Democratic Administration was committed to business legislation. In his inaugural address President Wilson had said: "There has been something crude and heartless and unfeeling in our haste to succeed and to be great. . . . We have come now to the sober second thought. Our work is a work of restoration." He then frankly spoke of the tariff, the banking and currency systems and many other features of our economic life, saying, "We shall restore, not destroy."

But if there was no surprise when business legislation was promptly undertaken, there was resistance. As President Wilson later said, business men "came with all their bristles out. They came on the defensive. They came to see not what they could accomplish but what they could prevent. They did not come to guide but they came to block, and that is of no use whatever to the body politic."

Two great enactments marked the first year—the Tariff Law and the Federal Reserve Act—and both met with direct opposition from alleged leaders of financial and industrial opinion. Yet the Federal Reserve Act was a great affirmative step which proved of inestimable value when the storm of war burst over us. As for the Tariff Act, I believed then as I still do that American industry required that stimulus to awaken it to the need of stricter examination of its own methods. A Massachusetts manufacturer said to me at the time that he knew of only two mills in that state which had a modern cost system, and neither of them was his own. Long industrial experience taught me what our work at the Bureau of Standards constantly justified, that on the whole American manufacturers failed to apply science to industry and worked without accurate cost-accounting methods. There were exceptions, of course. The great electrical engineer, the late Doctor Steinmetz, told me he did not fear foreign competition because his industry was itself founded on science. There were others, but not enough of them. The situation is different today. Industry has made a marvelous advance during ten years in applying science to its processes, and the cost accountant is no longer some strange sort of fowl for which there could be no perch on the premises.

Legislation was to follow soon which came more closely home to me and which has not been as fully justified by results. I mean the act creating the Federal Trade Commission, which was approved September 26, 1914.

The early period was also marked by a step which though primarily of an executive and departmental character formed an essential part of that commercial policy foreshadowed by President Wilson's first inaugural and to which the Tariff Act and the Federal Reserve belonged. This was the reorganization, almost the creation, of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which was to become the great official weapon of the country in the peaceful contests of international trade.

For the cogent reasons which have been cited, the atmosphere of Washington in 1913 and 1914 was not always and everywhere one of warm welcome to business men. With marked exceptions they found themselves embarrassingly regarded as objects of restraint. It was recognized that there were many cases where the individual business conscience had progressed beyond the collective ethics of the trade. Yet suspicion was abroad to an extent which I then felt and still feel did not sufficiently value the advance that had already been made in business morale.

But this is not the whole truth. There was another aspect in which the complaints that came thick and fast from many parts of the business world were justified. Uncertainty is the bane of trade. To the extent it exists, it reduces commerce to a stalemate. The men who had drawn the antitrust legislation had, indeed, done a needed constructive work. Few now deny that. But they had also cast a dark shadow of confusion over our domestic commerce and had provided no sufficient means of enlightenment. Conscientious men of affairs were often wholly unable to decide what was right and what was wrong, and their eminent legal advisers were in no better case. As I was nominally the chief commercial officer of the Government, business men came to me in a constant stream seeking for light where there was no light to be had. These men would say, "We wish to do right, but what is right?" The slow processes of judicial decisions were all too deliberate to meet the situation, for trade is like war in the respect that decisions will not wait. The failure to decide today often means the loss of tomorrow. Neither legislators nor lawyers nor courts were adequate to meet the current phases of an acute situation. My visitors would often ask me to get an opinion from the Attorney-General which should guide them. They had, of course, to be told that he was counsel for the other side. He would cause them to be punished if they did wrong but he would not—could not lawfully—interpret the law for them so that they might do right.

The Federal Trade Commission

IT WAS a bad situation. It caused a great deal of righteous wrath, but it did more and worse than that. It caused serious and needless loss to many upright men and created antagonisms that have hardly died away. It was one example of what often happens—that is, that the Federal Government in its efforts to restrain evils does that which is distinctly unfair. The Government often acts, let us hope unintentionally, as an actual oppressor and does things in alleged pursuit of right which would damn any commercial house that so acted.

Out of this situation grew the Federal Trade Commission. I had repeatedly urged in the cabinet that it was wrong to leave the business world in an impasse and that some means for considerate relief should be provided. The President on January 20, 1914, said to Congress:

"The business of the country awaits also, has long awaited and has suffered because it could not obtain, further and more explicit legislative definition of the policy and meaning of the existing antitrust law. Nothing hampers business like uncertainty. Nothing daunts or discourages it like the necessity to take chances, to run the risk of falling under the condemnation of the law before it can make sure just what the law is. Surely we are sufficiently familiar with the actual processes and methods of monopoly and of the many hurtful restraints of trade to make definition possible, at any rate up to the limits of what experience has disclosed. These practices, being now abundantly disclosed, can be explicitly and item by item forbidden by statute in such terms as will practically eliminate uncertainty, the law itself and the penalty being made equally plain.

"And the business men of the country desire something more than that the menace of legal process in these matters be made explicit and intelligible. They desire the advice, the definite guidance and information which can be supplied by an administrative body, an interstate trade commission.

"The opinion of the country . . . demands such a commission only as an indispensable instrument of information and publicity, as a clearing house for the facts by which both the public mind and the managers of great business undertakings should be guided, and as an instrumentality for doing justice to business where the processes of the courts or the natural forces of correction outside the courts are inadequate to adjust the remedy to the wrong in a way that will meet all the equities and circumstances of the case."

This was the purpose for which the Federal Trade Commission was formed. This was the spirit in which it was conceived. It was to be the guide, counselor and friend of honest, sincere, inquiring business men. It has singularly failed to carry out the purpose for which it was created. Its failure has been progressive until

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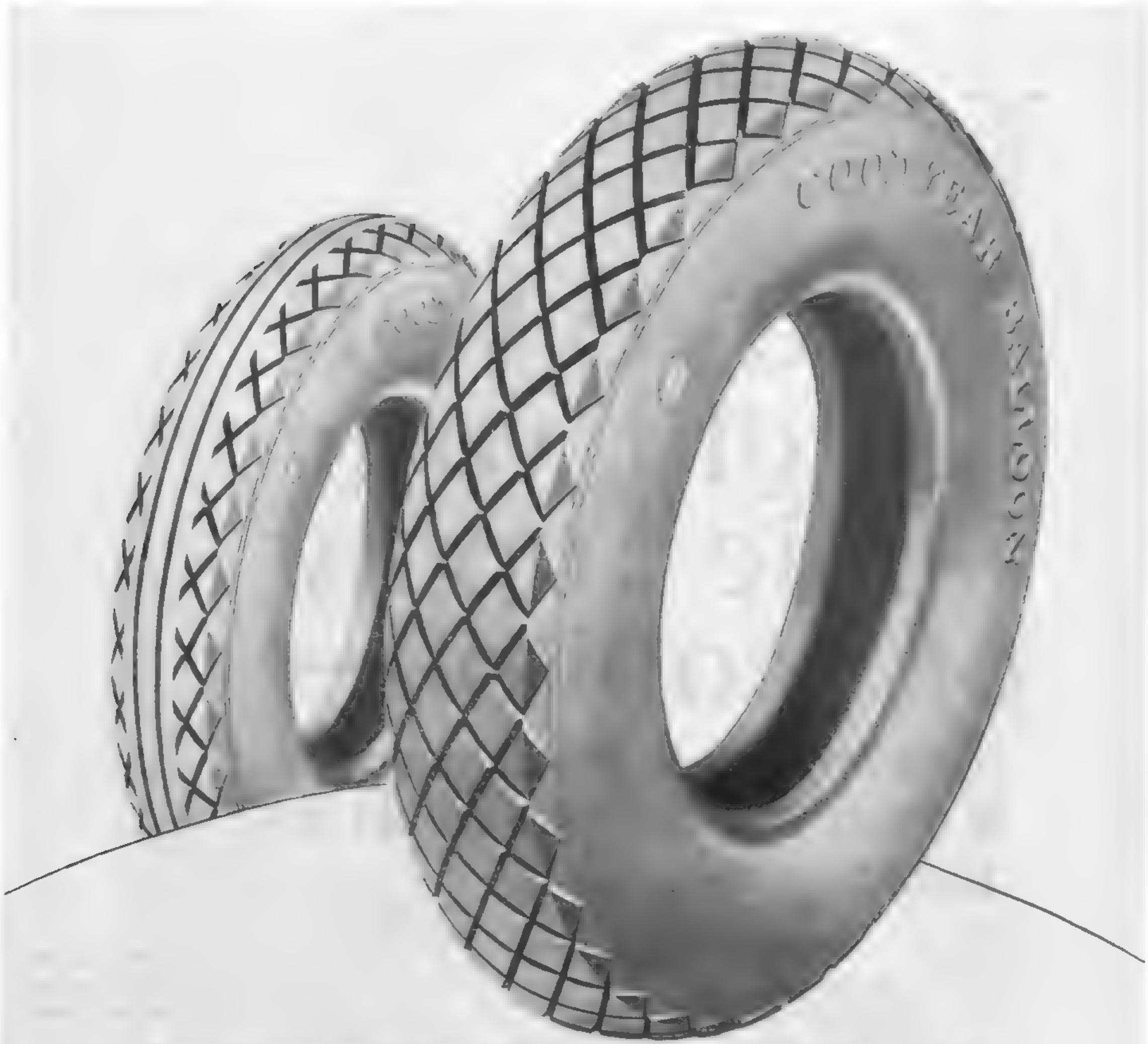

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HUMANICS IN MANAGEMENT

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE manager of an American corporation became suspicious of the actions of certain employes and started an investigation which led to the conclusion that these men were dishonest. As a result three workmen were discharged and a labor fight precipitated. The union leaders insisted that the three employes be reinstated because they had not been proved guilty in a criminal court. The company refused to comply with this demand and a strike ensued. Violence prevailed and the civil authorities failed to prevent the destruction of property. The president of the company, looking out of his office window, saw a loyal workman dragged into the street and beaten. This proved to be the deciding factor in the president's mind and determined his course of action.

He called a meeting of the company's board of directors and made an astounding proposal. In brief, he suggested that they shut down entirely, move their plants to more desirable locations and seek an early opportunity to dispose of all their present property in the community. It was estimated that this proposed action would cost the company in the neighborhood of $3,000,000; but notwithstanding this huge loss, the directors upheld the decision of their chief executive and the building of new plants in distant fields is already under way. In the meantime the former busy offices, factories and warehouses are empty and silent, while upward of 2000 men and women are searching for new jobs.

The daily news in many states is replete with stories of labor fights in practically every line of activity. In the same pages we read of the decline in the values of foreign moneys; we note that some rich men's sons are still profligate; and that an army of people engaged in both private and public business continue to be more or less insensible to many important principles of virtue.

Of course, things are not altogether right; but since the chief cause of most of our ills is ignorance, it follows that the remedy for our troubles is education. Instead of attributing our difficulties to the sinful perversion of human nature and the debasement of labor, it is essential that accumulated and inherited capital, through better management, take the initiative in the educational process required to clear the industrial atmosphere of mistaken notions and unfounded causes of complaint. Labor, both organized and unorganized, must be convinced beyond doubt that the larger the national income the richer we grow, and the more prosperous we are the better will be the chances for high wages. We must rid many of our workers of the idea that the way to get their share lies along the path of destruction—not creation; that congressional action can bring about industrial harmony; and that large consolidations are undesirable and always inimicable to public welfare.

Untried Improvements

WHAT we need are managements that think big thoughts and make big plans, always remembering that no matter how rapidly we advance, our sons and grandsons will achieve results that will stagger us. Jay Gould was highly renowned for his business sagacity, and yet his limited imagination prevented him from seeing any opportunity for profit in the introduction of the telephone. When a number of these newly invented devices for facilitating communication were being installed in different offices for experimental purposes, Mr. Gould disapproved the innovation and ordered its removal, remarking that the telephone never could be of any commercial value. Similar mistakes in judgment are made daily by hundreds of business executives.

Thousands of dusty pigeonholes are filled with perfectly good plans and recommendations that have never been followed up and put through. The methods of selecting employes are so inefficient in many places at the present time that these same plans will not be recognizable ten years hence in view of the changes that will take place. And as for the use or meaning back of figures, the average executive seldom carries his investigation far enough clearly to discern the facts that walk behind them. The fellow seeking a location for a new retail store secures a record of the total number of people who pass by each of the several places under consideration and makes his choice from these general totals. But if he were thorough in his methods, he would have his records show how many were men, women and children; the average for the day and for the hour; and even the probable occupations of the passers-by, whether business men, office girls, laborers, mechanics or general shoppers.

Very often nothing is more deceiving than figures that are accepted without thought or study. Many people are accurate without being discerning. A company sells its goods on two-year notes, and then tries to finance its operations on money borrowed from the banks on short-time paper. The usual outcome is that when business slackens down the concern is unable to collect on its long-time notes, the banks demand their money and the inevitable consequence is insolvency. A correct understanding of the meaning behind figures would have avoided such a failure. Farsighted management would have adjusted the terms of credit granted customers to those extended the company by the banks. Too many executives are deceived by financial window dressing and are content to accept a balance or a total at its face value.

We need managers with ability to direct the collection and use of essential statistics. Commercial agencies tell us that 90 per cent of our merchants overbuy. This means that thousands of retailers do not realize the necessity of a quick turnover and therefore act as free bankers for the manufacturers and wholesalers. Even many hat dealers make their purchases on a guesswork basis instead of utilizing a careful record of sizes sold during one season as a guide for determining future needs. Many merchandise managers still neglect to keep records of daily sales, and cumulative sales of the current month to date, so that immediate comparison can be made with corresponding periods of preceding years. Without such summary sheets, it is practically impossible to determine when special-sales campaigns should be inaugurated.

Efficiency Through Contentment

WE NEED executives with minds and eyes for essentials; men who consider inventory time as a proper moment to clean up and start right; who know that trebling a business is often one good way to cut operating expenses in half; who realize the necessity of teaching others to do work instead of doing it themselves; who understand that a 5 per cent raise voluntarily given is more effective than 10 per cent forced out of the boss; who know that some men are stimulated by competition while others go to pieces under it, and that some respond to appreciation while others are completely spoiled by praise; who investigate every job and cut out all that exist for their own sakes; who have learned the value of working on a schedule prepared beforehand or at the commencement of each day, and not permitting interruptions seriously to disarrange the prescribed routine; and who understand that it is far preferable to set a quiet example of business efficiency than to adopt a preachy attitude.

Fortunate is the company having a leader who is able to put unity into community, and who appreciates the close relationship between community coöperation and corporation success. A contented community and industrial progress go hand in hand. Our big captains of industry are well aware that it is impossible to create a vast enterprise without the good-will and aid of the people in the localities where the plants are situated. It is for this reason that John Patterson gave so much time, effort and money to making Dayton, his home city, a place in which folks would want to live and work. It is for this same reason that George Eastman has given more than $25,000,000 to Rochester for various educational, cultural and social undertakings. The day of the arbitrary business dictator is past. He has been superseded by the executive who rules with restraint and recognizes responsibility to others, just as knockers on front doors have been supplanted by push buttons. The wise boss knows that a push is far better than a knock at any time.

Realizing the need for better management, our more progressive corporations are now undertaking to train men for supervisory positions. Several companies now maintain courses for college graduates extending over a period of a year or more, consisting of a combination of actual work in office and factory as well as classroom work. One concern canvasses the engineering colleges each year and makes a selection of ten men for the next year's class. These prospective executives are required to study the history of industry, organization of business, plant location, factory buildings, lighting, heating and ventilation, plant maintenance, purchasing, handling, storing and shipping materials, production planning, accounting and costs, office systems, employment methods, health and safety provisions, industrial relations, labor turnover, wages and general administration.

Another large company maintains three separate schools for its employes. One is a technical school providing a fairly thorough course in electrical engineering. Another is a commercial school offering training in salesmanship, central station organization, and the history and development of electricity. The third school gives courses in the theory and practice of economy. Besides the courses mentioned, the studies include the essentials of psychology, business English, company policy and organization. The accounting courses are given in close coöperation with the school of commerce of a near-by university. The offices and factories of this company are treated more or less as schools in which the managers and directors of the future are being trained.

In many sections of the country an earnest effort is being made to bring about a closer relationship between business and our schools and colleges. It is becoming more and more necessary to train our youth for the trades. Parents must recognize the dignity of the trade and our educational institutions must develop a new and practical system of apprenticeship to meet these changed conditions of production.

One of our big Eastern universities has just established a course in industrial engineering, to train men to head great enterprises in the fields of manufacturing, public utilities and commercial undertakings. This step has been taken to link engineering to business and to supply the growing demand for executives who are not only trained in problems of finance, commerce and labor but are also well grounded in the technology of manufacturing processes. The fact is that a considerable degree of positive coöperation now exists between business and a great many of our modern institutions of learning. In a number of cases the schools are training men and women for particular occupations, and are assisted in this work not only by subsidy but by committee advice on the part of industry. A number of corporations and several industries now support bureaus of business research in different schools. In many of our progressive colleges, lectures are given by nonresident speakers who take time from their active administrative work in industry to give counsel and render assistance to the students who are preparing to take up the business burden a few years hence.

Then we must also recognize the importance of the efforts that are now being made in the training of foremen and other noncoms of industry. The object of this educational work is to cut costs, increase production and harmonize labor relations. In one case where training of foremen was undertaken, the result was an increase of 32 per cent in production. In a second instance there was a 50 per cent reduction in labor turnover, and in a third case a saving of more than $90,000 a year through improvements and economies. Although there is a common opinion to the contrary, it has been proved that foremen will study, which is attested by the fact that in many classes of large enrollment there was not a single instance where less than 75 per cent of the men finished the prescribed course. The immediate effect of training foremen is to awaken these men mentally, provide them with more information and a broader outlook, which makes them more receptive to new methods and machinery; and last, but not least, to create an understanding of the necessity of eliminating even the most inconsequential wastes.

The High Cost of Labor Turnover

IN NO field of industry is there a greater opportunity to better practices than in the employment and promotion of men. More and more we are coming to realize that the frequent hiring and firing of workmen constitutes one of the greatest losses of modern business. In many instances the cost of labor turnover forms a greater expense than that incurred in the replacement of machinery. This statement does not appear so incredible in view of the fact that turnover in many companies reaches the high average of 1000 per cent a year. In such cases, one can imagine what the charges must be for the clerical work incident to hiring and firing operations alone. In addition, there is the cost of training a new man for each job four or five times every year; the losses from breakage caused by inexperience; the cost of an increased accident rate, due to the high percentage of new employes, and the cost of a lowered efficiency in the entire force of workers resulting from the constant state of flux in the whole organization.

Even in industries where the work is largely automatized, this turnover problem is extremely important. One recent survey showed that groups of representative concerns in fifteen different industries have an average turnover of 125 per cent for skilled and 265 per cent for unskilled workers. In a group of manufacturing companies the average cost of turnover was eighty-four dollars a man. The cost of turnover in the case of a railway motorman was $300, while in several other instances the turnover cost reached the amazing figure of $2000 a man. A tool-steel manufacturer hired 1000 men in one year to increase his force by fifty men. He estimated that the loss to his company because of this totaled $150,000. A tobacco company estimates that it costs $225 to train a cigar maker, and a railroad company figures that the expense of educating a

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YOU SHOULD WORRY!

By Raymond Leslie Goldman

THERE are three general topics in which humankind is most vitally interested: How to be healthy, how to be wealthy, and how to be happy. The reason for universal concern about these matters is obvious, for the perfect attainment of all three of them means an earthly residence in Elysium; and Elysium is one subdivision where unlimited acres are unoccupied, where millions of families desire to reside, but where not even a Los Angeles real-estate man can sell a fifty-foot frontage.

How to be healthy, how to be wealthy, and how to be happy. They form the mundane triumvirate which rules mankind, and has always ruled it since the beginning of time; and the material meaning of all things may be found in it. Its armies number the inhabitants of the earth. Wars are fought, new lands are conquered or discovered, marriages are solemnized, divorces are granted, daily-dozen phonograph records are manufactured, oil stock is hopefully purchased—all in the name of one or another member of this triumvirate.

The undisputed power of these three is not to be wondered at, for all their despotism; for the inexorable laws under which they hold sway are no less than the laws of human nature. So everyone sets out to find a place as near the throne room as he may possibly approach; and few come very close, because the throne room is in Elysium. Some of us attain good health, some of us become possessed of great wealth; but few of us discover perfect happiness, because there are no correspondence courses available relating directly to that subject.

There are many courses which claim to instruct you how to be healthy, and any number which tell you how to be wealthy; so, in an endeavor to supply the demand for one which teaches you how to be happy, I offer such a course, complete in one lesson; in fact, in two words: Never worry!

A great many people who have not achieved wealth have the fallacious idea that the way to riches is likewise the way to happiness, and people who are ill imagine that they would find happiness the inseparable companion of physical perfection. But happiness is neither a state of luxury nor a state of biologic well-being; it is a state of mind.

The habit of worry is the archconspirator against a proper state of mind. Its sly machinations create chaos in place of order; it throws up barricades along the road to progress; it places bombs beneath the institutions of health and happiness. There is no evil it will not work in order to indulge its delight in replacing laughter with tears, placid brows with furrowed ones, hope with despair; and yet all those millions of people whose cherished goal is happiness allow this dangerous Scaramouche to dwell among them unmolested, when it may easily be captured in the net of philosophy and slain with the sword of common sense!

The habit of worry is indicted and stands accused, and I am ready to plead my case against it, with you as the jury to decide its fate. Strangely enough, although worry is your most bitter enemy, it will be your arguments that I must refute if I am to prove my case. I have never yet found a worried man who will not vigorously defend his right to worry.

"How can I help worrying," he will argue, "when I have this or that to worry me? It would be against human nature not to."

Worry Not Constructive Thinking

THAT is largely true, for human nature tends to pessimism; but it likewise tends to many other undesirable manifestations which for the common good are fought against and inhibited by reasonable men. Every man must place a guard of inhibitions over his natural inclinations if he is to be a useful, desirable citizen of his community. If he loves, and his love is unrequited, he does not forcefully carry off the overpowered lady of his choice. Human nature might prompt so drastic a measure, but he is restrained by inhibitions. If he is roused to anger he does not kill the object of his wrath, though blood lust is an attribute of human nature. Then why does he readily give way to that element of his nature which prompts him to worry? It is almost as grave an offense as abduction or murder, not against society as a whole but against himself; for by worrying he overpowers and abducts the best that is in him, and deliberately slays his chance for happiness.

There are a number of reasons why he has not included the inhibition of worry among the many others with which he has surrounded himself. One reason is because he has confused destructive worry with constructive thinking. He has come to consider them one and the same thing, whereas they are really directly antithetical. The constructive thinker ponders the improvement of conditions in the future; the man who worries dwells mournfully upon the unsatisfactory past. The constructive thinker reflects upon the past only as a man might reflect upon the things he learned at college; he studies the various elements of the present with discriminating eyes, sorting the good and the bad, deciding how the good may be used as stepping-stones to the future, how certain ones of the unfavorable conditions may be improved, and that others, impervious to improvement, must be carried along as they are, like the impedimenta of the soldier on the march.

The man who worries is incapable of such constructive thinking. All he sees among the various conditions of past, present and future are the unfavorable ones. He gloomily reflects that perhaps this one or that one may be improved—but what of it? The other one can never be improved. So what's the use?

It is obvious, then, that worry and constructive thinking have nothing in common; yet the man who worries defends the unpleasant function with the argument that everyone must worry if he is not to become uselessly unprogressive and hopelessly slipshod. The encouragement of this false reasoning has created the class of individuals known as harried business men.

The habit of worry is also fallaciously believed to be the natural manifestation of a kindly, deep-feeling nature. If you love anyone you must worry over him; therefore if you do not worry you do not love him. The mother who does not ineffectually flutter in circles of despair when her child is ill is an unnatural parent, unfeeling, hard-hearted. Never mind that the skilled physician has declared that there is no cause for alarm, that cheerfulness—genuine cheerfulness that radiates and warms, not a cold mask of it—is what is most needed by the fretful patient; never mind these things, because it is a mother's right, nay, her bounden duty, to worry, no matter what harm is wrought thereby upon herself, her child and her household. The encouragement of this false reasoning has created the class of individuals known as frantic parents.

Serenity Through Self-Control

ANOTHER brand of unwholesome logic upon which the habit of worry thrives is the idea that worry begets sympathy. If the sick man does not worry about himself, he reasons, no one else will worry over him, pay any attention to him in his affliction. By worrying he retards his recovery—for worry retards everything that would travel on to better things—and they whose sympathy he thus angles for, give him, instead, mere toleration. Into every available ear he pours a stream of symptoms, aches and ills. He does not thus rid himself of morbid reflection by transferring it to others; instead he casts himself deeper into the shadows of hopeless despair. And this has created the class of individuals known as hypochondriacs, neurasthenics, or, less gently and more familiarly, as chronic kickers.

Strengthened by such dubious logic, the habit of worry goes unhampered about its mischievous business, keeping the poor in poverty, and the ill in sickness, making burdens the heavier to bear, streaking hair with premature gray, routing happiness before its prim advance. Shall we let its evil work continue? Can we not tear down the old false traditions and with the very materials of the destruction build anew and better?

The suggestion is no novel one. In the office of the harried business man you will find the walls adorned with small red-lettered placards beseeching the beholder to "Cheer Up—Tomorrow is Another Day"; and to "Laugh and Forget Your Troubles." And in the home of the frantic parent you will discover similar cheer-inspiring sentiments, more elaborately decorated and framed, and far more beautifully phrased; and these are hung in the living room, where one seldom goes to do his worrying. But the harried business man and the frantic parent read these sentiments once or twice; and after that the placards become mere ornaments, like the Gibson-girl paper weight or the etching of Washington Square on a rainy night.

We cannot deal with sentiments, however luridly lettered or artistically decorated. The high walls of faulty reasoning which have been built up to be the fortress of worry must be battered down, not by tossing pretty bubbles of sentiment against them but by using the battering-ram of hard logic and the catapult of common sense.

There can be no organized warfare against worry. It is a case of every man for himself. Each man has his own walls of faulty reasoning to tear down, and new walls of sound reasoning to rebuild, with worry outside them. Each must create for himself a proper state of mind, and a proper state of mind must be governed by certain indisputable facts.

I shall not make a list of these basic principles, for should I do so they would appear to be so many axioms, not unlike those which you have on the walls of your office and home; and, as I have stated, mere mottoes are not potent enough to do the work at hand. After all, the first principle upon which the entire structure must be built is: Never worry. The others you will find somewhere in the paragraphs that follow, and you may pithily phrase them to suit yourself.

Every man must build his own walls of sound reason, and the bricks with which they are built must be made in the kiln of the particular and individual conditions which exist for him. He must, first of all, consider these conditions in their relation to the rest of the world; and this consideration will lead him to the realization that no one may ever live a life entirely devoid of what are called troubles.

The two kinds of troubles over which mankind worries most are those pertaining to a lack of wealth and to a lack of health. Practically all those relating to wealth are remediable; the kinds relating to health are of two classes—the remediable and the irremediable. To the latter class I shall give the name of afflictions, and we will consider these closely later on.

I say that troubles pertaining to money matters are remediable, because a man's financial condition depends largely upon himself. So much has been written on the subject of getting ahead by men more qualified to speak than I, that I would not presume to add to the words of wisdom they have put down for the benefit of all of us; and even if I were able to do so, the limitations of this article would preclude such discussion. Its relation to my present subject goes no further than this: That no man ever worried himself from poverty to wealth, and that by worrying no man has ever guarded from loss that which he has acquired. Bear in mind that worry and constructive thinking are not one and the same thing, and thereby remove yourself from the class of harried business men.

I shall pass as briefly over the troubles relating to health that are remediable, or curable; for the eradication of these causes for worry—if you consider them to be such—depends, too, largely upon the individual. If your illness is curable, constructive thinking, not worry, will show you the way to cure it or will lead you to consult the proper person to show you the way. In effecting a cure placidity of mind is the first consideration. Healing Nature needs both your active and passive coöperation. You are quite willing to aid her by dieting, by taking medicines, and by other measures of active participation; then why handicap her by mental rebellion?

You will reply, perhaps, that when you are ill you do not worry merely because of your present unhealthiness, but through fear that your condition is uncurable. But that is flagrant pessimism; and the more strongly you believe that, the more likely you are to be right. Our courts of law assume one to be innocent until he is proved guilty. You should take something like that attitude in respect to your sickness. Assist in the work of your recovery all you can passively—by a cheerful, hopeful mental state—as well as actively. You have time to worry about hopelessness when it has been irrefutably proved that your ailment is not susceptible to cure.

Making the Best of Things

AND even then, when you have entered into the ranks of the afflicted, is worry justifiable? Surely, if anyone in the world is entitled to indulge himself in worry the afflicted one has that dubious privilege. But if I can prove to you that even the actually afflicted ones may not excusably worry, you must admit that my case against worry is complete and that the useless, happiness-destroying demon shall be considered as having forfeited its right to existence. And that bold statement, that affliction offers no excuse for worry and is no cause for unhappiness, I dare to make.

Among my readers there must be a number who are in some manner afflicted. Some are afflicted with varying degrees of deafness. Some are lame. These people, and they who love them enough to share their distress, will probably feel inclined to take me to task for the statement that I made above. No excuse for worry! No cause for unhappiness! To be locked forever in the soundless—or, at best, a partly soundless—vault of deafness; to walk during all one's life with the conspicuously halting gait of the lame—is that no excuse for worry, no cause for unhappiness? What right have I, who very likely do not know what the word "trouble" means, to speak thus of another's grave afflictions?

I suppose that it is necessary for me to state, for the sake of convincingness, that if diplomas were handed out for so-called afflictions I should be the possessor of a B. A. degree,

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Think This Over Before You Choose Your Car

You would not knowingly buy a new car that was not up-to-the-minute any more than you would pay good money for a house that lacked essential modern features.

By the same reasoning your new car should certainly have four-wheel brakes—a proved safety essential in a truly modern automobile. The owners of hundreds of thousands of cars thus equipped would never go back to any less effective braking system.

The True Blue Oakland is the only six, at anywhere near its price, on which you get four-wheel brakes as standard equipment. These brakes—sound, simple, easily adjusted—give a new and satisfying assurance of safety under every possible driving condition.

Oakland also is the only light-six with permanent top, special Duco body finish, centralized controls on steering wheel, special glass enclosures and many other exclusive features.

Then, too, the advanced design of Oakland's new L-head engine makes possible a degree of power, smoothness, flexibility and endurance which will cause you to revise your standards of light-six performance.

If ever there was a car which sells itself, it is this year's True Blue Oakland Six. Don't choose your next car until you see it! If you have not examined it—ridden in it—you have no idea how much ability and goodness you can purchase at its low price.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

Roadster	$ 995	*Business Coupe*	$1195
Sport Touring	1095	*Coupe for Four*	1395
Sport Roadster	1095	*Sedan*	1445

Touring Car
$995
All prices f. o. b. factory

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Oakland Glass Enclosures for Touring Cars $60, Roadsters $40.

Watch This Column

REGINALD DENNY

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

—Author unknown

I get a big thrill out of the thought that for 15 years I have been manufacturing entertainment, and letting sunshine into the lives of millions. Aside from the money-making feature, which, of course, was the primary object, there is great satisfaction in doing something worth while and being of real benefit to the human family.

Every once in awhile I step into a theatre where a UNIVERSAL PICTURE is being shown and watch the expressions on the faces of the people. If they are absorbed, it is flattering. If there is applause, it is music to my ears. If there is indifference, I am shocked. In either event I am stimulated to do better.

Today Universal Pictures are spreading sunshine throughout the Universe—in England, France, Germany, Russia, China, Japan, India, Norway, Sweden, Denmark—even in far away Egypt, the Philippines, in Spain, Italy, Africa, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico and Australia. Can you wonder that I thrill when I reflect that every minute of the day and night, *somewhere* a Universal picture is being shown?

Can you imagine making, here in America, the great French classic, *"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"* putting life into its characters and sending them back to France to please the French people? Or making that beautiful love story, *"Merry Go Round,"* and sending it back to Austria, where its action is laid? Don't you think there is something inspiring in it?

How did you like REGINALD DENNY in *"Sporting Youth"?* Have you seen LAURA LA PLANTE in *"Excitement,"* or HOOT GIBSON in *"Forty Horse Hawkins"?* What do you think of MARY PHILBIN in *"Fools' Highway"?*

Carl Laemmle

President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

1600 Broadway, New York City

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at least, and an honorary membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity of Trouble University. The story of the first twenty years of my life would read more like a clinical report than an autobiography. My early education in the aforementioned university began when I matriculated at the age of four years; and I studied under no less able an instructor than Infantile Paralysis. For many years he saw to it that I learned my lessons well and thoroughly, specializing in pain and suffering, which in other universities are less beneficially studied under the name of philosophy. And when the time came when he could no longer tutor me he left with me a permanent conspicuous lameness as a constant reminder of all he had taught me.

My education, however, did not stop there. I was destined to study even more intensely the quintessence of embarrassment, inconvenience and personal loss; for Deafness, another able teacher, took me under his care about ten years ago, and he is supervising my further education with his usual thoroughness.

Is this a morbid tale, one that is suited to make heads wag mournfully and to set tongues to tapping the roof of the mouth in that well-known expression of sympathy? I should say not! It might have been, but it isn't. And the reason it isn't is because I fooled my teachers, just as many schoolboys do.

Self-Pity and Resentment

Among the things which my instructors demanded of me were worry and unhappiness. For a while I was obedient in those respects, and I knew a misery far greater than any physical pain. And then I began to cheat. From the very texts that they put into my hands I learned lessons that seemingly were not there. I learned that the phrase "Make the best of it" was a literal truth, possible of accomplishment; not a mere dull expression of resignation to the utterly hopeless. I realized what the squirrel meant when he said to the mountain, "If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I." These things, and many more, I learned; and then I found that I worried less than anyone I knew and was happier than most of them seemed to be.

I know only too well all the by-laws, rules and regulations of the society of the afflicted, but I must confess that I have honored them more in the breach than in the observance. One of the laws is shame. Another self-pity. Another is a sullen resentment against an irremediable condition. Another is the agonizing realization of a burden too heavy to be borne, yet impossible to throw aside. All of them are tommyrot.

An affliction is an affliction, in the generally accepted meaning of the word, only according to one point of view; according to another it is merely an attribute, not desirable, of course—though it has its value, as I shall later explain—but easily bearable. What makes it a real burden are the by-laws I mentioned, particularly shame.

No one believes that there is anything shameful about an affliction, except the person afflicted. Let us adopt that as a motto, and engrave it, and frame it, and hang it prominently on the wall of our clubroom. Yet the lame person attending a social affair would like to sit some place where his limbs would be successfully and artfully hidden from view, so that no one present would know he was lame; and he would like to sit there all evening until everyone else had left, when he could walk lamely away unseen. The deafened one tries by every art known to humankind to hide his deafness from the world. And why do they do this, the lame and the deaf? Because they are ashamed, of course.

This is particularly true of the person who is deafened, not totally deaf. For the latter there is no hiding place. But the deafened man, he who is called hard of hearing, tortures himself exquisitely when he is in contact with his fellow man, and even more cruelly when he is alone with his embittered reflections.

He spends an agonizing day trying to outwit the perceptions of everyone whom he meets and converses with. His subterfuges are amazing. Although he has not reached that stage of deafness when he must learn lip reading he watches lips all day with eager, anxious eyes, trying to piece sound less words. He listens to voices pitched too low for his hearing, actually catching a word or a phrase now and then, and frantically endeavoring to reconstruct from them a complete sentence. He sits through a long conversation during which his companion does most of the talking, and though he hears scarcely a word of it all, he pretends that he does, just sitting there, with his mind in an agonized turmoil, and with a silly expression on his face which he believes to be an expression denoting receptive interest. Now and then, when he imagines it is called for, he smiles, rather weakly and foolishly; and sometimes he nods his head affirmatively, as if to show that he agrees with what is being said. He says very little himself, for he does not know what to say; he has only a vague idea of the general topic. And at length the visitor, who has been turned into an inquisitor by the deafened man's folly, takes his leave, and the afflicted one draws a deep breath of relief mingled with shame and self-pity and terror of the future. He has, indeed, successfully hidden his affliction; but the visitor has carried away the justifiable impression that his host is rather peculiar, rather stupid, and an impossible bore.

Have you never observed how stupid and dull deafened people seem to be? Of course they are not stupid; they merely did not hear what you said and were ashamed to let you know it. So, although they might have been brilliant conversationalists, sparkling with wit, weighty with knowledge, keen with philosophy, you could not find it out because they dared not speak, fearing to say something which had no bearing on the topic under discussion—and they knew not what that topic was.

Such is the life of the deafened, a life which is exactly what they make it. Can you, of normal hearing, conceive of the sheer agony of it? Do you wonder at their bitter, horrified, pitiful and pitying cogitations? And it is all so useless, so absolutely unnecessary—a distorted life like that.

If only the deafened man would tell the world about it, right at the start, from what inconceivable torture he would save himself in the years to come! If he had a corn on his toe he would walk with a slight limp to ease the pain of it, and he would readily say to anyone "I have a corn on my toe." And people would understand that he was the proud possessor of a corn which made him limp slightly, and that he did not limp because he had no better sense. If he would as readily say "I am hard of hearing" people would raise their voices to whatever degree of loudness was necessary to make him hear, and all his world of horror and agony would immediately topple about him, to disclose a new world of happiness beyond.

Advantages of Deafness

Deaf people find their only happiness when they are with intimate friends, friends of long standing, friends who have finally seen through their artifices and subterfuges and speak loudly enough for them to hear. Why not let strangers in on the secret, too, and thus find happiness with strangers and intimates alike? No one is deaf if he can hear; and he can hear if people speak loudly to him. So, unless a man is totally deaf he need not be deaf at all, so far as conversation is concerned; and conversation makes up the greater part of existence. Nor should he imagine that people object to raising their voices for his benefit. Everyone would talk twice as loudly as he usually does if he were not inhibited by social good usage. You ought to hear Mr. Dingle, who barely whispers when he is out in company, speak to his wife when they are at home! And you ought to hear Mrs. Dingle, whose social voice is like a zephyr rustling rose petals, tell her children to behave themselves and not worry her to death! If you would like to investigate this, just consult the Green family, which lives across the street from the Dingles, and four houses down the block.

Yes, people will gladly talk loudly enough for you to hear.

You must agree that this somewhat alleviates the affliction of the person who is hard of hearing. His deafness is almost completely wiped away with a single stroke of the philosophical cloth; and what remains of it can be diverted to many excellent purposes. He has left what might be appropriately termed a convenient deafness—a blessing that is denied to the normal person. He may hear or not hear, as he pleases. Can you imagine anything more desirable than that? How would you like to click sound on or off, as you will, just as you tune in or tune out a concert or lecture on your radio? But let me explain.

Unlike the person with normally functioning ears, who hears almost subconsciously, and surely involuntarily, the deafened man can hear only when he sets his mind to it, even when the tones plainly reach his ears. To him, hearing is a conscious, voluntary act.

Suppose that meaningless chatterbox, Mrs. So-and-So, comes to visit you of an evening. Her unending twaddle would be almost insufferable if you were forced to listen to it for two or three hours; but you can merely not listen and spend the evening with your own pleasurable thoughts, planning your next story or reviewing your important brief or figuring out a new advertising campaign; you can do that entirely undisturbed by Mrs. So-and-So's prattle and babble—if you are conveniently deaf!

After-dinner speakers at banquets; the family across the court indulging in marital complications; the lady singer in the apartment upstairs who firmly believes that practice makes perfect; the feline choral society on the back fence; street cars passing on flat wheels; the screeching baby whose mother claims it never cries; the organ grinder who won't stop playing until he receives a dime and then keeps on playing out of gratitude for the dime—all those things the deafened man could hear if he would cup his ear in his palm and listen. But, heaven be praised, one of the few possible laws that Congress has overlooked is that requiring a man to cup his ear in his palm and listen!

Compensations

I dare not write much more about the advantages of deafness for fear that my readers with sound hearing will share too much of my enthusiasm and deliberately puncture their eardrums. But I shall risk mentioning that the deafened man can hear very little at the theater unless he sits close up front. And if he tells the box-office man his plight that gentleman usually manages to find a seat or two somewhere in the first or second row center, tickets which, somehow or other, the speculative pirates failed to secure. In this location the deafened man can hear about as plainly as the man with normal hearing who is seated twelve rows behind him; and that is where, it seems, most people have to sit.

Even though you are so deaf that you can hear nothing at the theater, and you derive no enjoyment, as I do, from watching the action, the players' expressions and gestures, and from these broken threads dexterously weaving together the whole pattern of the story—even though this pleasure is denied you, is your loss unbearable? I do not claim that the deaf or deafened man misses nothing, loses nothing, because of his affliction. But I do claim that there are so many mitigating circumstances that I sometimes wonder if there is not but a thin line of demarcation between affliction and blessing, between deprivation and bounty.

Let us see how the ledger balances. If I cannot find the enjoyment of the man with normal hearing in attending dramas, lectures and like entertainments, there remain concerts—for music is more easily heard than the voice—and the entertainments which are imbibed through the eyes, such as motion pictures, dancing, pantomime, pageants, and so on. Art in every field except the spoken drama is available to me; and further, since the appreciation of art is heightened by perfect concentration, the complete silence into which I may withdraw myself is of inestimable value to me. At a concert the man with normal hearing may be annoyed and distracted by the rustling of a program in the hands of a nervous neighbor or a soft shuffling of fidgety feet; or if he is reading, a conversation in the adjoining room or the sibilation of a radiator valve or the usual noises of the street may disturb him. But none of these petty, though usually consequential, annoyances have a place in my life. I am free to close myself within the soundproof vault of perfect concentration and thus allow my mind to enjoy to the fullest that which is intended to appeal to the mind.

Said the squirrel to the mountain: "If I'm not so large as you, you are not so small as I." And I may say to the man with normal hearing: "If I cannot hear as much as you, you cannot hear as little as I."

Then there is the lame man, the man who, like myself, manages to get about pretty well, though not in the accepted manner of locomotion. He, too, worries more or less interminably about his condition, and they

(Continued on Page 52)

What a Roadster Value!

This Oldsmobile Six Roadster is not only the lowest priced six-cylinder automobile in the world, but it fairly brims over with quality.

Its 40 H. P. engine with balanced crankshaft and full force feed lubrication operates with such vibrationless smoothness that you hardly realize the engine is running. You can creep along at two miles an hour in traffic, or quickly accelerate to forty, fifty or more on the straight-away.

There is a riding comfort, a buoyancy, a resiliency to this Roadster that will positively amaze you. These qualities are contributed in part by the long, supple springs, by the inherent balance of the car itself and by the oversize cord tires.

You'll like the large, roomy body of this Roadster. The deep, wide seat is tilted at the exact angle to produce the greatest comfort. Behind the seat is a large parcel compartment—under the rear deck is 13½ cubic feet carrying capacity for sample cases or luggage. The body finish is baked black enamel which gives a lustre that will last the lifetime of the car.

This splendid Roadster at its extraordinarily low price has been made possible only through a full utilization of the technical skill and resources of General Motors, combined with the rich manufacturing experience and the excellent facilities of Oldsmobile.

But to gain any idea of the great buying opportunity that Oldsmobile offers you, visit our nearest dealer and take a ride in the Roadster. One ride will be convincing proof.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
Olds Motor Works of Canada Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

a SIX Roadster at $785.

Fully Equipped

Touring	$ 795
Sport Touring	915
Cab	985
Coupe	1075
Sedan	1135

The G. M. A. C. extended payment plan makes buying easy. All prices f. o. b. Lansing. Tax and spare tire extra.

Genuine Oldsmobile parts can be purchased from any Oldsmobile dealer in any part of the United States, at a standard price established by the factory without the addition of any war tax, handling, or transportation charge. Every Oldsmobile dealer has a master parts price list issued by us, which is always open for owners' inspection.

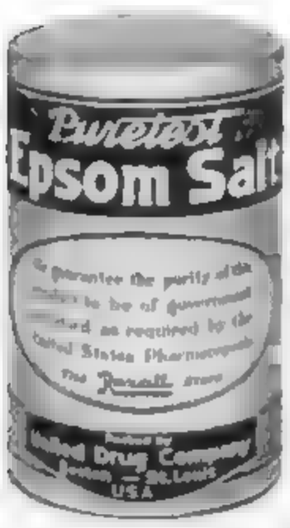
The following certified accessories specially designed for perfect fit and quick installation on Oldsmobile Six body types, can be procured from any Oldsmobile dealer in the U. S. at these net prices, complete with necessary attachments:

Front Bumper	$15.00
Rear Standard Bumper	15.00
Rear Sport Bumper	15.00
Radiator Cap, with Bars	2.50
Road Spot Light	5.00
Windshield Cleaner	1.25
Rear View Mirror	1.75
Trunk Rails (set of four)	6.80
Sport Tire Carrier	7.50
Trunk Platform	7.00
Enameled Steel Trunk	25.00
Windshield Wings (pair)	17.00
Running Board Step Plates (pair)	4.75

—because, in ancient times, persons who won distinction were crowned with circlets of flowers, leaves or gold. Royalty gradually assumed this honor as a natural privilege. Nowadays

Puretest Epsom Salt

is helping thousands of every rank to "feel like a king."



Puretest is the epsom salt that is made by a new improved process. Puretest is the epsom salt that, being absolutely pure, is easy to take.

Thorough in action, yet gentle. A couple of teaspoonfuls in a glass of water every now and then will help *you* to have a clean, fresh, healthy system.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall Drug Stores

There is one in your town.

© 1924

(Continued from Page 50)

who are close to him—his mother, his father—worry out of love and pity and sorrowing sympathy. Why? Well, first of all, he himself worries because of the shame of it. He does not walk like other men; people whom he passes in the street openly take note of it. His self-consciousness rises to the point of agony. Unlike the deafened man, he cannot hide or attempt to hide his affliction. The withered limb, the unconventional gait are to him an open badge of shame, a brand of guilt seared on his forehead for all to see. That is how he usually feels about it. That is how I felt about it, once upon a time, before I realized how unutterably silly such a viewpoint is.

And what is left of lameness as an affliction? The supposedly unconquerable handicap which it places upon one so afflicted?

It is this idea that causes such grave anxiety to the parents of the lame boy, and to the lame young man who has not yet made a success to prove its fallacy.

But do you know a lame man who failed to make a success of his life merely because he is lame? Would that lame man who is a failure have been other than a failure if his legs were straight and true and sound? I think not. If a lame man is a salesman would his prospective customer refuse to patronize him because he does not walk like a soldier on parade? On the contrary, if the buyer had to make the choice between granting his custom to the lame man or to a normal rival, he would favor the lame man.

The Cream of Human Kindness

It is not a prideful thing to capitalize an affliction, and the self-respecting man does not, and would not, do it. But the truth of the matter is that the world capitalizes his affliction for him despite him. The world does not care a hoot about the success or failure of the ordinary man, but it is actually desirous of seeing the afflicted man overcome his affliction, of seeing him get ahead. That is mass psychology. The handicapped man is a favorite with the gallery. The weaker-looking pugilist receives the hearty support of the spectators. It is sportsmanship

Then, in the case of the afflicted man there is, or should be, present a personal psychological factor that is an aid, not a handicap, to success. He may be possessed of self-confidence, but never of a shackling overconfidence. Of however an optimistic nature he may be, he cannot entirely forsake the idea that he is a handicapped man and therefore must surmount this handicap on his upward way. Thus his affliction becomes a spur, a whip—a whip that stings a bit, but tautens all his will and energies in an effort to win in a seemingly unequal race.

If the lame man would only come to a realization of it he could perceive much of the beauty that enters into his life as a direct result of his lameness. He alone may discover the real Christianity of the world, the sweetness, the kindness, the goodness of his fellow men, which seem to be hidden from all but him. He need not despair for humankind, for he knows that the heart which seems adamantine and black is soft at the core and red with the warm blood of kindliness. He knows it because the core is revealed to him, and to him alone; from others it is hidden and by them untouched.

The lame man may walk where others fear to tread. In the most vicious district of the city he may make his way in safety, for his affliction stays the hand which grasps the bludgeon or knife. Unknowingly he has touched the tender core of a heart whose very possessor thought it held no tenderness. There is something strangely warm and good about this reflection. It dispels every doubt, assuages every grief, brings a bright warming glow into one's own heart and mind.

That is one of the world's closely guarded secrets which is shared with the lame man if only he will take the trouble to perceive it. Everyone is his friend—or at least no one is his physical enemy—and everyone is his self-constituted protector. After all, is that not the true brotherhood of man, a world as it should be for all, but is for no man but the lame or the blind?

It happens that I have been particularly fortunate in my recovery from paralysis, and because I spent more time in exercise than in bemoaning my fate I am, despite my lameness, as active as any normal man, and perhaps stronger than the average. But this is not casually perceived, and that is why I have discovered to be true what I have written above. I could not become involved in a street brawl, even if I were so inclined. No man could find it in his heart to direct a blow at me, and if there were such a man, every bystander would become my unbidden protector. The traffic officer at the intersection of streets blows his whistle and impatient motorists brake their cars quickly so that I may cross to the other side. That is pretty soft, isn't it? You can't receive a tribute like that unless you are lame—or President of the United States.

All the foregoing is, of course, merely a point of view, a state of mind. The favorable conditions I have described do not exist for one who cannot or will not balance his ledger fairly to discover that his assets are actually greater than his liabilities. But if he will audit the books of his life he will find that because of his affliction, not in spite of it, he can know moments of happiness greater than those which come into the life of his more normal fellow man.

If you are lame you must walk more slowly, less vigorously, than the straight, strong-limbed man who passes you; but does that other man ever feel the inclination to raise his face to the blue sky above, with a sudden happiness in his heart so keen that it almost verges upon poignancy, when the joyful thought comes to him that he is walking?

How may we know the value of anything if we have no true basis of comparison? How may we know how gloriously good it is to walk, to walk straight or haltingly, if there has not been a time in our lives when we could not walk at all, and yearned to? How may we truly appreciate the joys of bountifulness if we have not once known privation? How may we know the heights of happiness to which gratitude can rise if we have not once suffered?

There is no argument in defense of worry. If your troubles pertain to business you will not be considered unprogressive and negligent if you refuse to worry over them while you are endeavoring to untie the stubborn knots. If it becomes impossible for you to untie them—well, you have life before you, and henceforth you will be more learned in the subject of knots, knowing the kinds that cannot be untied, and thereby being more capable of keeping the strings unknotted.

Laughter and Tears

If you are a parent of an afflicted child believe in him enough to feel that he will rise above his handicap. He has a battle to fight, not only a physical battle, but a mental battle, and he needs the encouragement of your hope and cheer. Is he suffering? Then he will know, some day, in an abatement or a surcease of that suffering, a happiness that you may never know. Do what you can to bring that day of surcease nearer; but spare your tears.

You may imagine that if you have something to worry about, and people know that you have it to worry about, they will think all manner of evil things about you if you do not worry. Don't you believe it! The frantic gesture, the furrowed brow, the worry-bent shoulders are not considered evidences of a high intelligence or a noble character. Proud mother, when did you first begin to boast about the smartness of that wonderful child of yours? When it cried?

Not at all! But the first time it smiled, and the first time it laughed, you recorded the events in red ink in the Baby Book! Because it was the first sign of intelligence that the infant revealed.

That is, after all, the attitude of the world toward laughter and tears. Laugh and the world laughs with you; cry and you will also find plenty of company. But when you laugh, the world is actually laughing with you, and when you cry, each one of your companions in misery is sorrowing for himself.

Worry, you have been fairly tried by a jury of your peers, and you have been found guilty of unspeakable crimes against mankind. You have been found guilty of treason, for you have given aid and comfort to our bitter enemies, Disease, Poverty and Unhappiness. This court finds great pleasure in passing sentence upon you:

Off with his head!

Guardians of Osiris, Bryce Canyon National Monument, Southern Utah

1899 ▱ ONLY PACKARD CAN BUILD A PACKARD ▱ 1924

PACKARD SIX FIVE-PASSENGER TOURING CAR

Balloon Tires ... optional equipment on all models at extra charge

The Packard Six is built of the finest materials, by the most skilled workmen, in the most approved design, to insure the highest degree of service under all operating conditions. A Packard Six owner tells, in this letter, of tests and of results that conclusively prove Packard quality:

▱ ▱ ▱ ▱

I feel so pleased at the performance of my Packard Six that I want you to know about it. On the 23rd of last June, with my wife, son and daughter and with the car loaded for camping, I left my home for a tour of the United States.

We drove to Yreka, California (about three hundred and fifteen miles,) very easily the first day. We crossed the mountains into California without shifting a gear. We went by Los Angeles, the Mohave Desert and the Southern states to Washington City but returned by the northern route. In Louisiana we traveled through mud over the axles.

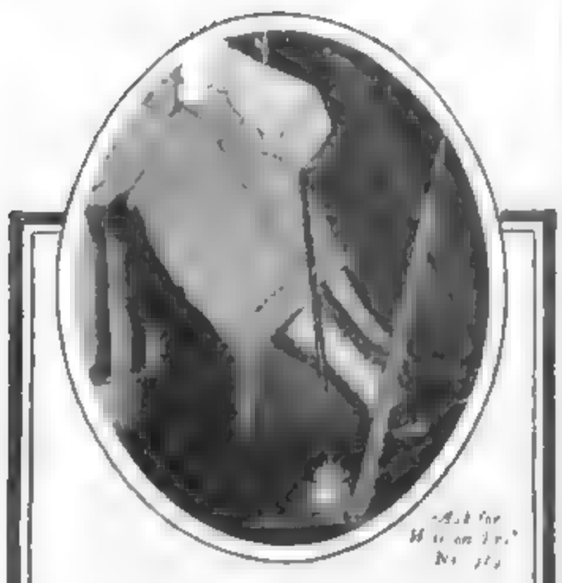
The car was tested in every way; up and down steep grades, over rocks and ruts, in all kinds of weather. We had it looked over after the long and arduous three months' journey. There was nothing to do except to tighten up the brakes and little things of that kind. The motor is as sweet and the car rides as comfortably as the day we left.

We traveled over ten thousand miles on the trip. We averaged over sixteen miles to the gallon. On pavement we averaged over twenty miles to the gallon. We renewed the oil about every seven hundred and fifty miles. Three of the original tires are now on the car, after service of thirteen thousand miles of the hardest kind of driving.

If I had the making of the car, there is no change I would suggest. It is as near perfect in every respect as a man could wish his car to be.

SAM M. GARLAND.
Attorney at Law
December 4, 1923 Lebanon, Oregon

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Wilson Bro's Number 414

for men who want both style and economy

50¢

Men who like sheer, lustrous, hug-the-ankle kind of socks, but don't like fancy prices, best appreciate Wilson Bro's chain-knit hose Number 414. There's a sensible meeting of style and utility—rich, lustrous fibre for extra good looks—soft, sturdy lisle for extra long wear. And a price that appeals to hard business judgment!

If you've been paying nearly as much for ordinary lisle hose, stop in a men's store for a pair today and see what a difference a few cents will make in looks, wear and general satisfaction!

Wilson Bro's

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS OF MEN'S FINE FURNISHINGS FOR 60 YEARS

Hose, Belts, Garters, Cravats, Suspenders, Mufflers, Shirts, Pajamas, Nightshirts, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Knit Gloves

WILSON BRO'S, CHICAGO

New York *Paris*

THE GRIFTING ISN'T SO GOOD

(Continued from Page 16)

The Old Man—old Lemonade John—was easier. I don't know how he could have been a successful showman and yet so simple about certain money matters; but it is a fact that the regular grifters on the lot, who were supposed to split fifty-fifty with the Old Man, used to hand him his bit somewhere in a crowd, and in dimes and nickels—a whole sackful at a time—and the Old Man would stuff the coins into his pocket and think he was getting a lot.

So much for my punk days. Anything around a show that is in its fledgling or half-grown stage is a punk.

I grew rapidly in my profession, for the following spring I went out of K. C. as a booster handler with the old Hank Smith show. You've never heard of that show; but, believe me, it was some gypsy camp even for those times. And being a booster handler, I ceased being a punk, for a booster handler is an executive charged with much responsibility and money.

My job as booster handler was to engage local talent, generally young fellows around town, to put grift money on some of the games or joints controlled by the chief grifter of the show—the man who had the grift on the show, to put it precisely. Of course, the boosters always won, whether at the dear old three shells, the three-card monte, the spindle, cologne joint or what not. The booster handler gave the joint man the office; the joint man saw that the booster, shillaber, or outside man, or reach-over man—we used those terms interchangeably—made a killing; the suckers followed the booster into the game and lost theirs and I stood behind and cleaned the booster as fast as he made it. When the play was over I took away the stake I gave the booster. What did the booster get out of it? I used to square a booster for five dollars, or even tickets. Some of them didn't really know what was going on. Others thought they were smart. Rarely did anyone I approached to play the booster rôle object to it on moral grounds. That's a fact.

I was splitting with the joint men on their half of the winnings. You understand that the man who has the grift on the show gets half of what the joint men win. And, believe me, he gets it! The joint men may hold out a piece of change now and then, because there's the human equation in all business transactions; but they don't get away with much of it. You see, the joint man has his bank roll, no matter what game or joint he is in charge of, in one box and keeps his winnings in another. All the man who has the grift on the show has to do is to walk along every now and then and pick off the winnings. The suckers don't notice it, being too intent on showing the circus guys how smart they are.

Marked Money

If the joint man tries to cover up by adding some of his winnings to the bank roll it shows in the count-up. If the joint man is suspected of slipping some of his winnings in his pocket the chief grifter drops along some odd moment and frisks him. All the grift money—bills and silver—is marked. Incidentally, no one breaks a grifter's bank. It can't be done. The games are too crooked. As a matter of fact, there is a good deal of honor among grifters. A real one never holds out on the game, or if he does and is caught at it he never gets another chance. He's blackballed out of the lodge. Not a chief grifter in the world would hire him. The word is passed along faster than the telegraph can carry it.

I came into Chicago at the end of that season $1800 to the good—all sent home in money orders except a fat roll I had on me. Half of that I blew in on Willoughby, Hill & Co. I reached my home town in a light-blue suit with black braid along the edges and pockets and down the seams of the wide trousers, a bright-red ascot tie, a light-brown derby and a wild bluff about being in the advertising business. The bluff went easily with my mother and not so easily with my father, but it was a cinch with my village playmates.

And wasn't I the cock of the walk that winter with all that kale!

I hooked onto the Orange Brothers' show, also out of K. C., the next spring, working most of the time as a connection man. A real connection man, such as I was, is a paper man. He picks a sucker coming through the connection between the menagerie top and the big top and flags him with "Say, colonel, the show's very short of paper money and I wonder would you oblige me with taking a little silver for paper."

The come-on, if I had picked the right one—and I generally did—might spring a five-dollar bill. I folded it carefully before his eyes, looking at him all the time and holding his attention, and put the bill in the palm of my hand, after which I'd say, "Oh, haven't you a twenty-dollar bill?" When he'd say no I'd reply, "Thank you, I wanted a twenty," and push the bill, still folded, back in his hand or pocket or purse, while he hurried in to see the animals go around the ring. Only I'd give him a dollar bill instead of his five-spotter. That's known as pushing paper. If a sucker got hep and came back with a squawk, there I was with a handful of money and an apology and a rapid replacement. That's known as throwing back. Sometimes I'd short-change the guy, or hold out on the replacement. It all depended. The silver men are plain short-changers.

The Circus Disease

Sometimes as connection man I'd spread while selling reserved-seat tickets. The towner'd give up a five or ten case note. I'd hand him his ticket, then exclaim, "Oh, I'm so sorry, colonel! I can't make change. Here's your bill. No, you keep the ticket. I promised to sell you a ticket. It's my fault I haven't got the change. Don't mention it." And I'd hand him a folded dollar bill, always keeping his eye on mine.

There are, of course, many variations of this trick. By working it and others I rolled into New Orleans at the close of the season with $2400 and old Colonel Darvey, one of the best three-shell joint men I ever knew. He had a bigger roll than I. We loafed around New Orleans a month, playing the races and bucking the local talent at roulette, poker, wine, women and song. Then he landed a job as house man in the same poker game that got most of his kale, and I wired father for transportation.

Father met me in Chicago. I had on a light summer suit. The November wind blew right off Lake Michigan. He did the trading at Willoughby, Hill & Co.'s that time, then took me home after I had answered yes to his "Got enough of the circus business now?"

Of course I hadn't got enough, even after I was forced to confess to my mother that I had been traveling with a circus—although she never knew in what capacity—and she had cried for three days. Circusing is sort of a disease. Few men, once its victims, are ever permanently cured. I still follow the red wagons a bit each spring—as a house guest, as it were—although I am no longer connected with the profession. But I did stay home that winter. I even started to a local seminary. Then spring came and I joined out as fixer with a little wagon show playing Missouri and Arkansas and the Southern States. Lots of troupers object to trouping with mud shows, as they call them; but that was one of the happiest seasons I ever had.

My old pal, Colonel Darvey, was with the show with his shell game. I was getting 15 per cent of the chief grifter's half of all winnings as my bit for fixing. The colonel and I had our own horse and buggy. We'd get to bed in a town hotel about ten or eleven, get up at seven or eight and start for the next town. In an hour or so we'd spot some likely looking farmhouse with smoke coming from the chimney, stop in and get a bang-up good breakfast, with ham and eggs and sausage and cakes or corn pone and coffee, for which we paid royally. Then we'd be on our way to the next town where the show was pitched and we would cop off maybe $500 or so, and so on.

I was certainly getting close to Nature—all small-stick towns—and close to what you call human nature, learning to fix. I learned a lot about fixing that season. I adopted a system which, though necessarily flexible, I changed very little in later years. I've fixed, or squared, a good many thousand towns so the joints could work. For this privilege I've paid as high as $150 and as low as five circus tickets. I was a success as a joint fixer because I did business open and aboveboard. When I called on a sheriff, a county attorney, a mayor or any other official who might have to be seen, I never tried to cover up. I came clean. If he didn't see it my way I didn't let the joints work. If he did I paid the price agreed upon and the joints worked. The formula was something like this:

"Mister Mayor, I'm the attorney for the circus that's in town today. We got a nice clean little show. I sure do want you and your folks to come down and see us as our guests." Then, if he looked likely, I'd slip him some tickets. "Now," I'd go on, "some of our boys have a little sporting blood. They've got a few nice games with them. All square and sportsmanlike, you know. They can play or not, just as you say. If you let us go ahead I'll promise there'll be no squawks, if you handle your end. I do business as between gentlemen. I give you my word. You give me yours. If you say yes there's ten dollars in it for you."

I usually started at and closed with ten dollars. It's surprising how much protection ten dollars will—or rather would—buy in the smaller towns of those days. Sometimes I had to spread to four or five officials. Sometimes, working on a hunch or a tip, I'd fix just the right one and let him handle the wrong ones. An official is wrong who can't be fixed. In important cases it is possible to get the wrong ones called out of town on circus days—or was.

I want to say this for the thousands of officials with whom I have done business, sometimes repeatedly—that I have had them double-cross me less than half a dozen times. Of course, I always tried to protect myself by saying, "I'll give you ten dollars before we start working, and if we have a good day and no one bothers us I'll give you another ten dollars or more." Then I'd fix him up after the night show. I always made good—if he did.

We were showing at a little coal town south of Pittsburgh one season and I fixed the sheriff so we could have the joints work. We had a pretty good day too. I think the shells netted us about $800 in small money. But we got one Italian road-camp worker for $350. I was watching the game, just as I watched everything in those days. The Italian didn't squawk very loud, but I didn't like his looks as he walked off the lot. Nothing happened that night. Next day we were still in the same county, although in another town. Nothing had happened, but I had a hunch. I would try to fix the town and I wouldn't let the grifters work. As usual, I stuck close to the front door, watching. My hunch was good. About three o'clock along came my sheriff friend, with the sucker, his attorney and a warrant for me. The sheriff took me one side and apologized.

A Double-Crossing Sheriff

"I'm not double-crossing you," he said. "I was forced into this. It can be squared for $525. Otherwise I'll take you back to jail."

Do you get that? Trying to shake me down for $525 on a $350 touch! It seemed the sucker had gone to his boss, the boss had gone to his attorney, the attorney had gone to the district attorney, and there we were. I thought fast, as I usually did, especially on a shakedown or double-cross.

"I haven't got that much money with me," I replied. "But if the sheriff will come down to the circus train with me, I have it there."

"We'll all go," they said.

That looked bad. But when we got to the privilege car I left the rest of the troupe standing outside while I took the sheriff into my stateroom, sat him down, lifted the top of the old iron express safe where I used to keep my kale, laid a bundle of it on the table and said, "So you're going to take me to jail unless I throw back the $350 and an extra $175 for you and this law shark to split?"

"I wouldn't put it that way," the sheriff demurred.

I did put it that way again, in words I never use now unless I'm on the golf course. Then I said, "I'm young, single, have spent most of my life in jail and don't mind going to jail now rather than hanging around doing the dirty work for a circus. But if I go this time you'll go along. I fixed you yesterday with twenty-five dollars in marked money. If I go back with

(Continued on Page 58)

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"From Sheep's Back To Yours"

(Continued from Page 54

you today we'll both be indicted, we'll both go to jail and you'll be a dead political duck."

Of course, that sounds tame enough as I tell it now, and it was partly a lie, because I've never been in jail in my life. But I had a way of saying it then. I saw him getting ready to weaken.

"You're a dirty bum," I continued. "I instructed you when I fixed you that if there was any squawk you couldn't handle you should get out point-out papers. And you bull around here with a warrant for me!"

I was pretty sore, for with a John Doe warrant or point-out papers the sucker has to identify the joint worker that trimmed him, which is well-nigh impossible.

"Tell you what I'll do," I said finally. I threw a fifty-dollar bill on the table. "That's for the sucker," I said. I threw another fifty-dollar bill on the table. "That's for you and your attorney," I added. "Now give me that warrant." I grabbed it and tore it up. "Now get out of here," I told him, "and be glad I didn't stick a knife into you. My assistant will see that you all get on the train that goes out of town in an hour." And my assistant did see. He was that kind of an assistant.

The worst shakedown I ever had when I was fixing for joints was at a little town in Texas. I can't remember the names of those towns like I used to. I had gone up the outside stairs of a rickety wooden building to beard the district-attorney lion in his den and had spread as usual about our having the little games if he wanted them.

He smiled and shook his head, then said, "Come back in fifteen minutes."

An Unexpected Comeback

When I went back he was sitting alone at his desk. I made a few passes. It looked all right, so I said, "Now we understand each other. All I want is the word of a gentleman." And I peeled off twenty-five dollars in bills. The district attorney took the bills, opened a drawer in his desk, dropped the bills in it, and as his hand came up it brought a full-grown forty-four—at least it looked like a forty-four to me—which he pointed straight at me, saying, "You're under arrest for bribery. I have a witness." The last sentence referred to a deputy sheriff who at that moment stepped from a vault at the end of the room.

The situation was not pleasant, but I laughed and said, "You must be kidding."

"You won't think so after you are in jail," the attorney replied.

He had one of those straight-mouthed, narrow-eyed, lantern-jawed faces. I began to stall.

"Let me send for the boss," I suggested. "I'm only an employe."

"All right," he answered, still holding his gun on me.

The boss came, but it cost me $450 to square it. That was the only way out. He had me cold. But I got my money back in the next town.

For the most part the officials I tried to and usually did fix would listen to reason—the second time if not the first. One season I went into a Shenandoah Valley town, fixing for the joints, and called on a new district attorney. He was a young and idealistic red-haired kid who had just been elected to his high office. He received my suggestions with scorn.

"Ah have been chosen by mah people," he loftily replied, "to uphold the law. Ah shall not betray mah trust."

I could not budge him, so I told the boys not to work on that stand. Next season we showed that same town again. The red-haired kid was still district attorney, and a fine, upstanding Southern gentleman he was.

"Well," I said, "how is it?"

"You-all told me last year," he replied, "that if Ah kept straight and protected mah people Ah couldn't borrow a dollar from any reformah after Ah went out of office broke. Ah haven't forgotten that. Ah've tried hard to do mah duty. And every move Ah've made Ah've been cussed out for it. Ah'm not appreciated. No, suh! What's your proposition?"

"Ten dollars now, more after we have worked," I answered, laying down the ten dollars.

"You-all kin go ahead," he snapped. "And as fah as Ah'm concerned, you-all kin kill any man in th' county for twenty-five dollars."

He got his twenty-five dollars, although we didn't have to kill anyone.

Twice in my career as a joint fixer I've had sheriffs fix themselves. Once when I was with a wagon show in Southern Missouri a stick-town sheriff came to me with, "Got any games with this yeer show?"

"If you like, sheriff," I politely replied.

"Uh-huh," he answered. "We had a show here ten yeahs ago. It had some games. The gentleman with that show, he gave me ten dollars. What you reckon you goin' to do?"

"I'll give you ten dollars, colonel," I told him, suiting the action to the word.

"That's nice," he remarked; "nice to have a little spendin' money now an' then. Won't be no trouble with your games. If they is I won't be round."

The joints worked successfully.

Many years afterward, up in Maine, I was fixing for a clean show, one that never did have any grift. We showed at the county seat. The sheriff came around to make inquiries.

"Nothing doing," I assured him; "the Old Man won't permit it."

The sheriff was visibly disappointed. He appeared at the next stand, still in his county.

"This is a leetle town," he suggested. "Couldn't be any harm in a few leetle games here. Ain't you got any games? I need a leetle change."

"Nothing doing," I repeated. He refused to be discouraged.

"I know where I can get a leetle spindle wheel," he countered. "It's kind of busted now, but I guess I can get a watchmaker to fix it up." He did, and worked on the lot that day with his ten-cents-a-chance, jackknife-for-prize, horizontal wheel. He must have made six or seven dollars.

I fixed a sheriff in Southern Indiana for nothing one day. I could tell by the look of him he was a wise bird. He was a horseman, had followed the races and was hep to gambling lingo. So he got me on my first pass.

"Sure! Go ahead," he said.

"That's fine, sheriff," I came back at him. "Let me give you a little present, then I'll fix you up proper after you have had some luck."

"Oh, never mind. Go right ahead," he said.

I was a little doubtful about him, he not taking my money. But there was such a jam of towners at our side-show opening that the kid-show top was packed and I couldn't resist it. So I told the joints to open up. They did, with all they had—shell games, cologne joints, three-card monte. They worked like beavers for an hour—and never got a play. Not a sucker laid down a nickel on our games. Finally the joints folded up and quit. That evening I ran across the sheriff.

"How'd you get along?" he inquired cheerfully.

I told him. He laughed.

A Close Call

"This town's been worked so often by circuses and carnivals that every hick is wise to every game on the lot," he advised me. "If you'd kept on working you'd have had a lot of them striking you for jobs as boosters."

I never tried to work the joints in that town again.

In all the years I've trouped with grifting shows and clean shows I've never seen a clem, or roughhouse, started because of the grift. The reason is simple. The joints do not work—absolutely do not—unless the town's been fixed. You can bet all you've got in the world that if the joints work, the wise ones in charge of peace and order in that particular community have been seen and given the games their O. K. I won't say we haven't had trouble, but gun and knife play has not resulted from the joints working. Liquor causes most of the trouble even around a grifting show.

I was in Arkansas with a wagon show one season when a big, bearded, drunken towner tried to rush the door. We ran him off the lot and forgot him. The lot was in a hollow. That evening he sneaked up a hillside overlooking the horse tents, got behind a bush with a shotgun and tore off most of a hostler's right arm. The shotgun guy did time for that, but that didn't do the hostler much good

The nearest I ever came to being killed was at a little town in the South when I was fixing for the joints on a Wild West show. I had squared the town through the mayor. During the afternoon performance the chief of police, or town marshal, got drunk and pinched a knife-rack man who belonged to our outfit and had pitched on our lot. I went uptown and sprung him with the mayor by explaining that the rack was legitimate and included in our license. Then I said, in the presence of the marshal, "Mister Mayor, I wish you'd keep your chief away from our show. He's doing things you wouldn't like to have done. He's no credit to you and we don't want him around."

That evening, as I was standing at the front door, this big marshal came through and I walked up to give him the welcome home. I had a habit those days of shoving my hand in my back pocket when I started to talk to anyone, especially when I was stalling. So as I stepped up to this guy with a "How are you this evening, chief?" I shoved one hand in a back pocket. He pulled his gun faster than I could think. A connection man on the show caught the marshal's arm as it came down and the bullet struck near my feet, just missing me.

I explained matters, showed him I wasn't packing any firearms and got him feeling in a better frame of mind. He stuck the night show out, while I palled with him and tried to frame up some way of getting him. As we were tearing down I asked, "Wouldn't you like to see the cowboys rope and load our bucking broncos at the train? They sometimes put up a good fight before they will go into the cars."

Police Protection

The marshal fell for that. We were making a special movement that night to another state. I planted two of our toughest cowboys back of some ties near the stock car. Just as the train was all loaded, the engine coupled on and the warning toot-toot given, those boys knocked Mister Marshal out, took away his gun and star and we left him lying there unconscious, while we hopped the moving train. That marshal never got us, but he did shoot a carnival man next season, having us in mind, I suppose.

It didn't always work that way. We were showing at a little burg in Georgia one season and I had the copper pinch a big drunken planter who was making a nuisance of himself around the lot early in the day. That night I saw him come up to the ticket wagon and buy a ticket, but didn't pay much attention to him. I walked through the front door and was standing in front of the elephants in the menagerie when something hit me at the base of the brain and I went down and out. My last thought was that Babe, the bull in front of which I was standing, had sapped me with his trunk. When I came to, Shorty, the bull man, had my drunken friend on the ground tearing him up with the steel end of the bull hook. I pulled Shorty off and we had the drunk pinched again.

You will note that in nearly all cases I had the local police or their superiors with me. That was the essence of my job. Sometimes I had the police too much with me. One season we showed in Oklahoma in the rough-and-ready days of that territory. The local chief of police picked me out early in the day with the remark that, "They's some tough boys liquorin' up an' primin' fer to get me today. I want you to stick close to me so if they's any shootin' you can be a witness."

I never had less ambition to be a witness in my life. I hid myself in all sorts of odd corners around the show, but the chief always found me out. Finally, about five P.M., the thing got on my nerves. I got to the Old Man and spread.

"Send me uptown with a telegram or something," I pleaded.

The Old Man tumbled. In a minute he rushed up to where the chief and I were standing, each of us on one foot, and snapped at me, "Jim, hurry uptown with this telegram, then go down to the train and bring those papers I told you about."

I made hasty excuses to the chief.

"Back in ten minutes," I told him.

"Don't you be long," he whimpered. "I'll be waitin' right here fer you."

He may be waiting yet.

I don't believe in rough stuff unless it is forced on me. I was always a big husky with a terrible wallop, although with no science; but I rarely used my muscles when I could use my mind. One of these exceptions was at a town in Pennsylvania. I had gone downtown early that morning to do

(Continued on Page 58)

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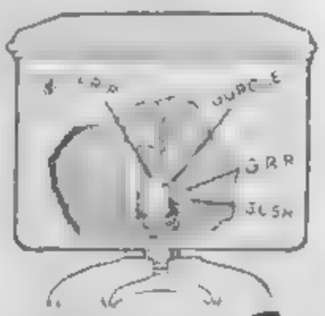

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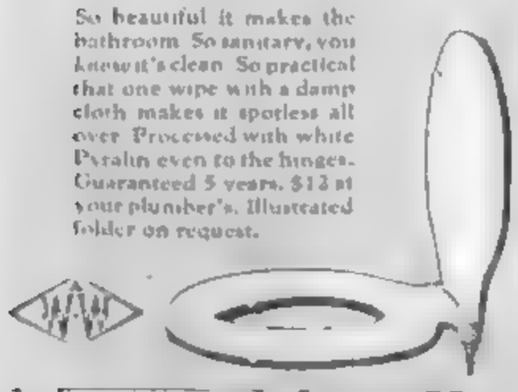

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(Continued from Page 56)

the fixing, and found the mayor and the chief of police around a nice tub of cool beer in the city jail. We lapped up quite a lot of it before I started back for the lot. There I ran across a drifter, or trailer, I'd warned off two or three days before. We didn't let drifters trail the show because we had our own balloon salesmen and quick-action photograph fellows and all that sort. They were among our privileges and they brought in quite a bit of kale a day. So when I saw this trailer with his photograph kit, I, being a bit lit up, soaked him hard. He beat it for the main street and sent a constable on my trail.

I was back in the city jail lapping up more beer with the mayor and chief when word came in that this constable was outside waiting for me with a warrant. The mayor and chief rushed me through a back door and laid me in the bottom of the village patrol wagon. "Bing! Bing!" I went back to the lot. The constable got hep and followed me. I got into an empty covered property wagon and got One-Eyed Riley, who had two good fists, to bring the constable to me.

When he got inside I said, "What do you care? This bird I hit doesn't belong in your town. How much is it? A dollar and a half? Here's the coin. Now tear that paper up. Otherwise my friend here"—referring to One-Eyed Riley—"will just about kill you."

The constable saw my point and we parted good friends. But, as I said before, I favor diplomacy.

Radfell of Radfell's Landing

We were showing with a clean show down in Mississippi one fall, when the Old Man slipped it to me that the Sullivan Hollow gang was in town fixing to shoot up some other neighborhood gang, and that the town officials would not guarantee us any protection and wouldn't even give us a license, because they couldn't protect us. That put it up to me. Some towner pointed out old Sullivan, boss of the clan. He was leaning against a store front, thoughtfully combing his whiskers. I approached him.

"Cain you-all tell me, sah, wheh Ah cain find Cunnel Sullivan, sah?" I inquired.

"That's mah name, sah. What cain Ah do fer you-all, sah?" Old Whiskers retorted.

"Ah'm the manager of this show that's in town, sah," I explained, "and we heah they's some maghty rough characters in this yere town that's fixin' to cause trouble on the show grounds. We got a nice clean show and we don't want no distuhbance, especially as so many ladies and children will be thar. Ah 'lowed as how Ah maght be able to get some such South'rn gentleman like you-all to help us keep o'dah, especially account of the ladies." He straightened up. I added, "Ah should like to present you with ten dollars fer helpin' us aout, sah."

You never saw a more vigilant officer of the law than Colonel Sullivan. All that day he strutted around the lot or hung around the front door, and every time he spotted any member of his or any other gang he warped up to the possibly offending party and remarked, "They ain't gwine t' be no trouble aroun' this yere show this yere day. Ah'm a deputy marshal an' Ah'll see that o'dah is maintained." And he made good.

In Southern territory, when I was in contact, willingly or unwillingly, with officials, I always posed as one of the Radfells of Radfell's Landing, near Petersburg, Virginia. I had never been in or near Petersburg, but I had heard of Radfell's Landing; and as that name was something like mine, it appealed to me and the reference appealed to my Southern "clients." But one day in Georgia it looked as if I had used it once too often.

Someone had been cursing on the lot. In some of those Southern states it is a serious offense to swear in the hearing of a woman. A village cop pinched me. I came before the venerable J. P. in a little wooden shack on the one main street.

"What's the name, sah?" he inquired with severity

"Henry Radfell, member of the St. Louis bar, but bawn in Radfell's Landing, Vahginia, sah," I replied with dignity.

"I'm from Petersburg, Vahginia, sah," he drawled. I thought it was all over with me. But he continued, "I remember well the Radfell family of Radfell's Landing, sah."

"May I act as my own attorney, judge?" I hastened to ask.

"Most assuhedly, Mr. Radfell, sah," he murmured. "I shall see that a South'rn gentleman gets justice in this yere co't."

And so I came off scot-free.

We used to get a lot of comedy out of the Southern darkies. Of course, they were easy money for the short-change gang. One day in Alabama a darky came on the lot with forty dollars, the proceeds of the sale of a bale of cotton. He patronized the lemonade stands, the pit show, the side show, the big show, the balloon man and the whole works. Finally, as he sat on a blue seat, a ticket seller sought to sell him a seat for the concert, or aftershow. The darky searched his pockets and finally produced a dollar bill. The ticket seller reached for it. The darky snatched it back.

"No, suh," he announced; "no, suh. Ah been around this yere circus all day long. I stahted out wif forty dollahs. An' Ah bin a-swappin' an' a-tradin' an' a-swappin' an' a-tradin' ontil Ah jes got this yere dollah left. If Ah swap an' trade hit wif you-all, hit'll jes be fifty cents."

I've often wished, in the many times I've been broke, I had the Southern darky's philosophical disposition.

We pulled into an Oklahoma town late one fall, making a last stand before running into winter quarters. The day opened perfectly, sun shining, air warm and a big afternoon house. Then at four o'clock the wind shifted, the temperature dropped, rain and sleet began to fall and a norther hit us. I was never so cold in my life. We tore down and loaded without trying to give a night show. About ten o'clock that night, as I approached the loading runs, I saw a long, thin darky roughneck leaning over a fitful fire, shaking as with a palsy. He had nothing on but a broken straw hat, cotton shirt and trousers and broken-out canvas shoes. He was the picture of misery.

As I passed his shivering form I heard him say to one of his mates, "Wouldn't it be hell t' be on de bum t'night?"

Being broke was an annual condition with most circus grifters. It's almost a chronic condition. A few grifters have left the game with money ahead, but most of them have lived and died broke. The system and the grifter's disposition were responsible. During the old circus days the man who had the grift on the show got his gang together on what they—the subgrifters—figured was a fifty-fifty basis. That is, the joint men got half their winnings. The other half went to the chief grifter, who had the privileges and furnished the bank roll. Then he split his winnings—less the cost of fixing—with the circus owner.

Easy Come, Easy Go

But the joint men had to pay royally for sleeper accommodations on the circus train and meals in the circus cook house during the day and meals and drinks in the privilege car at night. Like nearly all gamblers who won money on a sure thing, they cheerfully went against another man's game when off duty. I was with one small wagon show one season where we did almost no business in the stick towns at night, and we grifters would give the Old Man twenty-five dollars not to open the front door, whereupon we would spend the evening in a rip-roaring crap game in the ring.

But with the bigger railroad shows, in the days when they carried the grift, the privilege car was fitted out with roulette wheel, faro bank, poker game, crap game, and the like. If the subgrifters or joint men didn't go against these games they ceased to be with the show. That was understood and, if necessary, expressed. The games were more or less legitimate, but there was always a big kitty and a house man in the poker game; and with the wheel, the percentage will sooner or later get any man's roll. So the grifters were nearly always in debt to the man who had the grifting privileges. If they couldn't lose their winnings in the privilege car they played the races or the red-light districts. Money seldom stuck to them.

The winter was a time of rest and recreation. If we had a good season, and came in during October or November with a roll, we loafed around New Orleans or Hot Springs or Frisco or some other place where we could get a run for our money—and we got it. So every spring most of us touched someone for a kit of clothes and transportation to the show.

One season, when I traded the control of the privilege car for my work as fixer for the show, I cleaned up $15,000 in sixteen weeks. But I was broke the following spring. By and large, in my day the grifter was the biggest sucker on the circus lot—but times have changed.

When I went into the business, a small-town kid, all but two of the circuses carried the grift in some form or other. The shell game was and is the surest money getter. You'd think that everyone in the world knew that the little pea stays under the finger nail of the operator or under one of the shells you don't pick up. You'd think everyone in the world could catch the three-card monte man when he flips the cards. You'd think everyone would know that the swinging ball cannot hit the cone when the cone is moved a bit away from center. You'd think they'd be wise to the fact that if they do draw a prize letter at the cologne joint the joint man will pull the letter out of the envelope in such a way that the sucker thinks he has drawn a dud. You'd think they'd all know that the joint man can squeeze the wheel or spindle so the suckers can't win; or that the percentage is all against the sucker on the roll-down, and if that isn't enough, the joint man can run the balls into losing numbers or count the sucker out if he wants to. But there are a thousand suckers born every minute. That's why the grift lasted so long around the tented shows. That's why the carnivals had such easy picking for so many years—that and the fact that so many public officials were so easily fixed.

No Sympathy for Suckers

But it's all changed now. All the big shows are clean as a hound's tooth. There may be some little circuses still carrying some of the grift; possibly some of the lesser carnivals. But honest reform movements in some cases and official greed in others have put the grifters out of business. The honest reform movements were sponsored in many cases by women's clubs. The greedy officials killed their own goose with the golden eggs by getting too greedy. Where in the old days I could fix a town by seeing one man with a ten-case note, I'd have to see a half dozen now, with three times that sum. It's got so of late that if a fixer can fix a town at all it costs more than the grift is worth. Then the circus business has become legitimatized during these later years. The wise ones among the owners saw that the real big shows never had grifted and they finally made up their minds they didn't need to either. So the grifting isn't what it was—and I'm out of it.

Any man who goes against another man's gambling game is not entitled to any protection his own faculties do not give him. He's trying to beat the other fellow out of his money. If the other fellow beats him—even on a crooked game—the sucker has no right to squawk. As to short-changing in its various manifestations, I am not so sure. Still, I'm glad that I, personally, didn't do much of it. As to the walk-away, the blame in that case must be laid at the door of the person who walks away without counting his change. I know, from watching operations, that there is plenty of walk-away in nearly every big retail business. Count your change, people, count your change, whether in the Subway or a restaurant. That's what money was given you for.

And if you had known the numbers of otherwise upright city officials who studied up ways to shake down the traveling tented shows you wouldn't blame some of the old-time circus men for turning crooked.

I'm out of grifting, not so much because it isn't what it was on the road, but more because I'm getting along in years and have a home and family and a nice legitimate brokerage business, with offices in New York. As I spin this truthful yarn and reflect upon the chances I took in the days when I had no sense of fear and thought the whole thing a heap of fun, I tremble just a little and admit that I wouldn't go through it now for a million dollars.

But the thing that impresses me most is the fact that if I had used the same amount of skill, nerve, ingenuity, resource, hectic days and sleepless nights—I was on the job from daylight to midnight—in some legitimate business I would be a multimillionaire today. I know this to be a fact, because since I went into the brokerage business five years ago I have, through applying the same resource, ingenuity, nerve and skill I used on the circus lots, amassed a very comfortable fortune. And you'd never guess, to look at me now, that I'd ever been a circus grifter.

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

Laying Bare the Drama

THE under-the-surface drama of high society is vividly shown in "For Sale," a picture which will be ready next month. It is a story of the matrimonial market, with an ambitious mother wielding the auctioneer's mallet, forcing her daughter to sell herself to the highest bidder

Claire Windsor

"For Sale" will mark the film debut of the nationally famous Marion Margon Dancers, who will lend their classical grace and beauty to the screen. Charming Claire Windsor, resplendent in an array of gorgeous gowns heads the cast, and Robert Ellis Adolphe Menjou, Mary Carr and Tully Marshall assist

Can a Flapper be Perfect?

"YOU caused a serious argument," accuses one of my correspondents, "when you wrote about this 'Perfect Flapper' picture in which Colleen Moore appears. My friend says it is contradictory—a flapper can't be perfect. I claim that if a flapper flaps in the right way she is perfect—and delightful. Does the picture prove me right?"

It's hard to say. The story makes Miss Moore a quiet girl who embraces radical flapperhood and runs into a scramble of adventure and excitement Then she discovers a quicker road to popularity and—but let "The Perfect Flapper" tell the story on the screen. It can do so much better than I. The picture will be in the leading theatres in June, just when all flappers are preparing for summer conquests. Let them, then, watch for Colleen's prescription for perfection

Frank Mayo and Sidney Chaplin are in the cast and help solve the problem And John Francis Dillon, of "Flaming Youth" fame, directed

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MATT MOORE is the latest addition to the cast of a new J. K. McDonald production which will feature little Ben Alexander and Lloyd Hamilton. Patsy Ruth Miller is to have the principal feminine rôle. McDonald is still trying to find a title that sums up the tremendous human interest and comedy that the story contains. A worthy successor to "Penrod and Sam" and "Boy of Mine" is promised

"Cytherea—Goddess of Love"

Now comes the perfect Maytime picture, telling its romance on the screens of the leading theatres at the peak of the love season. Here are Lewis Stone and Alma Rubens—the "Cytherea" of the story.

"Cytherea"—A Love Goddess Reborn

THE spirit of Cytherea—the first love goddess of the white race—is reborn sometimes in the soul of a modern woman, and that woman's heart turns from ice to flame. Romance fills her life and colors a drab world. Though she be twenty, thirty, or forty, the spell of Cytherea is complete and her reign supreme.

For two years Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, "Cytherea," was neglected by picture makers. Then came Samuel Goldwyn (not now connected with Goldwyn Pictures), who produced "Potash and Perlmutter" and "The Eternal City," with the faith that the motion picture could catch and transmit the all-embracing emotion that the story held

In his cast are Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens, Irene Rich, Norman Kerry and Constance Bennett. George Fitzmaurice, entertainment-maker extraordinary, directed from Frances Marion's adaptation of the novel.

A revelation in color photography—fitting to the romantic theme of the story—is disclosed in three different parts of the picture.

"The White Moth"

Of course, a woman is the cause of the chair throwing. She is beautiful Barbara La Marr, seen on the right bidding a languid farewell to Ben Lyon, and the picture is Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth"

Conway Tearle—in danger of the chair in the scene below—also has a leading rôle in this fascinating romance of Parisian theatrical life.

Colleen Moore, soon to appear in "The Perfect Flapper," poses with her brother Clive, who is working with his famous sister for the first time before the camera in this production. No, they're not twins—though they look enough alike.

Milton Sills toils at the oar as a galley slave in "The Sea Hawk," offered by Frank Lloyd Productions, Inc

And Now—"The Bird of Paradise"

IN THEATRICAL circles, when they talk about "the Bird," there is no ambiguity. Everyone means "The Bird of Paradise," Richard Walton Tully's famous stage success, first produced in 1911 and since that time on continuous tour throughout the country. It is second only to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for universal popularity

Now comes Mr. Tully's statement that he will start production this month on a motion picture version that the story of this sweet Hawaiian romance may reach additional millions The cast has not as yet been selected and the movie world eagerly awaits Mr. Tully's selections

"Sundown" in Novel Form

"SUNDOWN," a story of the passing of the Old West, is reversing history. Instead of being adapted to the screen from a novel or play, it was written especially for motion pictures by Earl Hudson and is now being novelized for early publication. The prophecy that the great novels of the future will be written from movie scenarios may not be long in coming true

Sundown" will perpetuate a phase of Western American life. It will be monumental to the glory of the great West that was

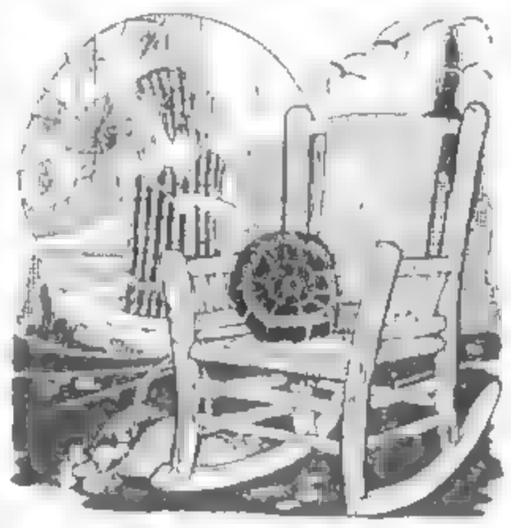
Pick of Recent Pictures

"A SON OF THE SAHARA" is being talked about as much as any recent picture. In the first place, a company of twenty people went half way around the world—from California to Algeria to film it, and secondly, it is as entertaining a romance as one could hope to see

Should women be called for jury duty? What might happen in jury room debates is graphically shown in the recent picture, "A WOMAN ON THE JURY." The critics of the country concede the dramatic worth of this unusual production

"LILIES OF THE FIELD" is likely to break all records for longevity, for after playing at leading theatres throughout the country, it is coming back for return engagements. A great picture like a great book, is always new. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle are featured in this production.

Two famous canine personages met not so long ago when Strongheart, dogdom's greatest movie actor, was presented to Laddie Boy, beloved pet of the late President Harding. Strongheart's tour of the country is concluded, but his latest picture, "THE LOVE MASTER," is being successfully shown everywhere.



The Tale of Old Hickory

Long, long ago man was an out-of-doors creature. The twining branches and sheltering foliage of the forest were his first home. The friendly trees were part of his life itself.

Now, as you rest in the protecting arms of an Old Hickory chair, hearken to the voices of the outdoors that call to you from out the past, dimming the raucous notes of auto horns and street cars into the melody of Nature.

For every piece of Old Hickory breathes of the spirit of outdoors. Made of strong hickory saplings with the natural bark finish, it is fitted for the terraced gardens of the fine estate or the porch or sun-room of the modest dwelling.

American craftsmen, descendents of our pioneers, make genuine Old Hickory furniture in the original shops in Morgan County, Indiana—make it so sturdy that it out-lasts other furniture—make it comfortable and restful as well.

Your furniture dealer can show you Old Hickory at moderate prices, or write for 1924 folder showing the many styles in which distinctive Old Hickory is made to suit your desire.

OLD HICKORY FURNITURE CO.
AT MARTINSVILLE, MORGAN COUNTY, INDIANA

Trade Mark Brand Burned Into Every Piece

HUMANICS IN MANAGEMENT

(Continued from Page 47)

trainman is $210. In the light of such facts it is not difficult to believe the statement that it costs $35,000,000 a year for American manufacturers to exchange employes with each other.

That more than 60 per cent of the workers in American mechanical industries leave their jobs every year for one cause or another, and are replaced by new men, is a serious condemnation of our present employment practices. Worse than all else, the public is forced to pay for the cost of this waste. The management that cannot build up a force of reliable, permanent workers stamps itself as being deficient in requisites that are essential to lasting success. Employes that are happy and properly rewarded for their efforts do not throw over their jobs lightly. The wise executive appreciates that any consideration of the labor problem must include an understanding of the human-nature side of the question, as well as the monetary. The average employe wants to feel that he has a permanent place and yet know that he is not in a dead-end job.

One reason for much labor turnover is the idea of many managements that the duty of the employment office ends just as soon as the applicant is hired. This attitude of mind is largely responsible for the creation of a veritable army of false starters in every important industrial community. The false starter is the fellow who has been approved by the employment department but fails to get on the job. In some plants at the present time 20 per cent of the people hired fail to report, and this means that industry is suffering a severe loss from wasted employment effort. When the labor market is short it will always be difficult to prevent the appearance of job shoppers. This type of person is waiting to be persuaded that the position offered is as good as can be found; and sad to relate, the average employment office often fails to sell the job to the applicant because of indifference and a lack of effort.

It is taking a long time to understand that conditions have changed and that instead of the employer enjoying the exclusive privilege of ascertaining facts about the applicant, the latter demands to know something about the boss and his company. The general run of applicants holds preconceived notions of a more or less unfavorable character about the practices and conditions existing in the average plant; but the mere fact that the prospective employe has applied for a job is clear evidence that his adverse opinions are not so pronounced but that they could be easily dispelled by earnest, effective salesmanship on the part of the employment force. The interviewer has a job to sell and the applicant a job to buy. It is not sufficient merely to make a sale, for at the same time if the bargain is not satisfactory and the goods as represented, the sale will not be permanent.

Welcomes Warm and Cold

The causes that make applicants false starters are many and varied. Prolonged waiting sours the prospect and makes him lose courage at the very moment when his ambition is about to be realized. Usually very little effort is put forth to make the applicant comfortable in the waiting room. Often the employment manager's statements are vague, wages are indefinite and the directions given the prospective employe as to where to go and whom to see are not clear. Frequently physical examinations are ordered without any effort being made to point out to the applicant the possible benefit through such a procedure. A brusque and matter-of-fact doctor or nurse may proceed in a most unsympathetic fashion to aggravate the already troubled mind of the applicant. It is no wonder that such methods cause candidates for employment to conclude that the jobs offered are not for them. It is not surprising that the records show such a large percentage of false starters in the many plants where there is no specific connecting link between the employment office and the job itself.

This does not mean that the employment manager and his staff must coddle applicants or go to foolish extremes in paying them attention. But it must not be overlooked that the first day's work in any job is always the hardest because it is filled with more doubts and difficulties. It should not require more than the exercise of a little common sense to bring about a realization that there should be cooperation all along the line from the time the interviewer in the office sells the job until the moment when the new man is planted at work. The superintendent or foreman in the office or factory must be fully alive to the situation and participate in the teamwork.

Thousands of employers spend millions to advertise their products to the public, and yet refuse to contribute a penny in advertising their plant to prospective workers. In every case the possible advantages of the job should be explained to the applicant. It is not at all unlikely that the company itself has an unfavorable reputation which has developed prejudice that must be cleared away. One way to do this is to establish a proper system of introduction and keep the applicant continually in hand until he is put to work. Provide him with literature that will make him want to return in case he defers starting at once in the new job.

Stabilizing Labor

It is an accepted fact that the percentage of false starters increases progressively with the length of time they have to wait before commencing work. Last and not least is the truth that the general appearance of the plant and its surroundings is an important factor in affecting the desires of the applicant.

And the responsibility of a company certainly does not end with the mere act of employing a man and getting him started on the job. Then comes the real work of stabilizing labor and developing a feeling of contentment among all the employes. Here again humanics becomes just as important as mechanics. Ever so many schemes are available to bring about a persistency of employment among workmen. Group life insurance nearly always serves to stabilize labor. This plan of bettering industrial relations only dates back to 1912, and yet the scheme has been extended to many companies in dozens of industries with much success as a reducer of labor turnover. One big Eastern railroad recently contracted for $40,000,000 of group insurance, and so rapidly has the plan taken hold that this kind of insurance is now written on such hazardous industries as coal mining and gas manufacture.

This form of protection for workmen, which has been described as insurance by wholesale, provides a substantial measure of security for every employe in the company, no matter what his physical condition and occupation may be. It supplements, but in no way conflicts with workmen's compensation insurance. Payment is made in case of death from whatever cause, whether it be during working hours, during off hours, or even by suicide. It is only natural that such a plan serves to bind the employer and the employe closer together. The workers do not want to leave the company because they are unwilling to abandon the substantial benefit of the insurance, and they cannot help but appreciate this genuine show of human interest in their welfare.

Workmen's compensation provides benefits only when death or disability comes in the course of one's work; group insurance pays benefits to dependents even when the death of the worker results from causes unrelated to his job. Since 50 per cent of America's industrial workers carry no personal insurance, it is clear that this comparatively new form of protection is a boon to the average breadwinner's family.

Another way to stabilize labor is to provide steady employment, and this is not an easy task in many industries where the business is of a seasonal nature. The public nearly always pays the cost of irregular employment, for when men work only part time they demand wages that measure up to a fair year's income. When the men are highly organized they are generally able to enforce their demands.

But this does not mean that the problem is without a remedy. In a number of instances competent managements have done away with dull seasons by introducing interseasonal products. For example, the big companies engaged in the canning business were formerly busy only a certain part of the year. The result was that this industry suffered from a high overhead expense because of idle equipment for weeks at a time and was cursed with a floater type of employe. One canning company put up conserves and condiments derived from the farms in its territory and was largely idle seven months in the year. The manager studied the situation and soon found a way to fill the gap by engaging in the canning of pork and beans. At another plant the idle season was eliminated by going in for the conversion of peanuts into peanut butter. There is no doubt that many companies could successfully provide their men with regular employment through perfecting plans of a like nature.

However, it is, of course, necessary to do more than merely provide workmen with steady jobs. It is because of this fact that we have so many bonus and profit-sharing plans and hear so much discussion about democracy in industry. If there is one system of employe representation and management, there must be a hundred such plans, all of them aiming at practically the same result.

A big concern in the Middle West uses a profit-sharing plan that provides the workmen with life insurance and a substantial payment in case of disability, both based on the amount of wages received; it also makes provision for a wage dividend at the end of the fiscal year. A newly adopted plan of this corporation now gives the workers a substantial part of their profit-sharing by the week instead of in a lump sum at the end of the year. A person serving the company for one year is allowed a dividend on one-third of his total wage; if employed two years he gets a dividend on two-thirds of his total wage; while after the third year he receives a dividend on his total wage.

The wage dividend declared at the end of the year is based on the amount of actual profits before any sum is passed into the company's surplus. Since wage dividends run parallel to earnings, it is clear that this scheme provides an incentive for employes to do their best. The average profit-sharing dividend for a period of eight years has been a little more than 9 per cent annually. The average dividend to employes has been $140, the limit being $180. An insurance policy equal to fifty times the weekly pay of each worker is furnished to the employe who makes application after having been in the company's service one year.

Looking Out for the Sick

In a benefit plan to provide adequate insurance protection for its employes a New England corporation makes it a rule for each department to send an absence report to the benefit department every morning showing all employes absent from work; number of days absent; reasons, if already obtained; and any other useful information. These absence reports are transcribed on individual cards in the benefit office and then returned to the departments from which they came. Nurses investigate all cases of absence on the second day. Once a week, or more often if necessary, the doctors and nurses visit employes who are suffering from sickness or accident.

After a worker has been absent for seven days, the doctor in charge reports to the benefit department and approves the payment of a benefit. Checks are sent out promptly on the fifteenth day of disability and weekly thereafter. Before returning to his job the absentee must be examined and approved for work. Over a period of years the total absence rate has been 5 per cent lost working time, of which two-thirds has been due to personal reasons and one-third to sickness and accident.

The women lost twice as much time as did the men.

There is no doubt that bonus, insurance, and profit-sharing plans do stimulate production, create satisfaction and reduce turnover. There are so many such schemes in operation that a good-sized volume might be filled with nothing more than the briefest mention of these plans. A big automobile company pays its workers 1 per cent of their wages for each 1 per cent they increase production over a set figure. In determining the normal production on which to base the system, the management carried on careful time studies, the difference between actual working time and the time required to complete a job being taken as the ratio of performance. The premiums are paid for everything over and above this ratio.

(Continued on Page 62)

REAL SILK

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OUR REPRESENTATIVE from our local service office in your city calls at your home with a complete silk hosiery service, including forty of the season's most advanced shades, exclusive style information, and a personalized fitting chart. ¶ You select the hosiery right in your own home. It is delivered by mail, direct from our mill. ¶ Try this new service and see for yourself how much money you actually save by buying fine silk hosiery for men and women *direct from the manufacturer.* ¶ Every pair is guaranteed.

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Fine silk hosiery ... Real Silk ... reinforced with mercerized yarn at toe, heel and top of special process cable

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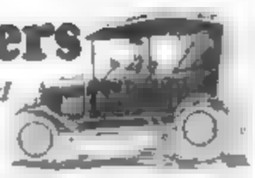
Ford Owners

When You Get Tired of the Bumps, buy



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CANTILEVER
The Rough Road
SHOCK ABSORBER
for Fords

Duplex Shackle (patented) works perfectly with Ford spring

$24 per set of 4 In Canada $32

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Duplex give a smooth, easy riding action. Absorb downward shocks and snub vicious rebound. Eliminate bounce, sideway and vibration.

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—All It Needs Is a

Red Star Timer

Standard Roller and RaceType—Finest Materials and Workmanship

$2.25 each—In Canada $3.00

MANY times when a Ford owner thinks his motor is stiff, balky, hard to start or just stubborn all he has to do is look at the timer.

Run your finger around the race and you'll find it rough and bumpy. That kind of a timer will ruin your good Ford car.

Get a Red Star Timer at once. The race and Roller are as smooth as glass. The new Fibre-ended, Tool-Steel Roller prevents bumpy and wavy race and adds thousands of miles to the life of Red Stars. Be sure you see the Red Star on the shell, box and rotor assembly.

Now in Production in All Standard Sizes

ADVANCE
Feltbak Asbestos
Brake Lining for All Cars
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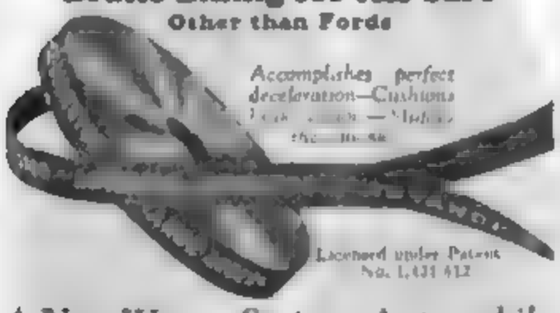

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ADVANCE EQUIPMENT
"Every Product the Best of its Kind"

(Continued from Page 60)

In the matter of industrial accidents there is also a great field of opportunity for the progressive executive. As one has said, "Accident prevention is not only good morals and good ethics but also good business." There is no better way to develop a spirit of encouragement and foster coöperation in business than to make careful provision for the right kind of organized safety work. Years ago we tried to bring about safety in industry by compulsion. Now we know that you cannot compel a conscience, and that success in safety depends on education, not legislation. It is far more sensible to spend money to prevent accidents than to build hospitals to mend broken workmen who need not have been injured.

One great corporation that adopted this policy commenced its safety drive by scrapping old equipment, changing buildings, remodeling machines and training workmen. The concern now spends more than $2,000,000 annually to keep its premises clean. Paper cuspidors are provided at a cost of $20,000 a year for those who cannot get along without such receptacles. Metal canopies and cold-air blowers were installed to reduce the temperature in furnace rooms from 135 degrees to 80. These devices cost only $11,000, but they have done away with heat prostrations and reduced labor turnover in the department 25 per cent. One man now takes care of two furnaces instead of one as before. As a result of these and many other changes, the company has established a record of only one death by accident in a year, although 50,000 men and women are employed.

Every morning when the whistles blow in our American industrial plants, 8 per cent of all employes fail to report on account of sickness or industrial accidents. Every twelve months more than 2,250,000 work years are lost on account of sick and injured men and women. The building of clubhouses, the provision of entertainment, and even an extra-high rate of wages cannot be substituted for earnest and intelligent safety endeavor. The limits of our powers for prevention are as miles to inches when compared with our limits for reparation. Immunity from accidents is just as important as low working costs. In every unprotected plant a portion of the time of the worker must be spent in keeping from getting hurt. In all cases where moving parts are safeguarded the entire time and attention of the employe can be devoted to production.

It is for such reasons that the wise manager has done away with congested floors, defective machines, complex shafting and belts in all conditions of repair and running in every direction, and even with such minor dangers as the menace of the upturned nail. He has installed means of signaling, so that machines or engines can be stopped instantly in cases of emergency. He has provided some mechanical means of shifting belts; is using suction systems to remove dust and fumes from acid rooms and other working places; avoids accidents from traveling cranes by using powerful sirens that operate electrically as the cranes travel; and in addition to making all equipment fool-proof and practically accident-proof, he reaches employes in an educational way by bulletins, posters, leaflets, meetings, motion pictures and verbal instruction. He has established compulsory training of employes in the fundamentals of first-aid treatment, and in every one of his plants there is a properly organized safety committee of workers which has the power to investigate and report upon accidents, suggest improvements and exercise supervision.

This progressive executive knows that education in safety methods must be given continuously, but that the system of instruction must be changed frequently in order to avoid having the appeals become tiresome. He introduces competition to maintain interest; uses blackboards to set down accident records showing the number of days that a department has gone without a casualty; and in many places he employs inspectors to draw nails out of empty boxes and other containers, as well as spend time each morning checking up aisles and tables to see that nothing has been left in them overnight.

This type of modern boss even goes so far as to use different colors of paint to identify various kinds of equipment. He has discovered advantages from standardizing the use of colors. Not only does this practice add to the general attractiveness of the interior of a plant but it affords a ready means of identification in case of trouble, and permits the use of that variety of paint of the correct quality for the service in hand. Such a scheme greatly increases the element of safety, for instance, when applied to different pipe lines. This color identification constitutes a guard against turning off the wrong valve. Exhaust steam lines are painted maroon, because this color withstands high temperatures without fading. Machine guards are painted some bright color, so as to make them conspicuous in order that their removal will be quickly noticed. The big paint companies should make a study of this whole problem.

The only hope here in the United States for the enemies of our Government and the disciples of unrest is that American management will fall down on its job and fail to exercise intelligence in handling the big human problem in industry that now occupies the center of our national stage. The rantings of the Bolshevik will be rendered entirely futile if the nation's employers give the country's workers a square deal and a fair opportunity. Good management will wholly eliminate the idea that there is any such issue as one class pitted against another class. Good management will also do away with traditional hates and establish everywhere the growing custom of settling each controversy quietly and sanely, with bosses and their men seated around the same table.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

Tutenkhamun issued orders to his slaves and serfs and warders
Which would govern the disposal of his clay.
Said he: "Lay me on my tummy like a law-abiding mummy,
Close the door, put out the lights and go away.

"But first fill the tomb with cambrics, silk and lace and satin fabrics,
And on highly colored gossamers lay stress;
Put in lipsticks, rouge and stencils, powder puffs and eyebrow pencils,
And I'll show the other mummies how to dress."

All was done that he suggested and the great king finally rested
In the spot that they had picked for his retreat,
Where he spent his days in prinking and his nights in careful thinking
Of new methods of adorning head and feet.

So for centuries unnumbered when he really should have slumbered
Tutenkhamun dressed and learned the marcel wave;
But at last the prying British grew intolerably skittish,
Took their picks in hand and opened up his grave.

Well, the end is common knowledge how in city, town and college
All the fashions that he set have come to life,
How each Dick and Ben and Thomas wear Egyptian-style pajamas,
How the Sphinx-imprinted foulards clothe each wife.

Christian, Moslem, Jew and Brahman copy clothes of Tutenkhamun;
Negro, Chinaman and Basque and Eskimo,
Mexicans and Polynesians and fastidious Parisians
Are attired like the gent of long ago.

In his somewhat spacious quarters by the lilting, laughing waters
Of the nifty, naughty, noble, norious Nile,
Tutenkhamun's still residing and he's endlessly deciding
What the world shall wear to be in perfect style.

Edwin Rutt.

Home Brew

May Song

THE birds from Birdland come again,
The green is on the tree,
The brook goes laughing down the glen,
The blossom calls the bee.

Above the rapids leaps the trout
In rainbow-tinted spray,
The magazines for June are out,
And so I know 'tis May!

Arthur Guiterman

The Naming of A. B. Beebe

RUBY BEEBE had a baby,
Such a darling! Such a joy!
"Bobby," said she to her hubby,
"What's the name for baby boy?

"Shall we name our baby Bobby?"
"What?" said hubby, "after me?
Would you have a helpless baby
'Baby Bobby Beebe' be?

"Ruby, what a booby you be!
I say, Toby!" Then said she:
"Such a boob as you be few be,
May a booby too be he!"

But at last they name the baby,
And on Arthur Brooks agree.
So young A. B. Beebe, maybe,
Will but Abie Beebe be!

—Morris Bishop.

NASH

The Six
Four-Door Coupe

Strikingly Different and Finer

Naturally the first thing about this Four-Door Coupe that strikes your eye is the body.

It is an original Nash design executed by craftsmen whose custom-built conceptions have graced many of the world's costliest cars.

But the thing that registers most deeply and indelibly upon your mind is the rare quality of its performance—it is such brilliant performance that you are cognizant from the outset that it does definitely surpass conventional standards.

Quicker starting, brisker acceleration, heightened flexibility, deepened quietness, smoother power-flow—these show themselves at once.

And they are not to be found elsewhere in the degree that Nash has attained except at a cost far in excess of the moderate price of the Four-Door Coupe.

The Nash Motors Company, *Kenosha*, Wis.

MEMO
Have electrical equipment on car inspected
Now is the time!
Already you are making plans for a vacation tour and week-end jaunts. So don't forget to do the planning for your car, too. Now is the time to have the electrical equipment inspected.
Give it a fair chance to serve you faithfully this summer. You will be rewarded for your foresightedness by its trouble-free performance.
Make it a point to see the electrical expert who represents United Motors in your town. He displays our oval sign and is a specialist. He will quickly and competently make those necessary adjustments or repairs.
It will pay you to write for our directory of authorized service stations
AUTHORIZED
United Motors
SERVICE
Delco
REMY
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HARRISON
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UNITED MOTORS SERVICE
INCORPORATED

VIPER OF THE WEST SIDE

(Continued from Page 31)

"I disagree with everything you say," remarked Trumper blandly. "I doubt whether anyone ever got the better of you, and I believe that your equipment for self-defense equals that of an adder. However, those are mere matters of opinion. Take off your hat and get busy, or keep it on and go."

The girl took off her headgear, dropped it into a chair behind her, and stood staring at the wall. Presently she succeeded in fixing her eyes on the rear of an imaginary disappearing car, and began her series of mechanical jerky movements. She crooked her neck, then one knee, then both arms. Each attitude required an entire change of pose, but so simultaneous was the movement of all her members that it seemed as if only one had semaphored. During the whole maneuver her face never smiled, and yet remained overwhelmingly expressive. Instead of seizing his crayon, Trumper collapsed on the couch and laughed until the tears came to his eyes. He laughed alone.

Subsequent occasions, however, proved more fruitful. There were days when the clash of minds, diametrically opposed and each a powerful implement in its own sphere, threatened to overturn the apple cart for keeps; but even these interludes were not altogether barren. The mere presence of the girl tingled with combat. You ached to slap her, and knew that she ached to be slapped. Equally you felt that she longed to scratch, and that her scratches would merely sprinkle spice on the heat of battle. She was that kind of female—something heard about by Trumper, but never before actually encountered. Even a verbal tilt with her was as exhilarating as a boxing match without gloves, and almost as gory. When her tongue hit, you saw blood.

What seemed to trouble her most was Trumper's inflexible principle of the open door. Every time she came to the studio she released the catch on the lock. Wearying of telling her not to, he learned to let her do it, and then went to fasten it back with his own hands. One day he noticed that her obsession had carried her to the point of visiting the rooms in his absence and affixing a small brass bolt, almost indiscernible, beneath the lock upon the door. That made him think, but it did not cause him to think in the right direction.

Here was a girl, he mused sympathetically, who assumed evil as the natural habit of man—and woman. It was not her fault, because she had grown up breathing that kind of air. To her, whatever one might be doing of good or bad, concealment remained the prime factor in life. Why was it fitting that a driver should sit with his back to his fares? In order that they might have time to save themselves if he started to look around. Similarly, small bolts were not buttress and barricade—they could not resist a battering ram—but they could and would give you time to stop doing whatever you were doing, and pretend to be doing something else. Thus deduced Trumper.

In the meantime his unruly model was doubtless doing some pondering on her own account, and every so often her face would assume the bemused expression which had characterized her first visit. In accordance with agreement, she asked no questions; but it was evident that the surroundings, no less than Trumper's impersonal manner, continued to puzzle her. She touched nothing; explored nothing except with her eyes. They, however, were restlessly active. They took in the high red lacquer screen which hid the entrance to the dressing room and bath, the hard couch, the curious Phyfe cabinet, the sparse furniture, the gaudy Bokhara rug hanging flat upon the wall from ceiling to baseboard; and the bare floor, rough, stained with paint and smudged with clay. In some subtle manner all these things annoyed her. Possibly they did not fit in with the proletarian conception of a studio as a place where fast things happened rapidly.

If Trumper was aware of her discontent he did not show it. He made sketch after sketch, and finally took to pottering with clay. The models he produced surprised him by their excellence. All art, he deduced, is divided into three categories—the normal, the grotesque, the sublime. Only genius soars, but all those who are either cracked or have a sense of humor may descend to fantastic exaggeration. He was not cracked; consequently it was humor which gave life to the best work he had ever done. As the girl lived in her poses only to arouse laughter, most mysterious of all emotional tergiversations, so had he contrived to make her attitudes live in clay. It was magic, and he had wielded the wand!

No wonder he exulted quietly in success, even while she remained beyond the reach of his enthusiasm. Looking upon the unbeautiful figurines, she was not chagrined; she saw merely a permanent record of what she had intended. What was there in that to get excited about? Was there anything essentially funny in having looked funny when somebody had asked and paid you to be funny? No. It was merely an indication that you were capable of earning your weekly stipend

At the same time Trumper was in a measure betrayed. Two forces, both of them radiating from the girl, were at war, one pulling him this way, one that. One he could understand and had proved it in the visible interpretations which littered his workbench; the other he could not quite define, and because it was unfathomable it was eventually the more powerful. Owing to its intrusion he was forced to design two costumes—one for the grotesque phase, the other under the urge of the mysterious influence. The former was easy to do—too easy. He knew it to be right, and yet he felt that his flair for originality had made its lowest flight. As for the other—well, it was facile of conception also; but easy as dreaming is easy. He did not construct this latter dress; it was rather an emanation than a conscious product of his brain, and even before seeing it he knew it to be a masterpiece

The day came when Binotinelli, cold censure in his voice, reported both robes completed; but Trumper required no hint to know that the atelier was not at his disposal for a tiring-room. No; this time the studio itself would have to be the scene of action, of all the action, for he had not the slightest intention of taking Scorpie to the Bonne Nuit or otherwise displaying her in his company. In his excitement he did not give the grotesque costume a single thought; his anticipation was centered entirely upon the other one—a dress calculated to set the white slugs of imagination to creeping within a man's brain

He sent her in a taxi to fetch her own apparel, and then took up the telephone, but did not at once raise the receiver from the hook. Whom should he invite? The question forced him to face the fact that, after all, there were to be two frocks. For one he would want a certain kind of beholder; the other demanded different eyes, backed by diverse powers of perception. If there was to be comedy, then Zelter, the supreme producer, must inevitably attend. Well, he would call him up. He did; and gave him minute instructions as to procedure.

But for the unnamed alternative—the other dress, the emanation of a mysterious, half-defined, insoluble constant in the girl's demeanor—who could appreciate it to the full?

No; not that. Why fool himself? What he wanted to have at hand was something more in the nature of a bulwark for his own protection—say, Magyar Williams. Or something of the category of a secure refuge—for instance, his separated but not unfriendly wife, Janet. The thought of Janet was a stroke of genius, for quite aside from considerations of his own safety first, her mind was of the sort that keeps appreciation sharpened to a razor edge. He need not even call her up; Magyar could do that and also bring her with him.

"Magyar, Trumper speaking. What are you doing?

"When?"

"Now"

"A thousand things. What do you want?"

"Have you a pair of sneakers?"

"No."

"Or rubber shoes?"

"No"

"Well, can you walk quietly?"

"I can if it's worth the trouble. Where are you, anyway, and what do you want?"

"I'm at the studio. What I want is for you to get hold of Janet, and bring her up here at once. Climb the stairs without a sound and go into the back room. I'll leave the door on the latch."

"What do we get out of it?" demanded Mr. Williams.

(Continued on Page 66

Trying to follow a Franklin on a day's journey has made Franklin converts of many experienced drivers.

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Bumpers

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF
WELDED AND WELDLESS CHAINS FOR ALL PURPOSES

(Continued from Page 64)

"Well, you and Zelter can take turns at the moth hole in the Bokhara rug," replied Trumper slowly, so that each word might sink in.

"Can I bring Mrs. Williams?" asked Magyar after a pause.

"Of course; bring Betty by all means," replied Trumper promptly

"And Janet, did you say?"

"I did," replied Trumper with commendable patience. "That's the principal thing I said. I also say that if any of you make a sound the show will be over before it begins."

There was a further pause, during which Trumper could hear but not distinguish a consultation between Mr. Williams and his wife, rather excited on her part; then Magyar resumed on the telephone.

"All right," he said. "If I can't get Janet I'll call you up; otherwise, expect us. In the meantime, see that there are three more moth holes in that old rug."

Trumper hurried out to the hall, unlocked and unlatched the door at its far end, ascertained that the rug was more moth-eaten than he had supposed, returned to the studio proper, and sat down to wait. It seemed to him already a long time since the girl had started on her errand, and as moment after moment passed with no indication of her approach, he grew impatient and finally called up Binotinelli's, only to learn that she was still there, having insisted on a final fitting. Evidently the now famous fashioner of women's modes thought it a superfluous fitting. Half an hour later Trumper called up again. The "lady"—in quotation marks—had left in a cab some time ago. His sharpened ears caught a muffled sound on the stairway. Was it she at last, or was it Zelter, or Magyar and his party? What a contretemps—a fatal anticlimax—if all of them should have met on the doorstep!

It was Zelter Trumper distinguished the rather shuffling gait of the producer as it passed along the hall. Moments later came Magyar and Janet and Betty. He could smell rather than hear them; Williams smelled of felt hats, his wife of autumn leaves, and Janet of the cursed faint perfume she had affected when to see her husband in a rage had temporarily relieved for her the ennui of married life. Well—he mustn't think of things like that now. Where was that blasted girl? Had she decamped with the dresses, never to reappear? Round pinheads of sweat gathered on his brow as he felt eyes watching him curiously through the rug. His own gaze he kept fixedly on the door.

His pulse began to beat a tattoo to the tune of, "She's coming; she isn't; she's here; she's not." Confound her! Even after she came she would have to dress, and up to the present unpleasant moment he had not decided which costume was to be Exhibit A! Why had he been such a fool as to invite an audience to a first rehearsal? What if her hair looked frowsy? What if she hadn t washed her neck? Was there, or was there not, cold cream in the ar teroom?

The door flew open and closed, the bolt clicked home, and the truant stood before him She had taken no care to come quietly, yet he had not heard her approach, for the swift are always silent. Now her rapid breathing told him that in spite of her tardiness she had been losing no time. Gradually he perceived other explanatory items Her dark hair, blacker than he had ever seen it before, had been dressed by a genius. It had a sleek tucked-in appearance which made it look as a wig ought to look, and does not It threw her sharp features into violent relief also her ears. He caught sight of her ears and stared. Binotinelli! Only Binotinelli could have thought of and paid for that fiendish touch! The pink lobes were incrusted, overlapped, with carnelian earrings, carved to look like clots of dried blood.

What she had on below the neck in the way of a dress was not visible at the moment, owing to the long cloak which she held clutched to her throat with her left hand, in which was also her hat. But there was something in her manner more than in her appearance which gave him the joyful assurance that she had forestalled him in the choice of which costume to wear. From her right fingers, ungloved, dangled a large bandbox, but not for long. She dropped it behind her, gave it a backward kick with her heel, loosened the cloak and let it fall.

Trumper gasped, and a sort of mistiness filled his eyes. He was glad he was sitting down. His orders had been succinct, and Binotinelli had carried them out to a point just beyond legitimate expectation. The girl was clothed in garnet—dull garnet with hidden lights in its general velvety shadow—lights like sparks that shot out where and when you least expected them with a threatening gleam whispering of fire. But what most startled the eye was the mode of the gown itself. It was cut front and back in the form of a capital V, the open stems reaching almost to her waistline and laced across irregularly with a twisted cord. The narrow gleam of flesh thus revealed produced a striking effect, but an effect as nothing compared with that of the long arms for a quite opposite reason; they were not bare—they were completely covered. There was no break of the garnet material at the shoulders; it continued in tight-fitting sleeves to her wrists, and from there opened in pointed flanges which all but covered her knuckles. The train, curled about her feet, ended in just such another pointed flange. She raised her arms in an odd curved gesture, and Trumper beheld a scorpion, hugely magnified—not a symbol, but the venomous creature itself.

"How much money you got here?" she snapped, her eyes for once wide and openly defiant.

Surprise does strange things to the brain of man. In spite of the evidence presented to his eyes and ears Trumper could not at once convince himself that she was in dead earnest. But long before his confused mind could catch the full meaning of the question, his subconscious brain was at work on its import, reminding him with emphatic insistence that for the first time he had omitted to go to the door and unlock it after her entry. Then all of his mental faculties joined forces, got to work and reminded him that, also for the first time, he had four hand-picked witnesses at his beck and call. What a gorgeous situation! Grim humor? Here it was in person, full bodied and ready to burst. His surprised stare was on the point of changing into a loud laugh, but just in time he decided to keep the stare exactly as it was.

"Why, Scorpie!" he gulped deliberately, swallowing his mirth with an effort.

Meantime his mind worked on with the speed and efficiency of a lightning calculator. Yes; she meant it—she meant it probably to the tune of many thousands of unearned dollars—his dollars. Hence her daily care to lock the door. Hence the small brass bolt, slyly bought, and slyly affixed. Hence an incalculable number of other small things which he had puzzled over and thought out to his own satisfaction, but erroneously. Scorpie! How seldom he had used that name! Had premonition been busy all the while, striving to wake him up to his peril of being stung?

"None of that soft stuff," whispered the girl. "No matter how much you got, it isn't enough, see? Oh, I know who you are, and I know you can pay. I wasn't brought up on shadow soup for nothing. Get ready, because I'm going to scream."

"Wait!" stammered Trumper, suppressing his laughter only by a further and mightier effort. "I—I've got to have time to think. Shadow soup! Did you say you were brought up on shadow soup? Where—oh, where have I heard that before? I've got it! I know who you are. You're one of the pack Magyar Williams set on my trail for a pair of silk stockings apiece. You're Sadie O'Neill—that's who you are!"

"What of it?" demanded the girl insolently. "That's right—get excited. Muss yourself a bit. Play into my hand while you got time. Go for me! Grab me! Well, here goes!"

She tore the dress from one shoulder, leaving a long finger-nail scratch which immediately began to bleed, threw back her head and shrieked at the top of her voice. Such a scream Trumper had never before heard. It spoke of outrage and impending disaster; it voiced despair and clanged for aid; it shrilled through ears and walls and lifted the top off his aching head, exposing a horrible cavity. He imagined every wayfarer from Central Park to the Battery halting spellbound in his stride; he even thought he heard an answering echo promising rescue from the chimes in the twin spires of St. Patrick's. As if such a scream were not enough torture to extract all the ransom at any man's command, she began to shout raucously in a ghastly rhythm, "Help! Help! Help!"

That was at last too much for Trumper. He threw himself back in his chair and gave laughter its head. He roared, and between

(Continued on Page 68)

Into the interior of New Zealand

The performance of a Delco-equipped Buick in far away New Zealand provides another of the innumerable examples which demonstrate the remarkable stamina and reliability of Delco Starting, Lighting and Ignition.

Niger Hut in the Matukituki Valley, New Zealand, affords a view of scenic grandeur that knows few parallels. It is, however, exceedingly difficult of access. Mr. G. Clark of Dunedin, New Zealand, recently accomplished this trip in a Delco-equipped Buick—a noteworthy feat, as only five cars have ever reached this spot unaided.

His car was forced to plough through mile after mile of soft, yielding, treacherous earth. It was called upon to slide down and climb up steep clay banks of streams which had to be forded. Its path lay along soft, muddy river beds and through deep water.

It had to traverse a great peat bog where every foot of going was fraught with hardship and danger. It traveled through tall grass, over ground everywhere pitted with rabbit burrows. But it accomplished the trip without mishap.

Few owners, however, make such an extensive demand upon the electrical equipment of their car. Yet owners of Delco-equipped cars have the satisfaction of knowing that this safety factor of certainty is always present. It is easy to see why the majority of makers of quality cars prefer Delco—the world's foremost starting, lighting and ignition system.

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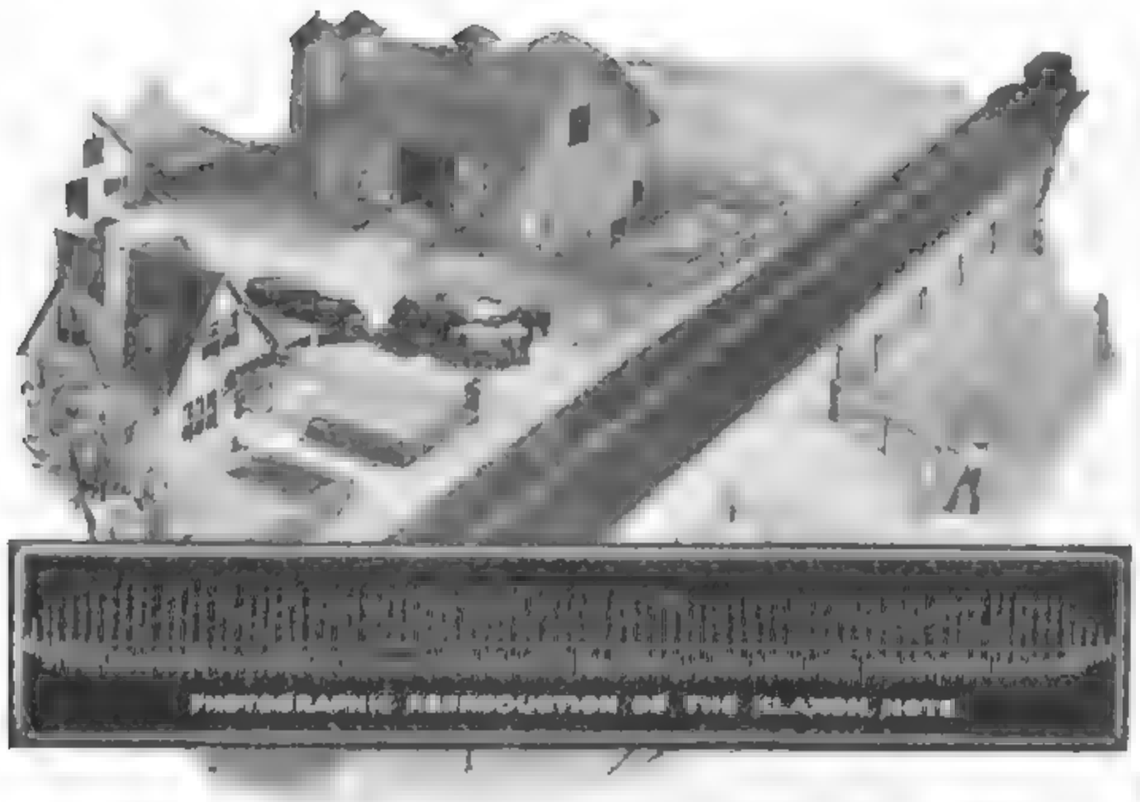
STARTING LIGHTING AND IGNITION

Niger Hut in the Matukituki Valley



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The Full Penetrating Tone of the Klaxon Horn

Klaxon sounds the truest note of warning that human ingenuity has ever devised. The tone has been scientifically developed for this express purpose.

It rises instantly to a full penetrating tone—sustains unfailingly as long as the finger remains on the button. The full even vibrations of the Klaxon tone prove that it is a pure and penetrating tone—one which effectively cuts through all traffic noises, without metallic harshness.

The Klaxon note does not end with an annoying rasp, but with a politely courteous tone—which seems to say, "Thank you."

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Drive safely. Don't delay. Call at your nearest Klaxon dealer's and buy your Klaxon today. There is a style for every taste at a price to suit every purse.

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KLAXON

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HORNS

(Continued from Page 66)

each roar he shouted. "Louder! I can't hear you."

Miss O'Neill did not obey; instead she abruptly stopped yelling. It was her turn to stare. She stared at him with strangely wide, dazed and incredulous eyes. The more she stared the more he laughed; the more he laughed the deeper grew the look in her face as of one who stubbornly refuses to believe what the ear hears and the eye sees.

"Come in, you people," groaned Trumper. "Join the cast"

The Bokhara rug bulged in and up, raised by an unseen hand. Janet, followed by Betty, stepped forth into the studio; then Zelter, and finally Magyar Williams. The complacence of these four persons, totally unconscious of the fact that they had saved Trumper's pocketbook from a monster raid and his fastidious temperament from public ignominy, was certainly the funniest thing he had ever seen—funnier than Scorpie apostrophizing in pantomime her lost hat, funnier even than Scorpie screaming for unneeded help when it was all too near at hand. But in spite of its transcending funniness it did not make him laugh harder than ever; on the contrary, it sobered him. It sobered him because he changed the direction of his glance and caught sight of Sadie's stricken face.

Poor girl! No longer did her eyes spit fire; they had turned to glittering ice. She shrank into herself so visibly that she appeared to grow into something small, but somehow not altogether pitiful. She receded with a catlike movement, at the same time drawing up the torn dress over her scratched shoulder.

Backed against the couch, long red arms folded across her bosom, head thrust forward and slitted eyes darting glances this way and that, calculating the chances of escape, weighing the possibilities of battle, she presented a sinuous, viperish, yet withal a striking figure.

The form of Janet swam into center stage as if to offer the startling foil of its pallor to the vivid vision of the cringing girl. Janet was slight, small-boned, transparent as to skin, amber-haired and brown-eyed; she was refinement and poise carried to the square root of culture; she was collected without being cool, vivacious without vulgarity. She was Janet.

"Oh, you beauty!" she murmured, her whole face alight with pleasure. "You raving, flaming beauty! Is it just you, I wonder, or must we kneel simply to another of Trumper's creations with something in it? Don't you think it's rather hard that while he's my husband he has never bothered to think up a dress for me?"

"Your husband!" muttered the girl almost inaudibly, looking meanwhile like a half-dead mouse being patted about by the sheathed paws of a gloating cat.

"Well, Sadie, how goes it?" inquired Magyar casually as he proceeded to light a cigarette. "So this is the sick grandmother that's made you beat the clock out of the office for six weeks running. Well, I'll admit it was worth the price."

Sadie's eyes blazed and she made a twisting movement from her waist up like a snake rearing its head to strike.

"What a wicked, beautiful, terrible, lovely dress!" murmured Betty, confining her attention entirely to the strange girl's garb. "And the earrings! Oh, do look at those Satany earrings!"

Sadie thrust out her tongue and vibrated it with incredible rapidity. Before the gesture could be fully comprehended and appreciated Zelter pushed to the front, drew from his breast pocket a folded document, legal size, and a fountain pen, straddled his stumpy legs and flicked the paper open.

"Cut out the comedy, girlie," he remarked after one adept measuring glance at Sadie. "Here's the contract all ready for you to sign, or make your mark. I had it typed the minute Mr. Bromleigh phoned me, and the only change I've made is to raise the ante from a hundred and fifty a week to two hundred, for I'll say it was a good show from start to finish. I don't know where we can use that scream, but we'll use it. If necessary I'll have some guy write a play around it. Or perhaps Mr. Bromleigh will let us have the script he used. A great scene, if I do say it. We might call it The Married Man at Large, or something like that."

It was at this point that Trumper burst into laughter again; not at Scorpie, however, but at Zelter. For Trumper was through with laughing at Sadie's tragic predicament; and let it be said to his credit that he never even considered the proper course, which would have been to call the police and deliver her to the keeping of the law. No; such as she was, in great measure she was his own, indubitably born of the creative impulse, though out of wedlock. Such being the case, his feeling was identical with that which he had experienced toward Loretta, toward Betty, toward Daphne and Phyllis, to mention no others—a feeling of pride, of artistic paternity and altruistic protection.

"Say," demanded Zelter, "what's eating your insides? Are you sick?" Trumper wobbled his head weakly from side to side. "Well," continued Zelter morosely, "I suppose you think the joke's on me again; but I don't see it. Not this time. Take it from me, the kid's some actress all on her own."

"Oh, don't!" groaned Trumper. "Please don't. I'm almost choking to death as it is."

"Well, don't stop yourself on my account," grumbled Zelter, and then turned to Sadie. "Step up now and sign."

"Sign what?"

"This contract, goosie. Do you want me to say it all over again? Two hundred a week while you act for three years."

"Aw, cut out your own comedy," snapped Sadie, suddenly straightening. "Let me out of here, all of you. Let me out of here!"

"One minute," said Trumper, turning sober and rising to face her. "Scorpie," he continued, fixing her wildly shifting eye, "you and I are the only ones here who know just how much you need money. Do you get that? If you don't, think it over. Now I promised you I'd make you into an actress if you did as you were told, and I've done it in spite of you. Mr. Zelter means exactly what he says, and Mr. Williams is here to guarantee the deal if you're such a fool as not to know a gold piece when it's between your teeth. Now no more nonsense. Sign that paper."

She gave him a look eloquent by reason of its complete vacancy, turned, took Zelter's pen and the document, laid it flat on the smooth top of the Phyfe cabinet, and laboriously signed her name. As she was doing so there sounded a thunderous knock on the door. Trumper went to it and threw it open, disclosing the burly figure of a policeman.

"Say," inquired the officer curiously, "it wasn't from here a woman let out a holy scream, was it?"

"Why, yes," said Trumper. "I think it was. You see, we were rehearsing."

"You was what?"

"We were rehearsing—rehearsing a play," explained Trumper pleasantly. "Perhaps you would like to come in and have a look at us."

"Perhaps I would," grumbled the officer suspiciously in acceptance of the invitation. He entered, looked first at the men and then at the women. He examined Sadie, then Janet, and finally Betty. "Which of 'em was it that screeched?" he asked.

"It was me," volunteered Sadie, striving to introduce an element of sweetness into her naturally strident tones. "Any objections?"

"Objections?" echoed the law. "Oh, no; none at all. Only you had ought to take out a patent and sell yourself to the fire department. All the traffic on Fit' Avenoo is banked solid, waiting for the engine an' the truck and ladder to go by."

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NOISY BOY

(Continued from Page 23

blinking his milky blue eyes. "It's the third time you guessed wrong."

"Golly, you don't have to tell me what it is, hombre," says Carlos, kind and hearty. "I ain't forcing no confidences. Bygones is bygones, and if a person shows that he's trying to lead a honest life and do the right thing, nobody is going to care what his real name is. The point is that you can make the name of Limberfinger honored and respected. It rests with you, sabe?"

Andy was the only one that giggled. Guy gave Carlos an ugly look, but I doubt if he'd have pursued the subject if Banty hadn't broke in.

"My name is Briggs and I'll thank you to use it when you've got anything to say to me," says Banty, pushing back his chair.

"I apologize, Mr. Briggs," says Carlos, setting down his coffee cup to twiddle his mustache, and smiling at the boy. "Please to be seated, Mr. Briggs. I wouldn't have hurt your feelings by intention for a farm. Nobody can't help the color of his hair. Personally, I admire a sorreltop and I've always been sorry that I wasn't a sorreltop myself. Most sorreltops is good fighters and I claim to be one of the best single-handed, two-fisted fighters that ever come out of the Lone Star State; but that doesn't make me a sorreltop, does it? To be a sorreltop, a man has to be born a sorreltop, no matter how good he is in all other respects. You take me, a man that's able and willing to whip anything that walks on two legs, a man that can outjump, outrun, outshoot ——"

"Outtalk," Chris suggests.

"Now, Runt, that's unkind," says Carlos. "If I wasn't good-natured and easy to get on with, as long as nobody don't rumple my hair, I might take offense at that. Right cur'ous how I hate to have anybody rumple my hair. It ain't as if I had a sorreltop either. But what you said is true, Runt. I can outtalk most anybody, and what I say I can make good, Runt; you bear that in mind. Bronco Bill knows that, or ought to, and Mr. Limberfinger might make a note of it for future reference. You believe it, Noisy Boy?"

Andy nodded and grinned.

"You was remarking that you could outshoot anybody," says Chris, trying to speak as if his face wasn't red.

"That's what I remarked," replied Carlos. "Lightning on the draw and unerring in my aim—that's me. Anybody in the Pecos country will tell you that I never miss my mark. See that finger? I crook it, so, and whatever I've throwed down on has a large, jagged, simultaneous hole in it. I don't take no credit for it; it's a natural gift. I'll show you as soon as I eat another biscuit. You, One Lung, you got cookee mo' biskee? Fetchee 'long, pronto. *Muy bueno*, them biscuit, with a sorreltop dressing of molasses, Mr. Briggs!"

He et a couple more biscuits and got up from the table. Everybody else got up too. Guy Shope whispered in Chris' ear and Chris nodded and took down his pistol belt from the wall and buckled it on. Carlos stared at 'em and then laughed real hearty and led the way outside.

Up against the cookhouse door there was a bar'l where Wung Lo throwed his empty cans until he had enough of 'em to haul. Carlos made for that bar'l and picked out a couple of pint condensed-milk cans and swaggered back to us, juggling them from one hand to the other as he came.

"Now," says he, "I'm a-going to throw these here up into the air together and plug 'em both before they hit the ground. Then I'll plug 'em again before either one of 'em stops a-rolling. You don't believe that, do you? I don't blame you. But now watch."

He done it. Straight up into the air them cans went and out come Carlos B.'s gun and cracked twice—lightning on the draw, all right. One after another, the cans jumped up on their way down, and just as they touched the ground he plugged them again on the hop and sent them scuttling.

"Two loads left," says Carlos, and looked at Chris, smiling. He punched out four empty shells. "No deception. I called my shots. How about it, Runt?"

"Good shooting," says Chris. "You want to ride your black today or let him rest up? You and me's got to ride after horses this morning."

For about a couple of weeks I looked for trouble with that big-mouthed strutting disturbance around, but there wasn't none. Carlos B. had the outfit buffaloed; but as soon as he seen that he had, he got a heap more reasonable. He quit deviling Egbert and Banty Briggs, and him and Chris got to be tol'able good friends. Anyway, they wasn't hostile. The only ones he called out of their names was Guy Shope and Andy. He wouldn't have it no other way but Guy was Mister Limberfinger, and it wasn't long before the rest got to calling him Mister Limberfinger, too; and I reckon Guy wasn't tickled to death about it, although you couldn't always tell about Guy. Once in a while, though, when Carlos B. was telling about some little incident where he got a heap the best of it or what had happened to folks that had rumpled his hair, I'd notice Guy a-blinking his milky eyes in a way that was sort of peculiar unpleasant. If I'd caught any person looking at me thataway I'd have felt right uneasy.

It was the other way with Andy. He took the biggest kind of a notion to Carlos and wasn't never tired of hearing him talk about himself. I reckon he thought Carlos didn't do himself justice. Anyway, he'd get quite speechy at times bragging about the Texas wonder when the wonder wasn't around to make help unness'ry. But the most foolish thing Andy done was to brag about him to Lorena Lane, the first time he rode over to Cottonwood.

"I declare to goodness!" says Lorena when he told her about Carlos riding Roany. "He must have give you a surprise, all you boys. Just think of him riding a horse that was mean enough to buck! My! Did the horse really and truly try to throw him off?"

"Yes," says Andy.

"And he stayed on just the same, whether the horse wanted him to or not? He must be splendid—something sumptuous! Andy, you're always telling me some strange thing that I can't hardly believe. You aren't lying to me, are you?"

"No," says Andy.

She went off into a fit of laughing. Presently she straightened up and wiped her eyes.

"Tell me some more about him" she says. "What sort of a looking boy is he?"

"Good-looking."

"Better looking than you are?"

"Yes."

"He must be real handsome. I'd like to see him. Oh, go on and tell me. Is he dark or fair?"

"Dark-complected."

"I love dark-complected men. I reckon that's because I'm such a towhead. Are his eyes black or brown? I hope they're black—black and piercing. They thrill a person. Blue eyes don't thrill nobody."

"Yours do."

"Yours don't, Andy. They're nice, but they don't search a person's soul and make them shiver."

"Eyes shiver?"

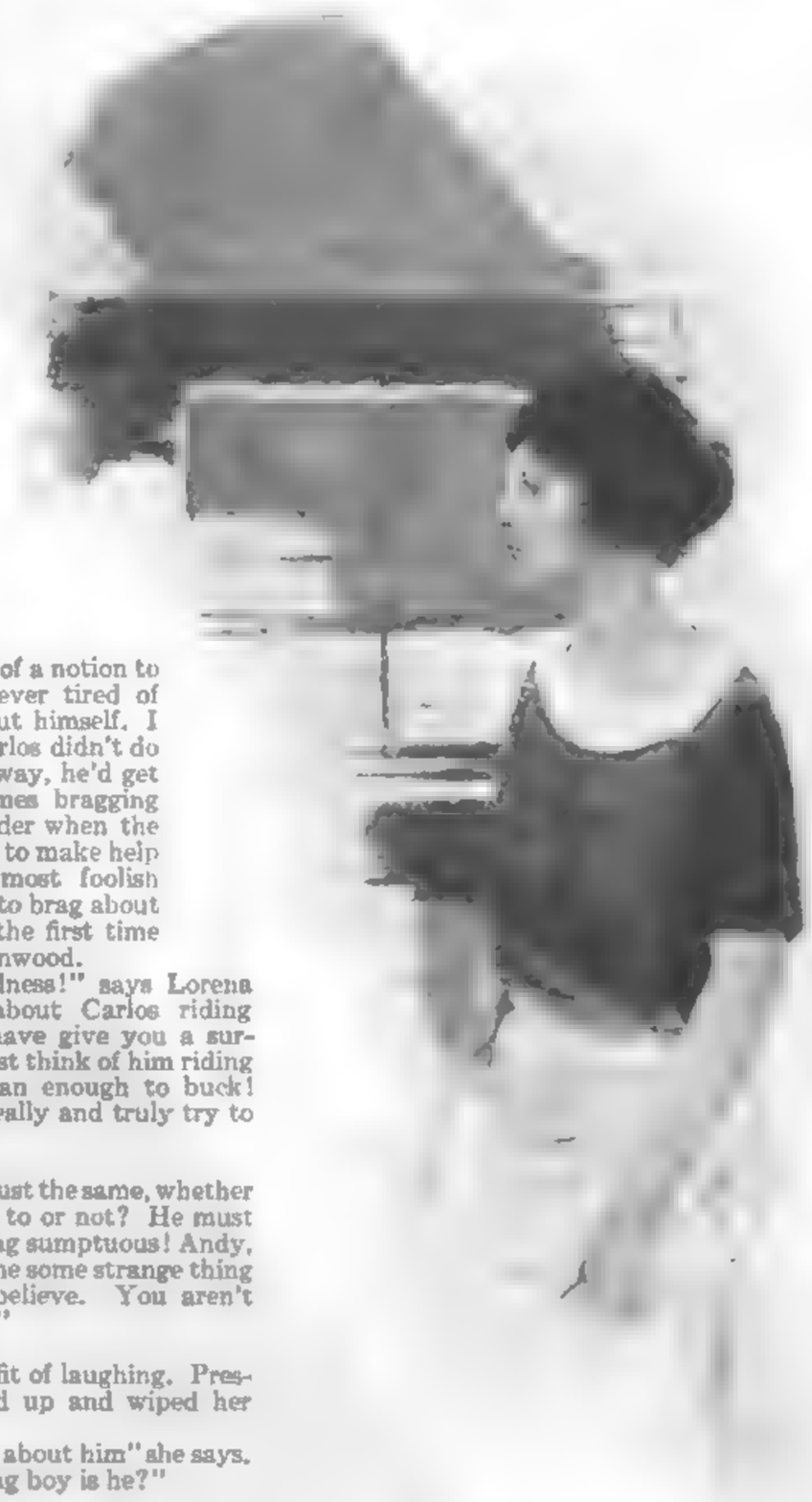
"You coot! No, make a girl shiver—make Lorena Lane shiver. I just think of a dark-complected man a-bending down from his superb height—did you say he was tall?—and murmuring words of love—soft words of love—with a tender light in the black eyes that is so fierce to all the world but me, an'—ah-h-h-h-h!"

"He ain't," says Andy. "Soft, I mean. Sweeps 'em off their feet. Señoritas. Can't help themselves. Tall? Yes. But he can ride. Won an elegant Spanish saddle, riding Laredo. Fourth of July. Gun too. A lallapaloosa. Know what he calls me? Noisy Boy."

"How awful cute he must be!" says Lorena. "Sweeps 'em off their feet, does he? I'd like to see a man sweep me off my feet! I bet those señoritas was easy swept. . . . What else can he do besides ride a little green pony and handle a broom and nickname people?"

"Lots." Andy chuckled, and she asked him what he was laughing at. "Nicknames," says he, and jerks out the story of Carlos B.'s first breakfast at the ranch. She listened, real interested, and when Andy got through she asked him if he thought that was funny.

"Yes," says Andy.



Lorena Lane Was Her Name. She Was One of Alvin Lane's Girls, on Cottonwood Creek

"So are you," says she. "Was the boys afraid of him?"

"They was reasonable," he answers.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you slap his face? Didn't you want to?"

"No."

"You like him then, do you?"

"Yes."

"And you like your nickname?"

"Yes."

"There's no accounting for tastes," says Lorena. "But I reckon he must be a wonderful sight to see and terrible entertaining to listen to—and maybe thrilling. I wish't you'd bring him over with you sometime, Andy, and let me see him. Will you?"

"Yes," says Andy.

Andy went away some disappointed that Lorena hadn't been a mite more enthusiastic about Carlos. He remembered that he hadn't told her what a champeen roper Carlos was and wondered if that wouldn't have made some difference. When he got back to the ranch he told Carlos, confidential, that he wanted sometime to show him the prettiest, sweetest, finest, smartest girl ever come out to the territory. Carlos allowed uh-huh, he'd seen her. Leastways he'd seen her picture that Chris Holling was always hauling out of his pocket when he thought nobody was watching, and looking at it like a sick calf. Banty Briggs had one, too, but that one was back in Iowa, and Banty aimed to go back there and fetch her in the fall. They wasn't neither one of them such-a-much, Carlos thought. They never were.

"Wait till you see my girl," says Andy.

"Better not take no resks, Noisy Boy," says Carlos, a-twisting his mustache. "She might take a fancy to me. I've knowed such a thing to happen more'n once. A few times. Yes, suh. I won't say how many times, because I never kept no strict tally and I wouldn't want to be a dozen or so out in my count, one way or another. But you'd be surprised. It ain't altogether on account of my shape, or because I go out of my way or take any trouble to please 'em, because I don't. I told you about them two that got into a hair pulling over me at Abilene, didn't I?"

"No," says Andy.

Carlos told him.

"And that's the way it always is," he winds up. "I don't need to give 'em no encouragement. You wasn't never pestered thataway, was you, Noisy Boy?"

"No," says Andy.

"I reckoned you hadn't been. . . . Going to town tomorrow to blow your wages?"

Andy nodded.

"It won't be Blueblanket when we get through," says Carlos. "We'll sure paint it as red as the red, red rose that's newly sprung in June. We'll see what the Blueblanket girls look like. You watch 'em flutter when Carlos B. Gruby steps out on the floor."

Andy shook his head.

"No? Why, if here ain't Mister Limberfinger! You going to town tomorrow, Mister Limberfinger?"

"I aim to," says Guy. "I reckon you're going to bust all the banks and drink up all the licker and whip all objectors to a frazzle. How about it? Do you carry your licker pretty well, or do you get the shouting blind staggers about the second round of drinks? No offense."

"I can drink a bar'l and tread a chalk line plumb center," says Carlos. "I can outdrink a dissipated double-hump camel and you could never tell it on me. I'll show you how I can carry my licker, Mister Limberfinger."

"It'll be right curious to see," says Guy, real agreeable. "Some folks get to shooting off their mouths and blowing how good they are when they're under the influence. I wonder!"

He walked away before Carlos could ask him what he wondered.

"That boy doesn't like me," says Carlos. "There's something wrong about him. I reckon I'll have to break him in two sometime."

Well, they all three went to town; but Andy didn't linger long after he'd blown his month's wages, which he done at Harry Gayhart's, the jeweler's. I seen Lorena a-wearing the bracelet the next dance I went to, and it looked right pretty. Guy Shope come home alone, too, but later on, and he was in a right pleasant humor the next morning. As for Carlos, he stayed right where the marshal put him—in the calaboose—and didn't get back until after Andy had found an excuse to ride out Cottonwood way. Carlos claimed that he was taking a cat nap when the marshal gathered him in, and somebody had taken his gun and hid it when he wasn't noticing. He aimed to go back before many moons, properly heeled and packing a bag of salt to sow broadcast on the site of what was formerly Blueblanket before he destroyed it and massacred the marshal. He wanted to know what Mister Limberfinger was a-doing to let a friend be treated the way he'd been treated.

"I reckon I must have been plain, honest drunk and unconscious," says Guy. "I tried to keep up with you, but I can't carry my licker the way you can. When I come to and seen you wasn't around I concluded you'd gone back to the ranch. I'd have tore the calaboose down with my bare hands to let you out if I'd known you was in there."

Over at Lane's ranch on Cottonwood, Andy was being examined and cross-examined. Why hadn't he brought his

(Continued on Page 75)

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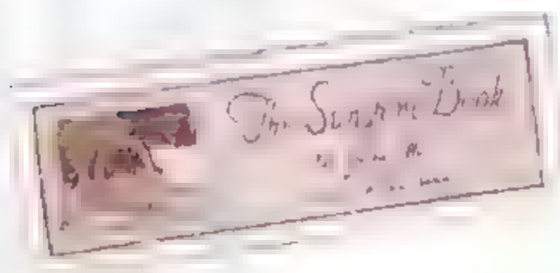

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Biscuits
Fresh and Crisp

NATIONAL MAZDA AUTO LAMPS

They're in your Home
Put them in your Car

(Continued from Page 70

dear friend, Mr. Gruby, along? What was Mr. Gruby doing in town? What kind of fun? Was he drinking and gambling, for instance? Why didn't Andy know? Didn't Andy drink any? Sure it was only one drink? Why? Didn't Mr. Gruby ask him to have another? Oh! Well, did Mr. Gruby find any señoritas? Why didn't Andy know? Why didn't he trail along? Didn't Mr. Gruby want him to? Oh, didn't Andy like señoritas? That would do to tell.

"Well," she says finally, "I don't see what you went to town for. Nor why you didn't stay when you got there and join your dear, precious friend in his harmless little amusements. There wasn't no need of you hanging back on my account—if it was on my account. And I want you to quit saying them sort of things to me. It's not going to do you any good. I've told you that often enough, haven't I?"

"Yes," says Andy.

"Well then. . . . But you haven't told me what you went to town for."

Andy went down into his pocket.

"Why, Andy! Oh, ain't that lovely! But, Andy, I ain't going to take it. I am not, either. No, indeed! Why, Andy, you could have bought a couple more cows for what you must have paid for this. Now take it off again for me. I oughtn't to have put it on, even. Aren't you going to take it off for me?"

"No," says Andy.

I guess they compromised it. Lorena wouldn't accept it, but she'd keep it for him for a while until he saw Harry Gayhart and made him take it back. All the same, she thought it was real nice of Andy to think of her, but she did wish he wouldn't be so foolish.

Andy couldn't stay long that time, although Lorena seemed quite willing to let him; but he went away feeling pretty good. He allowed that if he didn't get no setback maybe some of these times he might be able to talk Lorena into marrying him. He'd been trying to—sort of hinting—for more than a year then; but it was a mighty hard thing to come right out and ask a girl like Lorena to tie up with a freckled, bow-legged cow hand that hadn't got nothing but a half interest in the ranch his cousin was running in partners across the Nebraska line, and the few head of cattle and ponies that was on it. And if he did start to ask her she always headed him off. But it would be elegant if he did sometime get her. One thing, she seemed to like him better than any of the rest of the boys. Looked like he had the edge. Prob'ly too much to expect, but it would sure be elegant.

Lorena went down to the bars with him.

"Don't forget to bring Mr. Gruby along with you next time," she says. "Tell him I'm real nice. You think I'm real nice, don't you, Andy? Do you like me as much as you do him?"

Andy had a big notion to get down off his horse again, but he concluded from the way she smiled and the mischief in her blue eyes that she was just trying to plague him.

"Different," he says. "So long."

He looked back a couple of times and she was still leaning her arm on the bars like she wasn't in no hurry to get back to the house. She waved to him, and Andy waved back and started to sing as he rode on.

I felt sorry for Andy. We all of us felt sorry for him. You wouldn't think that a man that was a number one judge of cattle and had made the trades that he'd made would have been so simple. But the fact was that he'd got to thinking that the sun rose and set in Carlos B.'s breeches. The way he'd sit and listen to Carlos, the way he'd laugh at his jokes and horseplay, the way he'd watch him at work cutting out cattle or in the branding corral, proud as if he'd been his daddy! One thing, I reckon, that accounted for his foolishness was the gift of the gab Carlos had; as for the rest, Andy was no slouch himself. I said he was mejum; but he was more than that—a good man anywhere you put him. But Carlos was this and Carlos was that, and nothing would do him but Lorena must see Carlos and admire him like he deserved to be admired.

So off they set one bright sunny Sabbath morning, Carlos in his fiesta clothes with a new red silk handkerchief around his neck, riding his prancing black mustang, with the Spanish saddle's silverwork and the conchas on his chaps sparkling in the sun; Andy riding alongside on his shaggy claybank in his best clothes that might have been a heap better and his time-worn pet hat shading his freckled face and not a speck of silver on him, excepting for the dollar or so in his pants pocket. A mighty uninteresting spectacle Andy looked, and I leave you to judge which of them filled Lorena's eyes as they rode up to the porch, where she was a-standing.

Off drops Carlos, light and graceful for all his size, and he come nigh onto brushing the ground with the rim of his embroidered sombrero as he made his congee to the lady.

"Make you acquainted with my friend Mr. Gruby," says Andy, all in one torrent of speech. "Carlos, this here is Miss Lorena Lane."

"I'm proud and happy, ma'am," says Carlos. "I'm sure honored and distinguished. I've been a-looking forward to this here meeting with a considerable impatience; but if I'd have known what I was a-going to have the happiness and delight of meeting and seeing, I make bold to say that I wouldn't have waited for Mr. Scudmore to bring me. I'd have flown on the wings of the wind, as the fellow says, paregorically speaking. And here Noisy Boy has been a-shacking along as if there hadn't been nothing in the world to make him want to hurry."

He showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile and twisted his mustache. Lorena put her finger in her mouth like she was kind of embarrassed when he started in, but she took it out again when he had finished.

"Is Noisy Boy your horse's name?" she asks him.

Carlos haw-hawed and slapped his leg.

"That's a good one," he says. "Why, no, ma'am, that's the name I give Mr. Scudmore here, account of the clack he keeps up with his tongue. Haw-haw-haw!"

"I done told you ——" Andy begun; but Lorena shut him right off.

"There he goes again," she says. "You sure can't get in a word edgeways when he's around."

Then she laughed and Carlos laughed and Andy laughed.

"I hope you won't think up some awful name for me," says Lorena. "I declare I'm afraid of you, Mr. Gruby."

"No need of you being afraid of me," says Carlos, with a tender light in the eyes that was so dog-gone fierce to the rest of the world. "As for names," he says, "I've just been a-thinking of one or two that would fit you like a glove. They come into my head the moment I seen you. I'll whisper them to you sometime when there ain't no third parties around."

"And when we're better acquainted," Lorena suggests gently.

"Which won't take no thousand years," says Carlos. "You and me wasn't born to be strangers. We've lost a heap of time getting acquainted, but I'm the best hand at making up for lost time you ever seen when I realize I've been missing something I like right well. We'll be better acquainted, *dulce corazóne de mi alma*, and don't you forget it."

"I feel I know you right well already," says Lorena. "What did you say, Andy?"

"Nothing," replied Andy.

"That's so, you didn't," says she, and just then Old Man Lane comes up; and pretty soon, discovering that Carlos was the best judge of a horse in the states and territories, pappy takes him off to look at a colt he had. They took the mustang and Andy's claybank with them.

"Well?" says Andy, grinning pridefully at Lorena.

Lorena clasped her hands together and rolled her eyes upward.

"My, but he's splendiferous!" she exclaims. "In all my born days I never seen anything so handsome! In all my maiden dreams I never imagined anything so perfectly jim-dandy! Isn't he the elegantest figure of a man? So smart too! And the things he says!"

"Wisht I could," says Andy, sort of sorrowful.

"You wouldn't if you would," says she. "But doesn't he thrill a person?"

"Thought you'd like him," says Andy.

"Like!" says she. "But don't you tell him what I said."

"I won't."

She sighed and threw her head back and closed her eyes.

"But don't ——" Andy starts.

"Don't what?"

"Nothing."

After a little, pappy and Carlos comes back, and Andy didn't say much of anything more until him and Carlos was on their way back in the late afternoon. Not much then. Carlos talked steadily for a couple of miles about how entertaining he was, and finally he says, "Well, I'm glad you brung me, Noisy Boy. I reckon you're sorry though, ain't you?"

"No," says Andy. And then, "Why?"

Carlos laughed.

"Well, you can't blame me, Noisy Boy," he says. "I done warned you."

They rode on quite a piece.

Then Andy says, "You know, she's my girl."

"Are you dead sure and certain of that?" Carlos asks him.

Andy turned that over in his mind. Finally he says, "No," and there wasn't no more discussion of the subject just then.

It was quite a while after that that they had another heart-to-heart confab—after Andy had rode to Cottonwood twice and found Carlos there before him and left him there when he went; after Carlos had took Lorena to the dance at Calico Cañon—where I seen Lorena wearing the bracelet that she was a-taking care of for Andy—and it made me hot under the collar. I found out afterwards that she had been much about the same to him as she generally was before folks when he went to the ranch, but Carlos had sort of took up most of the space. Andy didn't have no particular adventures to relate that he thought would have been of interest, so both times he slid out after Carlos had been holding the floor about so long. He had a notion that Lorena was a-laughing at him and he didn't feel no fit subject for mirth right then. And he told me afterwards that at the dance Lorena got a little miffed when he allowed that he'd only be a-spoiling her good time when she might be enjoying herself dancing with Carlos B. He didn't tell her that; he only shook his head when she asked him if he didn't want to dance with her. He didn't know exactly how to explain the way he felt to her so's she'd understand. He didn't blame her for going with Carlos. Any girl would have.

All the same, and although maybe it seemed sort of picayunish, he couldn't help thinking that Carlos might have picked some other girl when he could have had his pick anywheres; and after he'd turned it over in his mind a few days he put it to Carlos whether he mightn't have.

"Us being friends," he says.

"Noisy Boy," says Carlos, kind and gentle, "I'm right sorry for you—and us being friends is right. But friendship don't cut no figure in a case like this here. It's every man for himself and the girl for whoever she damn pleases. Now you're reasonable and open to argument, and you wouldn't want a girl that thought more of another man than she did of you, would you?"

"Yes," says Andy.

He reelized it then. He'd been turning it over in his mind and he knew he wanted Lorena Lane whether or no. No two ways about it. He'd always wanted her, sort of. Now it was a heap more than that.

Carlos twisted his mustache.

"Maybe you do," he says; "but how about her? She's seen you a heap of times, and she's seen me. I don't want to brag, but I know how to handle a woman and you don't. I ain't saying nothing myself, but I reckon she's got eyes and ears. She's seen me ride too. I broke her pappy's colt for him. And she's seen me shoot. I showed her one day. Oh, shucks, be reasonable! I ask you which one of us two do you reckon she favors?"

"You," says Andy.

"Now we come to another thing: What do two men most generally do when they're both stuck on the same girl and there ain't neither willing to quit?"

"Fight," says Andy, sort of hopeless.

"That's right, *compañero*—fight. And if you and me went into a rough and tumble, who do you reckon would come out on top?"

"You," says Andy.

Carlos started to sing, soft and mournful:

"Then play the fifes lowly and beat the drum slowly,
And play the Dead March as you bear me along;
And dig my grave deeply and throw the clods o'er me,
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Noisy Boy, if we was to shoot it out, who do you reckon would need the kind attentions of the coroner?"

"Me," says Andy, getting up from the log they was setting on and starting for the bunk house.

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A great many office executives buy **Sikes Chairs** because of their appearance and reasonable price. *But*, after a few months' use you would not swap the comfort of your **Sikes** Office *Easy* Chair for the beauty of a Louis Quinze.

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BOTH external brakes should act with equal pressure, so that each does its share of the work. Test the brakes for "equalization". You may be wearing away the lining on *one* band and not the other. This means that *one* brake only is being used. Your car will skid easily and soon there will be a bill for new lining.

THE "EQUALIZATION" TEST

Select a dry road. Drive at 20 miles an hour. Throw out clutch and apply brakes so as to *lock* wheels. After the car has stopped, note where each wheel began to "grip" the surface of the road.

If tire marks of each wheel begin at the same place, your brakes are equalized. If one mark is longer than the other, (note illustration) your brakes are not equal in action and an adjustment should *immediately* be made.

With equalized brakes, lined with Silver Edge Raybestos, you add to safety and—save many dollars often needlessly expended for new lining.

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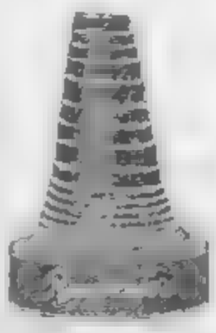

"Brake Inspection—Your Protection"

It was close to noon, and Guy Shope was the only one of the boys that had come in for dinner besides Andy and Carlos. Guy was in the bunk house playing a game of solitaire to give himself an appetite. He took one look at Andy's face and bunched his cards.

"Ain't feeling right well, are you, Andy?" says he.

"No," says Andy, and walked to the other end of the room and begun to roll him a cigarette.

"I'll bet a billion to a blind bridle I know what's ailing you," says Guy. "Say, Andy, why do you let that big blow-hard Carlos razzle-dazzle you the way he's done—and then do you dirt? Why don't you take and beat the stuffing out of the big-mouthed bladder? You could whip two of him and not half try. Ain't you got no backbone? Don't look at me thataway; I ain't done you no dirt. I'm talking to you as a friend—which Carlos ain't, the bragging, lying, gas-spouting hound. He's right fond and affectionate to himself and he'd do anything rather than have Carlos B. suffer, but it stops right there."

"Tell him," says Andy.

"I'll tell him, all right," says Guy, blinking hard. "When I get good and ready I'll surprise that swaggering, swelled-up toad with what I've got to tell him about himself. Oh, I've got it in for him good and plenty, the blethering, bellowing blatherskite! Why don't you lick him? You could wipe the ground with him. If you walked up to him and slapped his face he'd cry like a baby, the long-legged, lippy lummox—calling people out of their names. He's a bluff, that's all he is. He can ride some, but that ain't uncommon. You can ride. Egbert would have ridden that roan if the old man hadn't stopped him. He may be able to shoot tin cans, but he knows dog-gone well that the cans ain't going to shoot back at him. If you don't want to fist-fight him why don't you shoot the cussed circus calliope? He needs it the worst way."

Andy threw away the butt of his cigarette.

"Why don't you?" he asks.

"Me?" says Guy. "Oh, I ain't got nothing against him, personal. But if he'd stole my girl ——"

"Shut up!" says Andy.

"Just as you say," says Guy, getting up and moving tords the door. "Maybe you're right. A girl like Lorena Lane that ain't got no more good sense than to take up with ——"

Andy left his chair like it had a right powerful steel spring in it that somebody had sprung. Guy jumped, too, almost as quick, but he jumped spang into the arms of Carlos B. Gruby, who had been enjoying himself listening outside, and what Carlos done to him was aplenty. Guy wasn't altogether unresisting, but he lacked about fifty pounds of the right heft and he was sort of took by surprise. By the time Milt and me had got to the scene of action, Guy had got his knock-out and Carlos B. was a-standing over him, noble and victorious, with his chest a-heaving and his eyes a-flashing.

"That'll learn him to talk insulting about a lady when I'm around!" says Carlos.

It was just about the time of the beef round-up and old Milt figured to ship a few carloads from Maravene, so for the next week Andy and Chris Holling was out with the Z-Bell wagon while the rest of our outfit was combing the Witch Creek and Cottonwood country. Along about the time they'd got the round-up to Gilleson's Flat to hold there, Old Man Lane happened along looking for some strays that he owned, and he took Andy off to one side and give him a little package.

"Lorena told me to give this here to you, Andy," he says. "Also she told me to tell you that she'd like you to keep away from her from this on."

"Yes," says Andy.

"Yes," says the old man. "You'll save yourself grief, mebbe. Hold on! I don't know whether I got the right of this, but the story is that this here Gruby that's been making himself so numerous around my place whipped Guy Shope for making slighting remarks about my gal. Is that right? I'll take your word afore I would two thousand one hundred and twenty of hisn."

Andy nodded.

"And you a-standing by and not saying a word or lifting a finger? Is that true?"

"Part," says Andy.

"No part about it. It's true or it ain't."

"Wasn't no need of saying nothing," says Andy. "I was going to paste him, but I didn't, because Gruby was right atop of him. You see ——"

"I see," says Lane. "I'm right sorry, Andy, and I didn't believe it of you; but it looks like you'd ought to have been right atop of him first."

Before Andy could open his mouth he turned away, and the next thing Lane and his hired man was a-driving off their two cows.

Andy didn't open his package. He knowed what was inside of it without looking, and right then it come to him that he was through being reasonable as far as Carlos B. Gruby was concerned. He'd been wrastling with his reasonableness ever since Carlos and him had had their little chat by the woodpile, and up to now reasonableness had won out. He had told Lorena one time that he wasn't afraid of Carlos, and he wasn't. Wasn't afraid of nothing. Not built thataway. All the same, he'd keep out of the way of a cyclone if he seen one coming—being reasonable. He'd figure that as he couldn't outblow it, it was reasonable to dodge it. He'd had inclinations the last few days to get on his claybank and hunt Carlos up with the idee of crawling his hump; but he recollected somebody telling him about a little bull that charged a U. P. locomotive that was hooting at him sort of arrogant. Then his hand would stray to the butt of his six-gun—and he'd think of what Carlos had said to Chris: "See that finger? I crook it, so, and whatever I've throwed down on has a large, jagged, simultaneous hole in it."

Dig my grave deeply and throw the clods o'er me ——

Andy could almost hear and feel the clods a-falling. And what good would it do? Lorena might follow the coffin like the maidens in the song, but he wouldn't know it. Better be reasonable.

But now, with that package in his hand, he'd only one idee in his head. He wanted Lorena, whether or no, and Carlos was plumb in the way, even if there wasn't nothing else.

Fight!

The next morning it started to rain and kept on a-raining, and early if not bright along come me and the old man and Banty and Egbert and Guy and Carlos with the wagon and our little contribution to the general good—all we could handle. There wasn't no time lost after we arrived, the other outfits having already started cutting out. It wasn't no picnic, either, with the hoofs of the cattle churning the ground into slush and horses slipping and sprawling on the turns every once in a while. Mean work; and it was away after noon the next day when we got through, for the time being, and split up. On our way to Lower Witch, where Milt aimed to pick his shipment, we dribbled off quite a few of the herd onto our own range; but even so, we had a-plenty to keep us busy, and had to make another camp. It rained all night and was still a-raining come daylight; but finally we got Banty and Egbert and a couple of extry hands Milt had hired started to throw back the main herd and we was off on our drive.

We wasn't a cheerful crowd as we started off, sweating under our slickers. The old man was feeling his rheumatiz a right smart and fretting about demurrage and whether the cars would be there, anyway, as subscribed and swore to by the company's agent at Maravene, who was a natural-born liar; but the chances was they would be this time, as we would prob'ly be twenty-four hours late or more, owing to this—well, this rain; and judging by Witch, White River would prob'ly be up too. And so on and so forth. Guy, he was still a-nursing his eye and running the tip of his tongue into the hole where a front tooth used to be; otherwise all right, only not cheerful. Andy was a-plugging along with his hat pulled well down in front and the water streaming from a break in the brim, a-thinking his thoughts and once in a while looking over sort of meditative at Carlos—who rode on the other flank—but tending to business.

Carlos wasn't by no means his old sunny self for some reason. Maybe his feelings was hurt, because Andy hadn't answered his howdy when they met up on Gilleson's Flat—only stared at him—and hadn't spoke to him sence. Carlos had laughed and asked him if the cat had got his tongue, but he hadn't waited for an answer, and he hadn't stared back for more'n a second.

(Continued on Page 78)

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EVERYONE at some time or other has seen a champion in action. There isn't much difference between a champion and a dub, till you get the two of them in a tournament together.

Bobby Jones looks like any other good appearing kid from Atlanta—till he limbers up and takes a practice swing.

Jack Dempsey is just an ordinary looking person till he steps into the ring.

And the Marmon is just an automobile till you get it out on the road and step on it.

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A Marmon car standing still is as out of place as an eagle in a cage or a Derby winner hitched to an apple cart.

All cars are pretty much alike till they try to function.

At twenty miles an hour on city paving any automobile is a good automobile and, under the eye of the traffic cops, there isn't much difference between a thousand dollar car and a three thousand dollar car.

But when you get beyond the city limits and the conditions get harder, you begin to weed out the sheep from the goats.

* * *

Marmon Difference Number One

The first big difference between a Marmon and other truly fine cars is its mechanical disposition—its mechanical manner—its attitude toward its job

It reminds you of a perfectly trained and perfectly conditioned athlete who is so fit that work which pulls the other fellow's cork is mere child's play for him.

You can't get it fussed up or red in the face. It has a great big, unused mechanical reserve and can afford to be good natured.

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And the Marmon is probably the only fine car in the world with the same kind of uncanny, mysterious road adhesiveness—with automatic self-balance.

You soon learn that you can give it its head, like an intelligent trained horse.

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You do not drive a Marmon—you *operate* it. In other words, the car does the work—you merely watch and regulate its progress.

The steering wheel of a Marmon is the quickest thing there is to take a hint, and, at the same time, the most steadfast.

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But you go out in a Marmon and hit two hundred yards of soft gravel without a wabble, then let any salesman try to erase that demonstration from your mind.

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You cannot possibly know what the Marmon does, till you, yourself, have the experience —*personally.*

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If there is such a thing as a hairy fisted man falling in love with a machine, that thing can happen with respect to the Marmon.

Strong men have fallen in love with good ships, good horses, good battalions and good cannon. Why should they feel any less strongly toward a good automobile?

MARMON

You've got to judge everything in its natural element—airplanes in the air—soldiers in battle—the Marmon car in actual road action. ¶*The* only way you can possibly appreciate the difference between Marmon and any other fine car is to get the Marmon on its home grounds—out on the road. Don't let it be said that you've never driven a Marmon.

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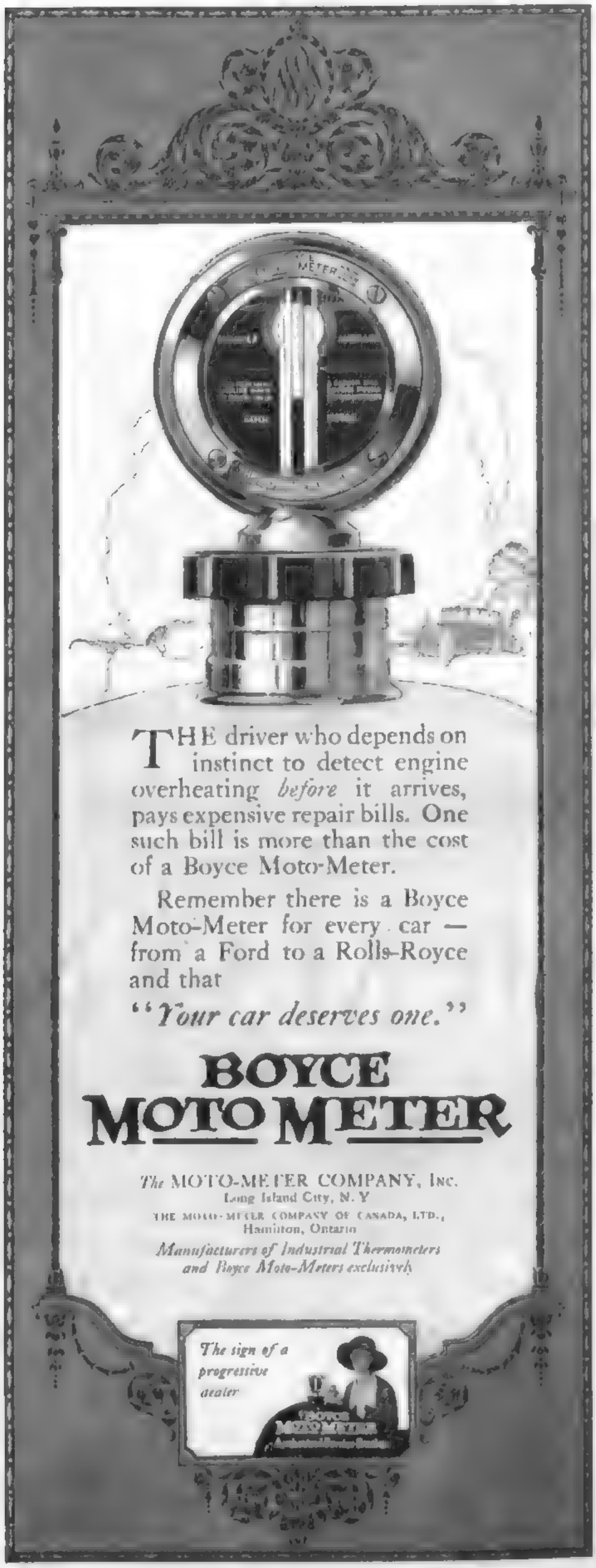

THE driver who depends on instinct to detect engine overheating *before* it arrives, pays expensive repair bills. One such bill is more than the cost of a Boyce Moto-Meter.

Remember there is a Boyce Moto-Meter for every car — from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce and that

"Your car deserves one."

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The sign of a progressive dealer

Continued from Page 76

Andy took a step after him, but stopped short. Carlos had worked well and pretty, though, and he was as gay and gabby as ever at the Z-Bell chuck wagon, where he was invited to eat supper. I reckon he made what you might call a social success with that outfit. But when he got back to us he didn't say hog, dog or devil, but spread his tarp and blankets under the wagon and retired. Same way the next night, only Chris and I beat him to the space under the wagon. At breakfast he had as little to say as Andy

"Carlos must be a-sickening for something," I says to Guy Shope after we'd nooned and taken up our march.

Guy smiled like a timber wolf.

"He's been sick ever since he got back from Cottonwood a week ago," he says. "I only need one eye to see that. Him and Andy has got the same complaint, if I ain't mistook. There's blood on the moon, anyhow, and you tell Andy to watch the sick man particular close when he's got his slicker unbuttoned. I'd tell him myself, but he ain't feeling friendly tords me no more. I'm watching Mister Limberjaw myself and I don't like his symptoms. You tell Andy to keep both eyes skinned."

"Shucks!" I says. "It's just because we-all have been a mite unfriendly to pore Carlos that he's acting glum. He's used to being appreciated."

"Have it your own way; but there's going to be trouble, and if Andy doesn't kill that low-down greaser half-breed—somebody else might," says Guy. "Think it over, Sam."

Well, I thought it over and I kept both my eyes skinned. It quit raining after a while and most all of us unbuttoned our slickers and took 'em off. I seen Carlos feel for his gun and hitch it forward a little the first thing, and look over at Andy as he done so; I seen Guy noticed what I did, and that he followed suit. Natural enough, but after a while I asked Guy to let me see his gun a moment. He wanted to know what for and I winked at him mysterious, so he handed it over and I slipped it into my inside coat pocket.

"I'll get Gruby's tonight, and Andy's too," I told him. "That'll be fair all round. Don't cuss, boy, unless you want things to come to a showdown right now. Here comes the old man. Want me to put it up to him?"

Guy wasn't real pleased, but here comes old Milt loping up to us. He'd rode ahead right after dinner to see how the river was and he'd found out.

"What did I tell you?" he shouts. "Didn't I say she'd be up? Now we'll be stuck here like as not, and —— Pound 'em along! Move 'em lively! Move 'em!"

He spurred away to Chris.

"Get 'em on the run!" he yells. "Hustle 'em! River's a-rising fast and we've got to move fast. Andy, we've got to make that crossing. River's coming up."

Well, you couldn't argue with him, so we moved 'em along, and lively. But when we finally got to the ford it looked as if there wasn't none. Just a rush of muddy water with patches of foam and enough litter of drift to give some idee of the rate it was rushing. Carlos B. looked at it with the rest of us.

"I reckon not," he says. "Here's where we camp, men and fellow citizens. Good thing it's stopped raining so she may go down."

Milt looked at him mighty sour.

"That so?" he asks. "Well, I wonder if you'd mind if we tried to cross right now, seeing that she'll be a-running bank full afore morning. Maybe you'll be so kind as to ride your horse across first so we can see how deep it is. I'd be obliged."

Carlos had got his hat on his ear again and his tongue loose.

"I'll sure be glad to oblige you, suh, if you'll furnish me a ferryboat," he says. "I guess that water to be about two inches deeper than what I am. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'd hate to try and find I was right."

Andy didn't wait to be asked. He splashed right in; and after all, it wasn't much more than belly-deep, except in some places, and in others it was less, although the current was a-going strong. But we got to work and in a few minutes we had the herd started. It wasn't easy work or a short job, even after they was headed right; but well strung out and personally conducted, we was near the end, when an extry big bunch of drift with some heavy stuff in it come sailing along in midstream, and before anybody could do much more than holler here was twenty-odd head off the lower edge of the ford and sailing along with the drift. One of 'em struck an iron pile of the railroad bridge just below, and we could hear his head smash before he went under. Two more hit that dog-gone bridge the same way, but the rest all but a few made a landing on a little sort of an island—what they call a towhead on the old Missouri—sand and brush. And there they was. And what about it?

After we'd got the rest across we talked it over. The banks was high at the bridge and below it on both sides, so you couldn't get a horse into the water to swim it to the towhead without starting at the ford, which, on account of the bridge, wasn't noways advisable. On the far side of the river, which we was now on, and a considerable piece below the towhead, there was a break in the bank and a sand spit running out from it a ways. If the cattle could be started off the island on the far side they'd prob'ly land on the spit. But how to get them started?

"You might hold out a ear of corn and call 'em," says Carlos.

Milt turned on him, savage as a meat ax, and I think in about half a second he'd have jumped Carlos B.'s frame; but just then somebody wanted to know what Andy was a-doing on the bridge, and we all looked. Andy seemed to be a-disrobing. By the time we got to him he was mother-naked and fastening the end of his rope to a steel rod running into a stringer and letting it dangle by one of the two main supports.

"Take them," he says, looking up at us and pointing to his clothes. "Don't spill nothing."

"What in Sam Hill are you a-going to do, Andy?" Milt asks him.

"Get 'em off," says Andy, swinging his legs around and looking down.

"Get them duds of yours on again, you crazy fool!" says the old man. "That ain't no swimming hole. Let the cattle go; I can afford to lose 'em better than I can afford to lose a man. You can't swim nohow, can you?"

"No," says Andy.

"Then what ——"

He made a grab, but he was too late. Andy had swung off and was climbing down to the water. Milt and Chris ran back along the footboard, climbed their horses and raced for the spit. I lay on my belly, looking over, and saw Andy holding onto his rope and with a heel hold on the ironwork a few inches above the water that was a-rushing by. Finally he seen what he wanted—a right sizable cottonwood log a-bobbing along. He made a jump and the next thing there he was, a-scooting along ten miles an hour or better tords the island.

For just about a minute it looked as if he wasn't going to make it and the current was going to sweep him the wrong side of the towhead, for all he kicked like a sternwheeler; but all of a sudden we seen the log swerve and carry him tol'able close in, and he let go that moment and went under. Good-by, Andy! But no, up bobbed his head and his hand shot out and caught a willow. Up come his shoulders and the rest of him, and I picked up his boots and his clothes, real careful, and toted them over to the wagon.

I reckon it was one of the comicalest sights I'd seen up to then—Andy dancing around in that brush and hollering and throwing sticks to haze them steers off. He looked right comical, too, when he come up to the wagon after they was all landed, with Milt and the boys whooping and love-patting him as he came. Right comical! But Carlos B. made a mistake laughing like he done. He like to fell off the wagon tongue he was setting on as Andy come up.

But Andy wasn't a-laughing none—not after Carlos started to bray—and he kept on a-coming like he had business. I'd often noticed Andy's eyes. They looked at you steady and kind, and sometimes with a twinkle in 'em that you liked; but I don't call to mind that I'd ever seen 'em look like they done then; and, bow legs and all, he didn't look so much comical as like something you'd want to keep out of the way of. He came quicker, crouching forward a little and with his arms out from his sides and his elbows bent and his fingers open and curved in.

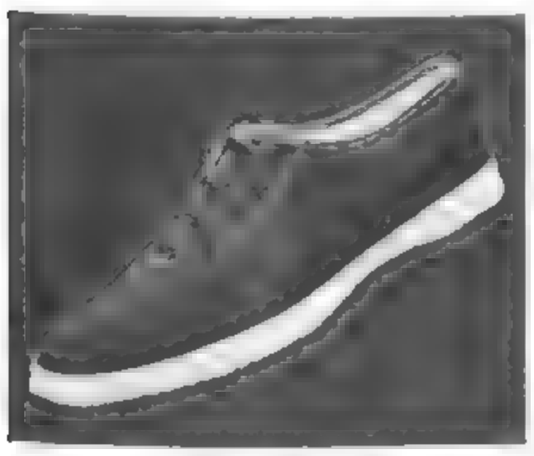
"Carlos," he says, "I'm a-going to rumple your hair."

Mr. Gruby's hat went a-spinning and both Andy's hands grabbed his raven-black locks that he kept slicked down so elegant, with the cunning curl plastered down on his forehead. In one holy second that

(*Continued on Page 81*)

ATHLETIC-TRIM KEDS

Keds with athletic-trim come in various styles —lace-to-toe and lace-to-instep, black, brown, and grey trim. They are built for the hardest sports and vacation wear.



A KEDS OXFORD

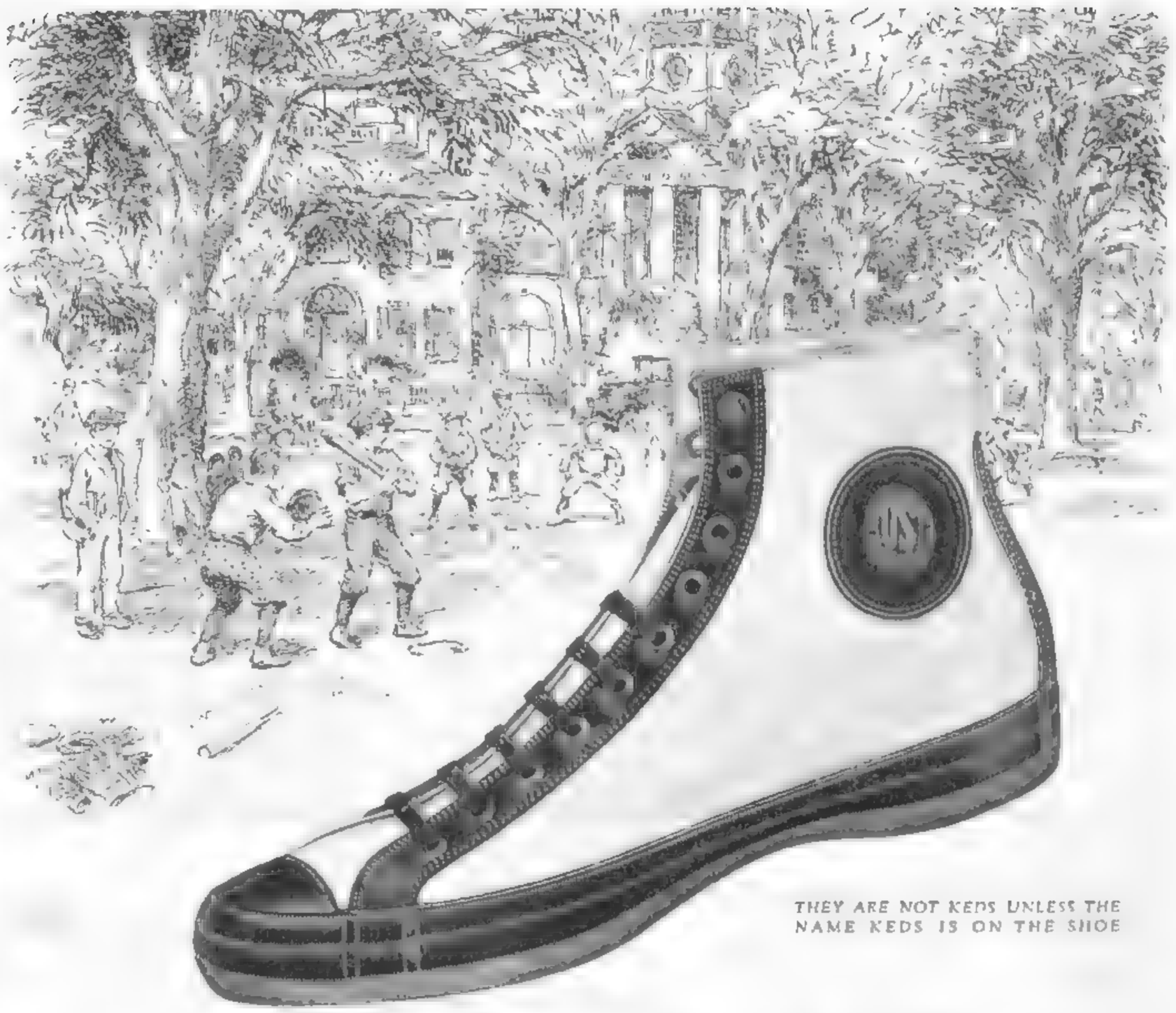
One of the many Keds styles designed for general wear as well as for sports. This model has a brown canvas upper. Similar styles in white. All sizes.

A KEDS MODEL WITH CREPE SOLE

Crepe Sole Keds are distinguished by springy lightness, ground grip and long wear. Keds Crepe Soles are vulcanized which makes them tough, and gives the greatest possible adhesion between sole and upper. Insist on Keds

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50.

Keds with athletic-trim are not only standard for sport and vacation wear, but are also the ideal long-wearing every-day summer shoe for boys and girls of all ages. Keds with Crepe Soles are the choice of thousands of tennis players—including the ten leading players in the country. Other Keds include attractive pumps and oxfords for street, home and all outdoor wear.



THEY ARE NOT KEDS UNLESS THE NAME KEDS IS ON THE SHOE

How the boys in a small New England village help make Keds *the longest-wearing sports shoes in the world*

THEY'RE much like other boys. They race and tear through village streets, play baseball, climb fences and trees and are in general "hard on their shoes."

The shoes they wear look much like the shoes other boys are wearing, too.

There's a difference, however.

They wear Keds *on one foot only*. On the other they wear shoes that are *not* Keds.

At the end of several months' time these boys report to the big Keds factory at one end of town. Here, in the Testing Laboratories, the wear of both shoes is carefully checked and compared.

Tests like these help to explain how the long-wearing quality of Keds is constantly maintained—and why millions of people have found that, whenever they buy canvas rubber-soled shoes, *it pays to insist on Keds*.

Keds are a complete line of canvas rubber-soled shoes, varying in price according to grade, size and style—from $1.25 to $4.50.

Keds are not only the leading shoes for sports but their long-wearing quality makes them the ideal summer footwear for the active feet of growing boys and girls. They are built to stand the continuous racing and tearing about—games, hikes and camping trips—of vacation time. Strong, tough, durable, every pair means an unusual saving.

It is important to remember that all canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company.

They come in a wide range of styles and prices. But every pair of Keds is built to give longer wear and better service

And every Keds shoe has the name Keds on it.

If you want the standard shoes for sports of every kind—if you want shoes for a boy who seems to "go through" everything—if you want the longest-wearing quality your money can buy—look for the name Keds!

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, are in the new Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. R-2, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

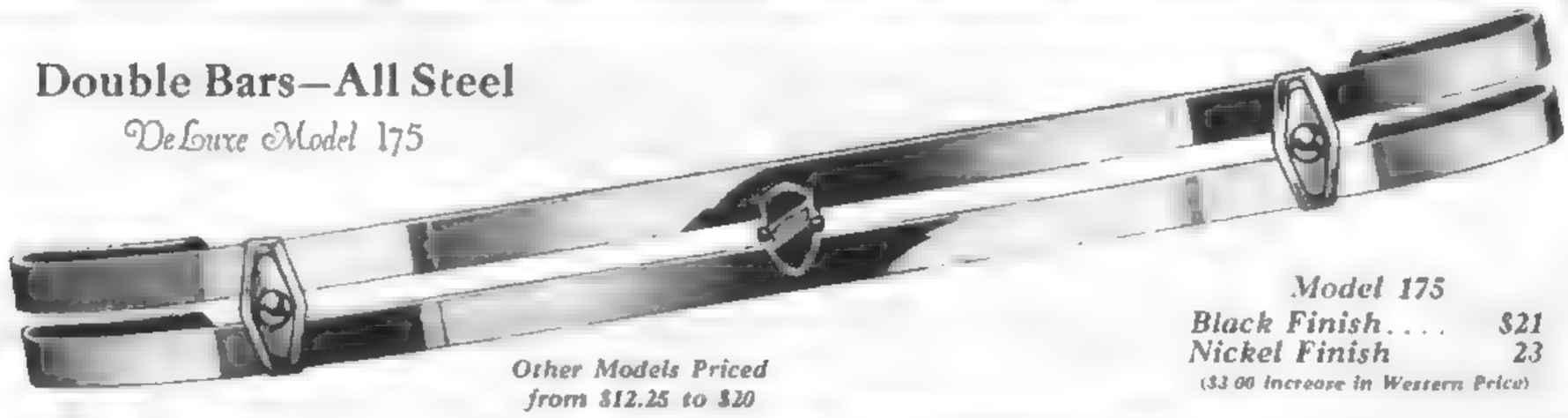
Used on 9 Million Cars

Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

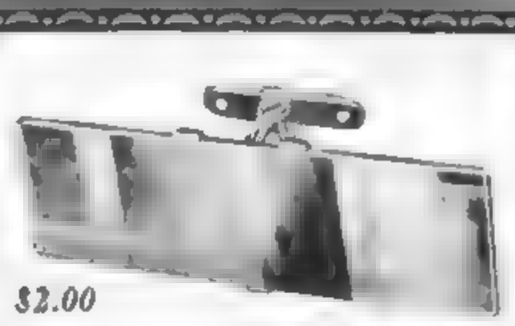
Double Bars—All Steel

DeLuxe Model 175



Other Models Priced from $12.25 to $20

Model 175
Black Finish.... $21
Nickel Finish 23
($3.00 increase in Western Price)



$2.00

Stewart

Rear-Vision Mirror

A CAR-OWNER doesn't realize how necessary a mirror is until he uses one. Then he finds he can't do without it.

The man who wishes to stop, or turn a corner, and looks behind for an instant to see how close other cars may be, is just asking for trouble.

A Stewart Mirror is accident insurance you can't be without.

$7.50
(Western Price $7.75)

Stewart

Electric Windshield Cleaner

THE strong, steady sweep of the Stewart keeps the glass crystal-clear in the heaviest rain or snow-storm. As it is operated from the battery and not from the car's engine, the Stewart will not slow down or stop when you suddenly "step on the gas." It is always on the job when you need it.

$5.00
(Western Price $5.25)

Stewart

Motor-Driven Horn

THE finest motor horn made for such a low price. It never fails to operate when you press the button.

A loud, full-lunged warning note that clears a way through traffic. That can be heard far ahead on dangerous country roads.

Cars ahead pay no attention to a horn that whispers its warnings. Equip your car with a Stewart. It shouts its commands.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

Continued from Page 78

lovely hair of hisn was mussed something scandalous; and then crack! went Andy's horny hand on the side of Mr. Gruby's cheek.

Lightning on the draw. So he was But old Milt Sowash was some little electric disturbance himself, once he started Two streaks of lightning—and the Milt Sowash flash struck first, by gollies! Before that handsome pearl-handled .45 could speak Milt's old claw had caught the wrist of the hand that held it, twisted it back and out of the hand, slewed Gruby half round and

Here come Guy, like a rattlesnake out of its coil. The gun had dropped on the ground; but I don't believe Guy noticed it, to do him justice. All Guy cared about was to get his teeth set in Carlos B.'s throat. Over went Carlos backward, and Milt and Guy atop of him.

Then Andy He grabbed Guy by the neck, gave a heave, and Guy was, as you might say, completely detached, and a yard away. Milt followed him, jerked by the arm, but he was up again like a rubber ball

"My fight!" roars Andy, getting in front of him. "My fight!"

Carlos was up and looking for his gun. Out come old Milt's weepun, and Carlos took a couple of steps back and threw up his hands. It looked like old Milt was boss, after all. And he had an idee.

"Andy's fight!" he shouts. "But it's a-going to be a square one. Boys, pile in here and strip that murdering yellow dog to his measly hide. Don't hurt him, but don't leave him a solitary stitch of clothes advantage over Andy"

There was a yell from one and all and over went Carlos again. Willing hands tugged at his vest, tore at his shirt, yanked off boots and spurs and all and sundry. In just about three minutes the job was done and they let him up and stood clear.

And there they was, two sons of Adam in the strickly original costume. But, gosh, it looked bad for Andy, broad-chested and stocky as he was! Carlos as straight as a string and tall as a tree, with the fine muscles swelling and sinking under his skin all over his body with every move—and we all knew how quick he could move. Nearly a head taller than Andy and a heap longer reach. He sure looked pretty. Only his smile wasn't pretty and his eyes was here, there and everywhere, while Andy looked nowheres but at him.

"Wait a moment," says Carlos, as Andy moved forward. "I want room according to my stren'th. Over this way, if you'd just as soon."

He turned and took two slow steps, looking about him. Then, before anybody realized it, he made four leaps that a blacktail buck couldn't have beat. Three of 'em covered what ground there was between him and his horse and the fourth landed him in the saddle with the reins in his hand. Both bare heels socked into the mustang's flanks and off they went, a-scooting and a-flying, down the low ground, down the river bank and into the ford afore we was sure he was a-quitting us. Then a yell went up from all hands that stampeded a bunch of the steers.

"He's just remembered something he forgot and he's going back after it," says Chris. "Don't hustle me, Guy. What are you a-hunting?"

Guy found it. It was Carlos B.'s gun. He grabbed it, ran to his horse and was up and away, a good second on the back trail. Chris started to make a third in the race, but Milt called him back.

"I'll need you to help get them steers to Maravene," he says. "Get on your duds, Andy; it's no fight. That there male Lady Godiva's a-riding light and he's got the best horse. Guy won't never ketch him."

Guy didn't ketch him; so there wasn't no blood on the moon after all the gun flourishing. I reckon Carlos seen what I seen in Andy's eyes and his nerve left him with his gun. Anyway he didn't lose no time getting to the Half-Circle-Bar-Seven, where he sneaked into the bunk house while Banty and the others was asleep, collected what ness'ries he wanted and lit out for parts unknown. Guy come dragging in about sunup, but he was in good time to meet up with Old Man Lane, who happened along after breakfast.

"Shope," says papa, "I hearn tell you got one licking for speaking disrespectful about my daughter, but you look like you could stand another. So if you'll shed your coat ——"

But Guy wasn't feeling like scrapping.

"Now I'll tell you about that, Mr. Lane," he says, and he told him—told him the honest truth.

"Well," says Lane, "I dunno but what you was right about her, the way it looked. I reckon Mr. Gruby'll be back from Maravene in a few days, won't he?"

Guy told him about Mr. Gruby, too, and the outcome was that when Mr. Andrew Jackson Scudmore got back from Maravene he found what he wanted a-waiting for him.

"I never had a particle of use for him even before I saw him," says Lorena Lane to Mr. Scudmore. "Yes, I had too I had a use for him; but I gave him his walking papers before he started for the round-up. No, I didn't like him, and I didn't like having you like him. I allowed you liked him too well—and didn't like me enough. Did you bring that bracelet with you, Andy? Do you reckon you like me now as much as I want you to like me, Noisy Boy?"

"Yes," says Andy.

But after all, it wasn't so much what Andy said as the way he felt and the way he acted. He was feeling right good just then—elegant.

Sentinel Peak, Zion National Park, Utah

One Box Free See Coupon

The Kiss

At home coming—Give it May odors

Bring to every greeting a sweet breath. You owe it to one another.

One May Breath tablet will insure it. Not merely a perfumed breath to suggest concealment, but a purer, sweeter breath—a breath like spring.

Bad breath kills nearly every charm.

Cigars or cigarettes may cause it.

Or decaying food between the teeth.

Or affected teeth or gums.

Or a stomach disorder. Or certain foods or drinks

Eat a May Breath tablet to guard against such offense.

May Breath does not merely cover up the trouble, by hiding one odor with another. It is an antiseptic mouth wash put into tablet form. It purifies as well as deodorizes. It combats the odor, whether from the mouth or stomach.

Nice people everywhere now carry May Breath with them. They eat one whenever a sweet breath is important. They never risk offense.

Learn what they mean to you—the added charm—the risks which they avoid. Let us buy you a box to try Cut out the coupon and present it This is something you will want.

May Breath is candy tablets, designed to deodorize the breath. Not a mere perfume, but an antiseptic purifier. Carry it with you.

Cigar Odors
Kill them with a May Breath tablet before dinner

Sweet Words

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A May Breath tablet brings a breath like

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10c BOX FREE

For a box to try insert your name and address Mail to

MAY BREATH COMPANY

Dept. M-83, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

This Happens Sixty Times an Hour!

LOOK over your morning paper. There you get only the serious accidents, involving life and limb, in *one* locality. Think of all the "might have been serious" smashes for the whole country! One a minute is a conservative estimate!

All that stands between *you* and trouble is your brakes. Have a garage man inspect those brakes today.

And to be on the safe side, make it a garage man who does his relining with Thermoid Brake Lining. If your brakes need only slight adjustments, he will have your car "safetyized" in a jiffy. If the brakes need relining, you are sure to get Thermoid. And Thermoid is worth having.

Thermoid needs no breaking in or readjustment. For, Thermoid is "preshrunk," so to speak. The forty per cent. extra material in Thermoid is welded under tremendous heat and pressure into a dense, solid mass. There is no slack or "give" about it

In addition, Thermoid is "grapnalized"—an exclusive process which raises its friction and wear-resisting powers to the *nth* degree. From the first day, until the lining has worn to a shadow, Thermoid will slow your car smoothly and gently or bring it to a dead stop—as occasion demands

Let a "Thermoid" repairman line your brakes. Let him inspect, oil and clean them at reasonable intervals. Brake inspection charges can be reckoned in cents. Accidents are reckoned in dollars—sometimes in lives

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY, Trenton, N. J.

New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston, San Francisco, Cleveland, London, Paris, Turin

Makers of Rexoid Transmission Lining, Thermoid Tires, Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints

Thermoid
Hydraulic Compressed
Brake Lining

Will your car do this?

With Two Wheel Brakes

With Four Wheel Brakes

Thermoid

Notice the compact texture. Wears down slowly and uniform stripping

This chart shows the distances in which your car should stop—if your brakes are right.

Ordinary Woven Lining

McSQUISH

(Continued from Page 15)

that you can be a perfectly wonderful go-between, and—and why don't you console me, or something?"

"Young woman," I said with considerable difficulty, "I am upwards of sixty-seven, and you are meatier than you look. Both my legs are now paralyzed and my judgment has never yet been impaired by sentimentality."

"Mr. McPherson," said the mad creature, "strange though it may seem that after accepting your amorous advances I still address you as Mister McPherson—but even so, Mr. McPherson, you've got to help us! You've got to write and tell Bobbie's father that I'm the sweetest thing in the world and for him to give us an enormous check for a wedding present so we won't have to wait ages and ages until Bobbie's salary is big enough."

I coughed. "Mrs. McPherson," I said coldly, "waited seven years."

She continued to make tongs of her fingers and to curl me with them. "Yes, but how often did you wish you had a fairy godmother with a magic wand?"

"Young woman," I said with cumulative discomfort, "I have forged my own magic wand on the anvil of diligence and responsibility."

And now at last she got up. "Mr. McPherson," she said soberly, "I'm going to marry Bobbie anyway. Bobbie isn't a loafer; he isn't afraid to work; he's going to work! But did you enjoy waiting those seven years you spoke about?"

"But if I decline to intercede," I inquired, "you fancy that you would marry the lad nevertheless?"

"Yes," she said boldly. "I've got five hundred a year of my own!"

"Assuming," I said, "that Mr. Evans would not then be so upset that he would refuse to employ Bobbie at all, you would have a total of fifteen hundred a year—and New York is far from cheap. Are you then prepared to cook for him, serve him, wash and sweep and dust and mend for him—and save for him?"

"Yes," she said, with her eyes wide open. "Yes! And if you don't stand by us I'll have to—and I'm going to!"

Bobbie had his watch in his hand. "Time's getting close," he said, and he was not oversprightly.

I had been studying her intently, and I am a pretty good judge of character. I rose.

"Young woman," I said, "your arguments have been puerile and your emotionalism is very reprehensible. On the strict merits of the case, however, and without being in the slightest influenced by sentiment, I have decided to credit the sincerity of your alleged affections. A little housework would not injure you, but since I doubt if you possess sufficient domestic intelligence to manage on fifteen hundred a year, I will therefore recommend to your respective parents that you be suitably assisted."

She stood up on tiptoe and grasped my coat lapels. "Mr. McPherson," she said, "you are an old sweetie, and you've got the cutest Scotch accent I ever listened to, and I could adore you without half trying!" Which, of course, was mere blather.

And so they hurried off to put her on the noon train, but in less than an hour Bobbie hurried back again. I was genuinely irritated, for we are a firm of accountants and not a matrimonial agency.

"McSquish!" he bellowed. "Listen! The train was just pulling out when Dot told me she cabled home from Rome, day before yesterday, and spilled the beans before she knew how I stood with dad! Her father'll telephone mine, and there'll be merry Hades, and she'll have to face it all alone! She was too scared and too plucky to tell us! And my own booking isn't for two weeks and I can't change it, because there isn't any other space! I've tried. I thought of course Dot would keep it a secret till I got there with a twenty-page letter from you! But ——"

"Compose yourself, Hotspur," I said. "And let us consider the facts impartially. One, both your fathers are men of quick decisions. Two, they will undoubtedly be very much incensed to receive this startling information in such a summary manner. Three, you have no opportunity to discuss the financial arrangements before they will have made up their minds, uncomplimentarily. Four, the young woman will be the target of disapprobation from both families. Five, on arrival you will face an accumulated opposition of a week's growth. Those are the facts. I draw from them a deduction. Bobbie, it would have been more politic for you to have fortified yourself with my recommendations and sailed on the Imperial and met the issue squarely at the earliest possible date."

He made wild motions at me. "Of course it would! But she sails from Cherbourg at four o'clock tomorrow morning, and there isn't one single solitary vacant bunk—not even in the steerage!"

"Bobbie," I said, "I am a man of few words and I have no sentiments. But I believe that the young woman would be cheerful and thrifty and have healthy children. I will therefore meet you at your hotel at punctually five o'clock this afternoon, and in the meantime I will take whatever steps seem to be expedient. Incidentally, have you a photograph of the young woman or your person?"

"Yes. What for?"

"Let me look at it," I said, and after noting that it was a reasonably good likeness I put it in my pocket. "I will return it to you," I said, "at five o'clock. In the meantime, since we are in a weak and sentimental country, it may be useful to me."

I occupied the next few minutes in formulating my plans, for I had much to accomplish in a short time. I then summoned one of my native functionaries, named Boisselat, and we proceeded to the Intercontinental Steamship Company, where I requested an interview with the president. I was advised that without a formal appointment it was impossible, but that if I stated the nature of my mission I might perhaps consult Mr. Cogniet, the executive assistant.

"I am here," I said, "to discuss a certain amount of American passenger business in relation to your ship the Imperial."

"Ah," said the clerk. "Then you want to see the general passenger agent."

"Excuse me for questioning the accuracy of your information," I said, "but I prefer the presidential assistant."

"If it is strictly a passenger affair," he said, "the rule is that you must first see the agent, and as a matter of fact he is positively engaged until half past four."

I considered my allowance of time. "That will not do," I said. "Has he a secretary?"

Accordingly a young foreigner appeared, and I studied him for a moment, and having no false sentiments I am moderately clear-sighted.

"Boisselat," I said, "tell this gentleman, discreetly, that I appraise him as a very inferior type of secretary. Tell him that I will wager him one thousand francs that he cannot obtain me an interview with his chief within thirty minutes, on an important matter affecting passenger traffic on the Imperial."

My remarks having been translated, the secretary looked piercingly at me, delivered a rather considerable oration, and held out his hand.

"What does he want?" I asked Boisselat.

"He wants to shake hands on the bet," said Boisselat. "And he wants your card."

In fifteen minutes we were ushered into the agent's room, and after studying him intently I sat down and looked him very coldly between the eyes and said, "Sir, I require one of the officers' cabins on the current voyage of the Imperial."

The agent spoke English. "It is absolutely impossible," he said very brusquely, "and even if it were not, the boat train has already gone."

"You wander from the point," I said. "For unless I deceive myself you are in the steamship trade and not in the railway business. Let us confine ourselves to the Imperial."

"It is utterly impossible," he repeated. "But was this the important subject about which you wished to consult me?"

"It was," I said; "or, to speak more accurately, it is."

He stood up. "I am sorry," he said, "but you were evidently admitted here under a misapprehension, and I am too busy to continue a futile discussion. Good morning, gentlemen."

I also stood up, but without removing my arctic gaze from him. "Boisselat," I said frigidly to my functionary, "since this individual has not troubled himself to investigate my claims to courteous treatment, I

(Continued on Page 85)

Why men crack . . .

An authority of international standing recently wrote: "You have overeaten and plugged your organs with moderate stimulants, the worst of which are not only alcohol and tobacco, but caffein and sugar." . . . He was talking to men who crack physically, in the race for success.

YOU know them. Strong men, vigorous men, robust men—men who have never had a sick day in their lives. They drive. They drive themselves to the limit. They lash themselves *over* the limit with stimulants. They crack. Often, they crash.

You have seen them afterward. Pitiful shells. The zest gone, the fire gone. Burnt-out furnaces of energy.

"He was such a healthy-looking man . . ."

He was. His health was his undoing. His constitution absorbed punishment. Otherwise he might have been warned in time.

"*For every action there is an equal and contrary reaction.*" You learned the law in physics. It applies to bodies.

For every ounce of energy gained by stimulation, by whipping the nerves to action, an ounce of reserve strength is drained. If the reserve is great, its loss may not be felt immediately. But repeated withdrawals exhaust any reserve. Physical bankruptcy. Then the crash.

The last ten years have been overwrought. Men have disregarded much that they know about hygiene—about health. "Keeping up with the times." Inflated currency, stimulated production, feverish living, goaded nerves. It is time to check up.

It is time to get back to normal, to close the drafts, to bank some of the fires. It is time to remember some of the simple lessons of health you learned in school.

Avoid stimulants. What is good for the boy is good for the man. Life is worth living normally. The world looks good in the morning to the man whose head does not have to be "cleared."

Borrowed Energy Must be Repaid!

Two million American families avoid caffein by drinking Postum. And two million American families are better off for it. They have deprived themselves of nothing.

The need they feel for a good, hot drink is amply satisfied by Postum. They like its taste. They like its wholesomeness. They prefer the energy—*real energy* of body-building grain in place of artificial energy *borrowed from the body's own reserve* by drug stimulation.

Postum is made of whole wheat and bran roasted. A little sweetening. Nothing more.

It is not an imitation of coffee or anything else. It is an excellent drink in its own right. It has a full, rich flavor inherited directly from nourishing wheat and system-toning bran. Instead of retarding or upsetting digestion, it is an actual help, making the meal more appetizing and warming the stomach without counteracting these good effects by drugging.

There isn't a wakeful hour, a taut nerve, or a headache in it. You can drink it every meal of the day, relish it, crave it, knowing that it is a help, not a hindrance, to health and efficiency.

A Sporting Proposition

You have a good many years yet to live, we hope. A good many years to do with as you please. We are going to ask you, in the interest of your health, usefulness and happiness during these remaining years, to try Postum for thirty days.

To make it a sporting proposition, we will give you the first week's supply of Postum. Enough for a cup with every meal for a week. But we want you to carry on from that point for thirty days. You can't expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days, or even a week.

There is a woman in Battle Creek, Michigan, famous for her Postum. She has traveled all over the country, preparing it. She has personally served it to over half a million people, at expositions, food fairs, and at Postum headquarters in Battle Creek, where she has 25,000 visitors yearly.

Her name is Carrie Blanchard. Men who have tasted Carrie Blanchard's Postum have the habit of remembering its goodness.

We have asked her to tell men about Postum made in the Carrie Blanchard way. She wants to start you on your thirty-day test with her own directions—in addition to the week's supply.

You men who have not cracked . . . it might be well to accept Carrie Blanchard's offer.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Men have always been partial to my Postum. Anybody can make it as well as I can . . . but there are a few simple things to remember.

"I have written these things down, and will be mighty glad to send my directions to anyone who will write. I also want to send enough Instant Postum, or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil), to get you well started on your thirty-day test.

"If you will send in your name and address, I'll see that you get the kind you want, right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM ☐
POSTUM CEREAL ☐ *prefer*

Name

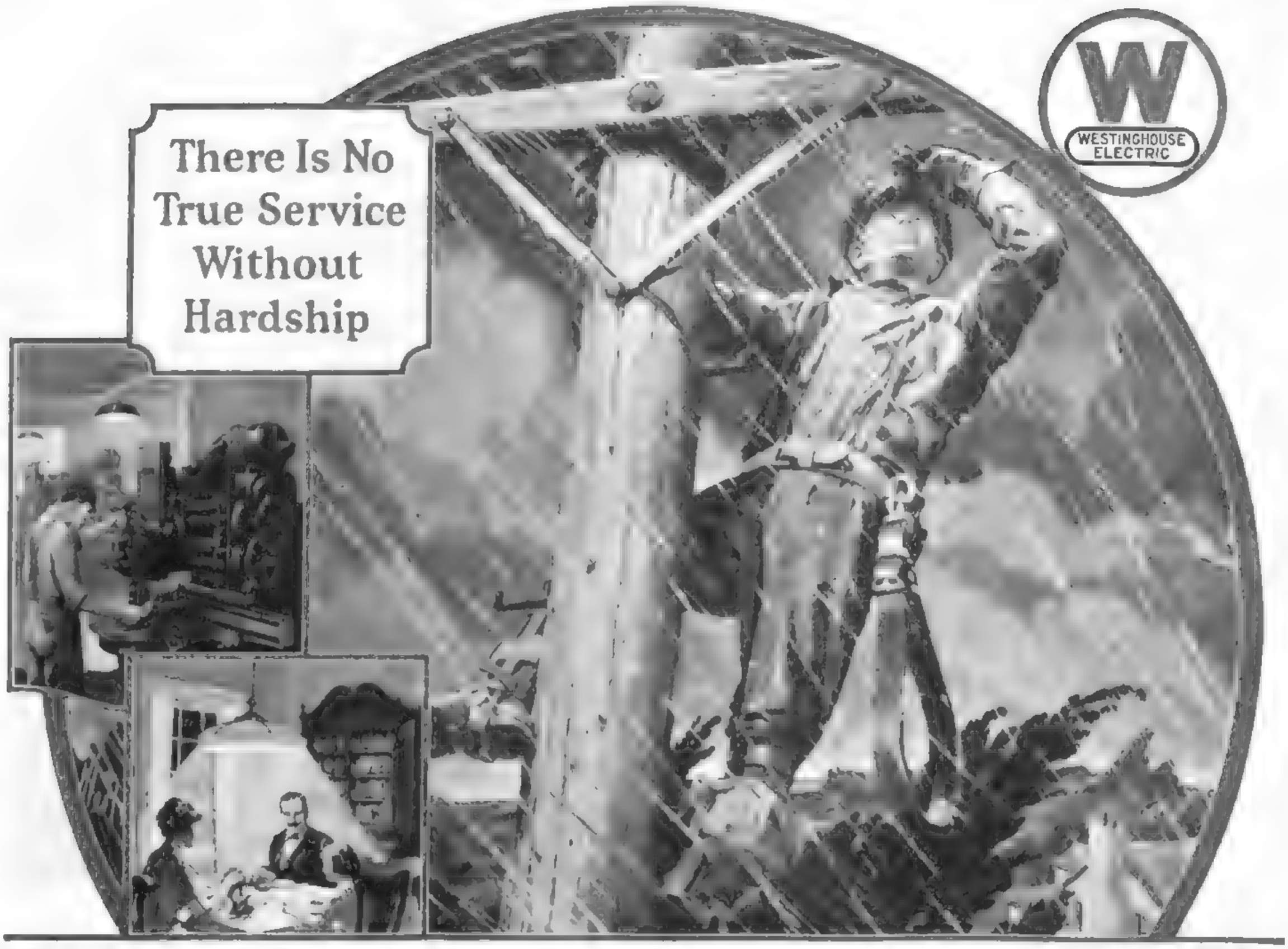
Street

City State

If you live in Canada, address . . .

S.E.P. 5-26

You make Instant Postum in two minutes. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding hot water and stirring briskly, dissolves instantly. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than one cent a cup.



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Your Electric Light and Power Company Serves Every Minute of the Day and Night

The lineman's work is done promptly and loyally whatever the season or the weather. On the hottest of summer days, on the coldest winter nights, in sleet, rain or snow he is on the job for you.

The one slogan of every electric power company is *"Uninterrupted Service"*—to your home or business, and to the street cars that carry you to work or recreation.

The keenest electrical minds in the public utility companies serving you, co-operating with the engineering and research departments of the manufacturers, are constantly seeking to create better devices to reduce factors of human error, and to render better electrical service. The big generators in the power house must be ever in motion. Every piece of apparatus in the long chain from Central Station to user must be in working order.

And all these things are done in order that you may always have light, power or heat by the pressing of a button or the closing of a switch.

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(Continued from Page 82)

consider it advisable for us to lay the facts before Mr. Cogniet." For I had prudently remembered the name of the executive assistant.

The agent wavered slightly and referred, with a sidelong glance, to my card. "As you please. But I have not been discourteous; I have merely been busy, and I have explained that your affair is fundamentally impossible."

I maintained my scowl. "Perhaps you will be kind enough, however," I said loftily, "to announce me to Mr. Cogniet, who may take a radically different view of the situation."

And presently the hard little man seemed to gather a few doubts as to whether I was really not of some importance, for he sat down again and scratched on a memorandum pad and rang for his secretary to escort us to Mr. Cogniet's room. And as he bowed us out he was reasonably deferential.

My colossal bluff, which had got us the agent's memorandum, also got us a prompt interview with Mr. Cogniet, who would otherwise have been inaccessible. Mr. Cogniet was perhaps thirty, and for a moment I studied him intently. He spoke no English.

"Boisselat," I said, "tell this gentleman that the most beautiful girl in America is on the Imperial. Tell him that the man she loves, who is at present estranged from his father, has received word that if he can reach New York by the twenty-sixth which means the Imperial, on which there is no available space—there will be a reconciliation, which will enable him to marry and live happy ever afterwards. Otherwise his entire future will be prejudiced, and the lady will very likely be constrained by her parents to marry another, who is an old rip. Make a long dramatic story out of it, Boisselat, and say that I want an officer's cabin on the Imperial, price no object, and that I want the Imperial to sail at eight tomorrow morning, instead of four."

This Boisselat had a very romantic disposition, and so had Mr. Cogniet, as I had shrewdly surmised. In fact, by the time that Boisselat had finished his harangue, including gestures, Mr. Cogniet was deeply moved. But for such an amazingly irregular proceeding, he said, only the president of the company could issue orders, and the president would certainly not issue them.

I now brought up my light artillery. "Boisselat," I said, "tell him that the boy's father imports fifty thousand tons of Swedish wood pulp per annum, all of which is freighted to New York by the Svenska Lines, which are controlled by the Intercontinental. Then ask him to get me an appointment with the president before five this afternoon."

Mr. Cogniet began to shake his head. But he had the eyes of a susceptible dove and I therefore brought up my siege guns. "Boisselat," I said, "prop this photograph in front of him and double the tonnage."

Eventually Boisselat turned back to me. "He says that everything considered, he will make you an appointment at half past four. But he says that without a request from the Ministry of Marine, or of Foreign Affairs, the president will certainly not interfere. He adds that your estimate of the lady's beauty was not overemphasized."

I let Mr. Cogniet gawk at the photograph a little longer—for these Frenchmen are hopelessly sentimental and the young woman was not really bad-looking—and then took my leave.

It was now past lunch time and I was very hungry, but the time was short, so I sent Boisselat on an errand and went over to my bank, the London, Suburban & Overseas, where I found a young British subdirector in charge. I knew him slightly, but I studied him intently.

"Stuart," I said, "you are undoubtedly aware that I am a practical business man with no sentiment. But if you have a drop of sporting blood in your veins you will first listen to my recitation and then personally escort me to the lair of some individual in the Ministry of Marine or of Foreign Affairs who has either overdrawn his account or requested a loan."

When I had finished my narrative Stuart emitted a loud laugh. "McPherson," he said, "it is a rotten precedent, but it's cricket, and I'm just enough of a sportsman to take it up. As it happens, I've got exactly the man for you. He's overdrawn thirty thousand francs, and his wife's brother is the minister's rubber stamp. So perhaps he'll do us a favor."

We telephoned to the ministry and found that our quarry had gone to lunch at Prunier's restaurant. We went over and interrupted him, and after studying him for a moment I realized that I could now rest my tongue. I felt a great responsibility toward Bobbie Evans, but we were dealing with a man whom Stuart could persuade without my assistance. For he was a very sporting type.

Without delaying for food, although I was very hungry, all three of us went over to the ministry, and were at length admitted to the holy presence of Mister Brother-in-Law. And after studying him for a few minutes, during which Stuart's young friend was whispering to him very rapidly, I said, "Sir, you are the only man in France who can further my project. If you were not like myself, a practical man entirely without sentiment, I might attempt to flatter you or to plead with you. But I am sufficiently perspicacious to realize that a man in your official position is far beyond these trivialities. Therefore I merely reiterate that I am here as a humble suppliant for a concession which I can never sufficiently repay."

Brother-in-Law, who was a pompous little balloon, swelled exceedingly and called a stenographer and dictated a letter to the president of the Intercontinental for the minister's signature. It was rather brief:

My dear Friend: I shall be very grateful to you if you will oblige this ministry by granting the two requests of Mr. D. M. McPherson, both in respect to space on the steamship Imperial, parting from Cherbourg tomorrow, and also in respect to the slight delay in sailing, according to the conversation which Mr. McPherson has already had this morning with your assistant, Mr. Cogniet.

"Now," he said when the letter was typed, "we've got to debate this with the minister."

We were then waved into a palatial apartment, where a fat and jolly old Frenchman sat behind a desk that had evidently belonged to someone of the Louis family. I studied him intently while Brother-in-Law placed the letter before him and spoke lengthily in his ear.

"Mister Minister," I then said, "I am under a considerable disadvantage. If I were younger by forty years and you by twenty and I had you down at a convenient café with some slight refreshment between us, I could make you see the justice of this case in approximately two minutes. But I am an old man, and ——"

He spoke English. "Mr. McPherson," he said, "what the devil has age to do with this question?"

"If you were as old as I am," I said, "you would not inquire."

"How old do you think I am?" he demanded.

"Fifty," I said.

"I am sixty-five," he told me vigorously.

"And I am seventy-four," I said, lying a bit for pathetic effect. "But, Mister Minister, I retain two weaknesses—conviviality and sentiment."

He regarded me jovially. "But, Mr. McPherson, as one old man to another, is there any plausible reason whatsoever why I should sign this letter?"

"Not one," I said, "unless it is because I have the unmitigated gall to suggest it to you."

He laughed very quakingly. "Mr. McPherson, I will sign it conditionally."

"State your condition," I said.

"That you give me the opportunity of placing that slight refreshment between us at my next official reception three weeks from Saturday. For you are virtually the only person with an ax to grind who has told me the unadorned truth since I have held this portfolio!" And he signed the letter and gave it to me.

It was now past four o'clock. I said good-by, with appropriate thanks, to my attending cohort and hurried across to the Café de la Paix to meet Boisselat.

"Well?" I inquired.

"Very well indeed," said Boisselat. "It was merely a question of price. All is arranged. And ready at any hour."

"Come then," I said, mastering my hunger, and we returned to the headquarters of the Intercontinental, where, having an appointment, we were swiftly introduced to the office of the president, who spoke no English. But as we entered I studied him intently. I then bowed, from my waist, which is considerably far down, and handed my ministerial letter to Boisselat.

"Boisselat," I said, "present this gentleman with this document and also with the assurance of my most distinguished consideration, and tell him that I crave an officer's cabin on the Imperial, and that I want the sailing of the Imperial to be put at eight tomorrow morning instead of four."

At the outset of Boisselat's discourse the president displayed the premonitory symptoms of St. Vitus' dance, but after having read the letter he altered his tactics.

Boisselat turned to me. "He says that he will telegraph the captain of the Imperial immediately. The fourth officer must move to the third officer's cabin. That leaves a two-berth cabin, with bath, vacant. The ship will not sail until eight o'clock. Is there anything else?"

"Yes," I said; "I will wait until I see this telegram dispatched and have paid for the space. I am not merely a customer, Boisselat—I am an unsentimental Scot—and a friend of the administration."

It was almost exactly at five o'clock that I walked into the lobby of Bobbie Evans' hotel. He was sitting there enjoying a light repast upon his finger nails.

"McSquish!" he yelped. "What's new?"

"Lad," I said, "pack up your luggage and be downstairs at four o'clock tomorrow morning."

"But, McSquish ——"

I am sixty-seven years of age, and it had been a hard day, and I was very hungry. "Bobbie," I said crudely, "be downstairs, with your luggage packed, at four o'clock tomorrow morning, or go straight to perdition! Take your free and unimpeded choice."

"B—but, McSquish ——"

"Hang the McSquishes!" I said. "Your confounded sentimentality gives me the stomachache! I have got the accommodations on the Imperial, which will not sail until eight, and I have hired a commercial airplane from Le Bourget to Cherbourg, and if that doesn't satisfy you you deserve to die as a dyspeptic bachelor!" And I returned to the office to resume my interrupted duties, and compose a long cablegram to Bobbie's father.

At four o'clock the following morning I again presented myself at his hotel. And as he climbed into the taxicab he said surprisedly, "Where'd that other suitcase come from?"

"It came from Selfridge's, in London," I said accurately. "And it cost me twelve pound six and I paid cash for it. It is sole leather. Leather is a by-product of cows. Is there any other information I can furnish you about it?"

"No, but are you going somewhere yourself?"

"Yes," I said, "I thought I'd take a little trip to New York. Secondarily, to see a couple of clients. But primarily because I had to pay for a two-berth cabin anyhow, so that the trip virtually costs me nothing."

We drove out to Le Bourget and flew to Cherbourg, which was a novel but a very noisy experience.

We went aboard the Imperial at seven o'clock and the captain greeted me warmly. And he said, "If there is anything I can do for you, Mr. McPherson, you have only to let me know."

"Captain," I said, "like yourself, I am a practical man and entirely without sentiment. But I am sixty-seven years of age and I have been up all night. I will pay any price whatsoever for a dish of ham and eggs and a wee nip of Scotch whisky."

In the meantime Bobbie had caused the young woman to be awakened, and she joined us in such haste that I wondered if she would not catch cold, for she assuredly had not taken the time to put on her flannels and the morning was very sharp. And being sentimental, she first cried on Bobbie and then cried on me, which was very embarrassing, at least to one of us.

"Young woman," I said severely, "you have already been on my lap in an upright position; but if you persist in your publicly emotional habits I may be compelled to wish that the position were reversed. Behave yourself and lean on your own breakfast for a while, and cry to leeward. What do you take me for—an aqueduct?"

But as a transatlantic voyage it was moderately pleasant, and I was not too excessively annoyed by these two young imbeciles, especially after I discovered an old acquaintance from Glasgow, who also played chess. When we landed in New York all the parents concerned were on the dock, and I went down to them in advance and found them raging and imagining vain things.

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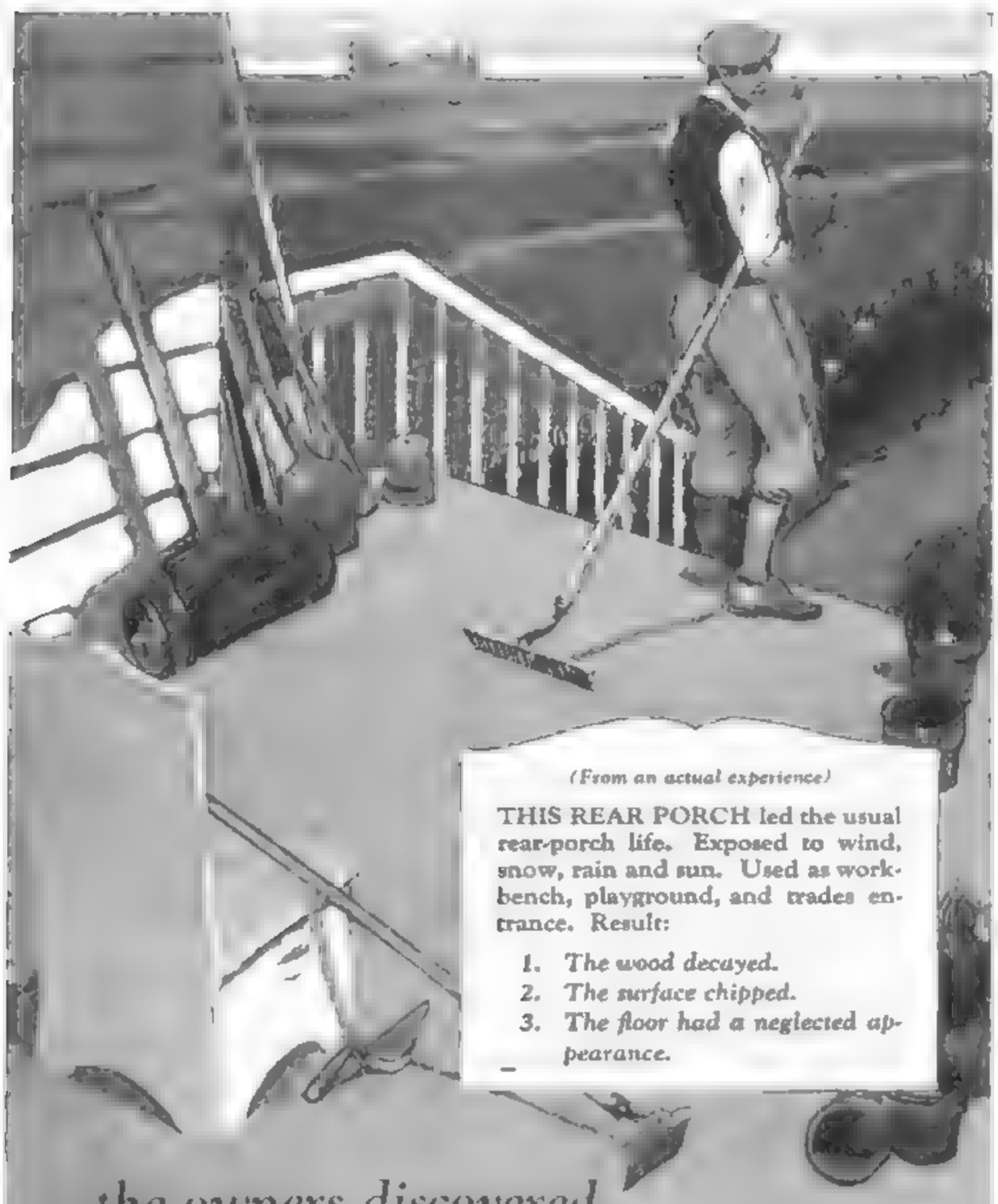

(From an actual experience)

THIS REAR PORCH led the usual rear-porch life. Exposed to wind, snow, rain and sun. Used as workbench, playground, and trades entrance. Result:

1. *The wood decayed.*
2. *The surface chipped.*
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"Good folks," I said, "as you may previously have suspected, I am a man of few words and without sentiment. But I am sailing back on the same boat the day after tomorrow and I want to know if you are prepared to listen to reason. For if not, there is no sense in my frittering away two or three dollars in tips to have my luggage brought ashore."

Mr. Evans put his hand on my arm. "Mac," he said, "did you honestly come all the way from France to persuade me that my son is not simply razzle-dazzled by a pretty face?"

"Since your company is a good client of ours," I said, "I did."

"McPherson," said Mr. Curtis, "did you actually make this trip merely to convince me that Dorothy has not gone batty over a new tango partner?"

"Since your bank is a valued customer of ours," I said, "I did."

They looked at each other.

"I have known McPherson for thirty years," said Mr. Evans, "and I have every confidence in his judgment. But ——"

"I have known him for nineteen," said Mr. Curtis, "and he is a hard-headed business man. But ——"

"My own suggestion," I said, "is for us all to dine together; and afterward for us three men to hold a conclave, at which I will present my practical conclusions."

And so we all dined together—a trifle stiffly, I must admit—and afterward we three men went into session.

"Your daughter is charming," said Mr. Evans to Mr. Curtis, "but she is obviously accustomed to every luxury. My son will begin work next Monday at twenty dollars a week. With all due respect to McPherson, who has evidently taken these youngsters under his wing, I absolutely object to the engagement, because it will be several years before Bobbie can earn enough to support her."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Curtis. "McPherson is a jewel and your son is a splendid young man, but he is in no position to trammel himself with any such obligation."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but I am here to differ with both of you. My fundamental opinion is that this is a very practical match and should be encouraged. All of us three began as poor boys and we worked very diligently. What did we do it for?

"Because we were ambitious for the future. But, gentlemen, our future is now at hand. Each of you has one child and I have none. Therefore I am prepared to employ Bobbie in my own firm, and moreover to finance him, temporarily, in order that he may have what none of us three ever had, and that is the enjoyment of what you might call delirious youth. And this is not sentimental, because my experience has taught me that an employe who is newly and happily married works like a dog. And among the durable satisfactions of life there is nothing like a diligent son and a dutiful daughter. Gentlemen, are you prepared to insure their happiness—or must I?"

There was a considerable silence. Mr. Curtis broke it. "I should consider five thousand a year the very minimum," he remarked.

"Don't be ridiculous," I said. "Let them struggle a bit. It will be good for their characters. But they are unacquainted with economy. Say three thousand."

"That would mean," said Mr. Evans, "my advancing him two thousand a year beyond his salary."

"Personally," I said, "I should call it a cheap price to pay for the practical advantages of having a happy son, in happy debt to his father!"

Mr. Curtis coughed violently. "If I should establish a small trust fund of, say, twenty thousand dollars, and if Mr. Evans did the same ——"

"And why not?" I demanded. "What's the practical sense of depriving your children of the fruits of your labor until you're dead? Why not sweeten their existence while you're alive? Especially since Bobbie is a worker by disposition and Dorothy wants to keep house?"

From that point they ignored me for an appreciable interval, while they discussed ways and means. At the end of half an hour, when they had apparently decided everything but what brand of laundry soap the young people should purchase, Mr. Curtis nudged me.

"McPherson," he said, "for a man who's done what you've done, you look uncommonly glum."

"I was just thinking," I said. "I was just thinking that if I had known you would both be so reasonable I could have crossed on a much less expensive boat!"

Before I left, the young Curtis woman came to me, and grasped my beard impudently.

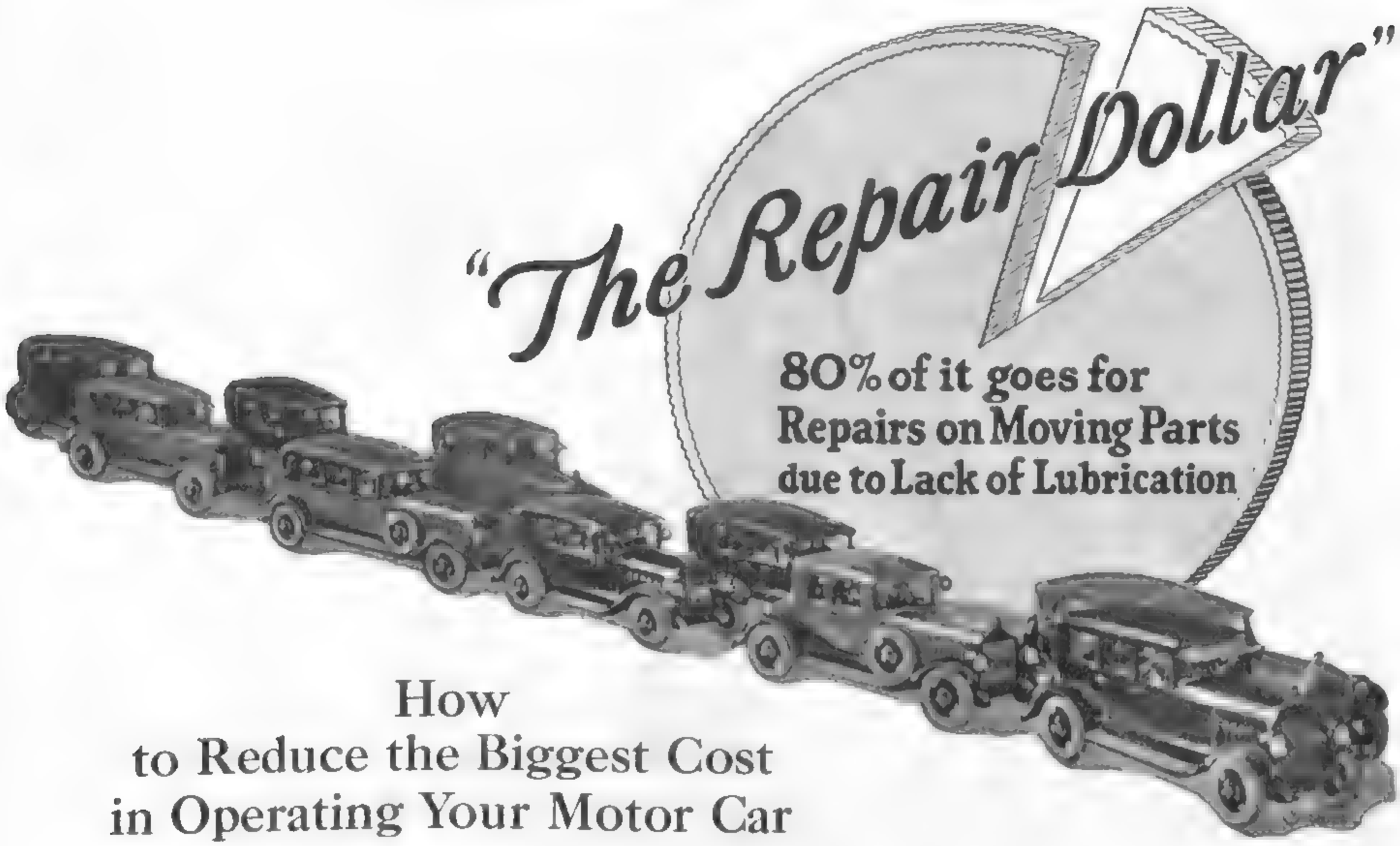
"Oatmeal McOatmeal McHaggis McPlaid," she said, "I am a girl of few words, and all that sort of rot—but if it's a him I'm going to name him after you!"

I blushed. And having insured two good clients for my firm indefinitely, I returned to Paris on the Imperial, and the young Evanses sent me that cigarette case as a souvenir.

"Donald," I said, "it's an amusing story, but I detect a failure of efficiency. Why didn't you simply telegraph Cherbourg and offer the third or fourth officer a premium for the cabin, and then fly up that same afternoon? Instead of wasting so much time in getting them to hold the boat?"

"Because I am both diligent and responsible," said Donald simply. "I had to formulate instructions for the conduct of the office in my absence—which took me twenty minutes—but I knew it would take all night to convince Mrs. McPherson that I was not rushing off on a purely sentimental pilgrimage!"

Add 'em Together, and Divide by Two



How to Reduce the Biggest Cost in Operating Your Motor Car

Last year, according to a reliable authority the American public spent $2,000,000,000 for new motor cars. In the same period, however, the public spent *$5,000,000,000 for repairs and service.*

The biggest cost in running a car is *not* tires, gasoline and oil, but *repairs*. In fact, repairs and rapid depreciation cost more than tires, gasoline and oil combined.

And of all the repairs on a motor car, fully 80%, garage men tell us, are due simply to lack of proper lubrication.

The Chassis Bearings

There are twenty or more bearings on the chassis of your car. And they require just as regular and methodical lubrication as your motor. Neglect them and you add 15% to 20% to the cost of running your car. Repairs and rapid depreciation are inevitable.

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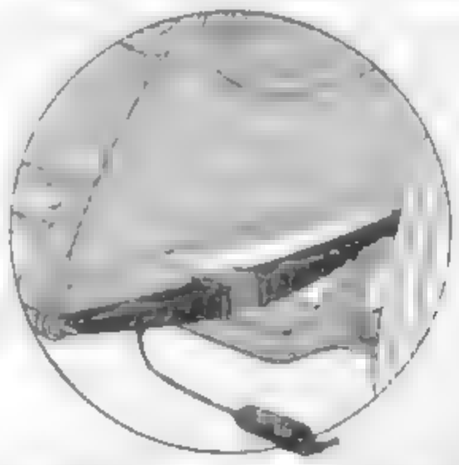

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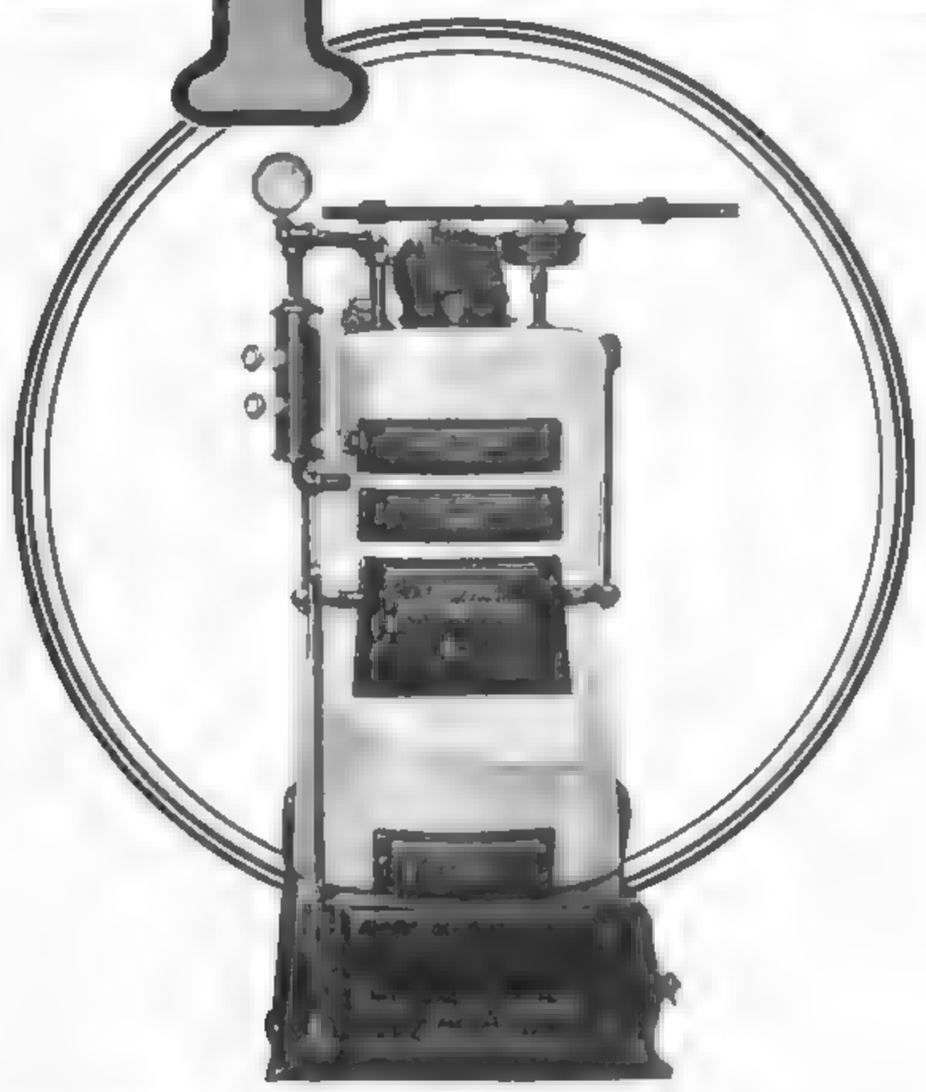

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No one knows this better than the man who builds a good house and makes the mistake of equipping it with an inferior heating system.

For the plain truth is this: The finest house in the land is little more than a barn if it cannot be made warm and cheerful.

In planning your new home, be sure that it will be liveable in Winter as well as Summer.

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Boilers

WITH THIS RING

Continued from Page 29

And the clerk had replied regretfully, "Not a thing, Mrs. Duval. Any mail will be sent to your room at once."

Nothing to smile about in that!

Yet—"Not a thing, Mrs. Duval," said Lila to herself, and the smile deepened

Being Mrs. Duval—being no longer Lila Kemp—was already, somehow, a delicious and glamorous thing. Drifting down the Avenue between hordes of pretty women, all charmingly dressed, all exquisitely groomed, all, so far as one could see, with no other object in life than to drift and pause before marvelous shop windows and drift again like Lila herself—was beyond any question the occupation of all others for such a blue-skied, heady, crystalline morning. Cousin Maisie and Columbia Gracie and Myra and the rest of the Country Club crowd, even Sam Humphreys with his heavy-footed devotion, his cautious fidelity—all seemed thousands of miles away, unreal, people in a book or a play, people whom Lila had known in some less interesting existence and gently but firmly dropped.

She took a taxi from the Fifties to the Thirties, feeling the morning grow toward noon, and entered a shop—one that Miss Kelly had recommended, one in which abode a friend of Miss Kelly, whose advice might be had about something dark for tea, and a platinum fox.

Miss Kelly's friend—something the same sort as Miss Kelly herself, tall, crisp-mannered and authoritative upon being approached in the name of Miss Kelly afforded advice in plenty, resulting in the purchase on Lila's part of several delightful little frocks and a soft gray fur which the approaching summer season made almost a necessity for any well-dressed woman.

"Now—to whom shall I send these, madam?" inquired Miss Kelly's friend at the close of the enthralling transaction, poising a businesslike pencil above an equally businesslike pad.

Lila bit her lip and frowned slightly. By the narrowest margin she had escaped replying carelessly, "To Miss Kemp."

To Miss Kemp! If she were going to knock down her own house of cards as featly as that!

"To Mrs. James Duval," said Lila sweetly, "at the Gothard; Room 1915."

"Thanks very much, Mrs. Duval. You'll come in again—won't you?"

"Oh, yes. I'm going to be here a month; I shall need quite a few things more. It's very nice of you to have taken so much trouble for me."

The selection had been expedited by scurryings to and fro of various underlings bearing garments.

"No trouble at all," said the friend of Miss Kelly; "I'll tell her when I write that you were in and I was able to be of service to you."

"That will be nice," said Lila, and left the place reflecting, almost with awe before the consequences of one slight prevarication, that Miss Kelly would doubtless spend valuable time trying to remember who Mrs. Duval was and where she had known her.

However, Lila couldn't help that. Her snowball was rolling downhill, she was aware, but it was, after all, her snowball; nobody else's.

She took another taxi to the offices of the Silverloss Screen Corporation, and so lost was she in lovely reckless musings upon the possible personality of Something Something Smith that she was standing before a grim and Judaic young woman in tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, and was once more being asked for her name before she realized that Lawless Love had been written by Lila Kemp, and that Mrs. James Duval could have no possible right to Lila Kemp's letter from Something Something Smith, regarding the prize-winning scenario.

At which, the house of cards rocked indeed.

"I beg pardon," said the one in spectacles. "I didn't get the name?"

Lila hadn't, mercifully, given any name. She had merely gulped. She thought now, with great rapidity, and in concentric circles.

"Mr. Smith would not know me," she said at length modestly, "and I have no appointment. Perhaps I had better come in another day."

"P'r'aps you had," agreed the young woman coldly. "And there isn't any Mr. Smith in our department. It's Bonnie Bailey Smith, the director. She's a woman"

"Oh, thank you!" murmured Lila feebly and made her way out.

Waiting for the elevator she cursed herself mutely but fluently for a feather-headed idiot.

"I'd better spend the rest of the day in my room—with the door locked—writing Mrs. James Duval over and over on a sheet of paper till I have it fixed in my mind! I'll get some cards—at once that's it! Then I shan't be so apt to make the first person I see a present of my guilty secret."

The elevator was rather slow in appearing. She heard its drone check and begin again far above her head. She glanced at her wrist watch impatiently, conscious of a vague feeling of discomfort—hunger. It was almost three o'clock, and she had eaten no lunch

"I'll go straight back to the hotel," she decided, feeling a trifle forlorn before the cumulative complications of her morning, "and have that nice waiter bring me up some chicken sandwiches and a glass of milk. This party doesn't seem to be as amusing as I thought it might. Perhaps being married isn't any too safe—without a husband. Oh, Lord! And I told that clerk at the desk that I'd take the room for a month"

The iron grille slid open before her. Lila entered, admonishing herself fiercely: "Don't be a piker, my dear! And never start anything you can't finish!"

Excellent maxims both—for any lady in distress.

There was one other person in the elevator, besides the oldish boy at the levers; a young man in dark gray tweeds and a gray felt hat. Lila regarded him briefly and he looked back at her, without any enormous interest visible upon his fairly well-featured face. She noted, as even the most indifferent of women will, that his eyes were gray and his hair brown; that his mouth, clean-cut below a small dark mustache, bore the slightest suggestion of a habitual and faintly skeptical smile; that his chin was firm, although not repellently so; and that he wore a healthy coat of tan. Beyond this she noticed nothing.

He, on his part, might have been quite alone within the descending cage.

Three floors passed thus, bearing them from the twelfth, past the ninth, in silence and well-bred ignoring of each other's presence. Between the ninth floor and the eighth—nicely between—midway, to be exact, and without a hair's breadth advantage either side, the elevator stopped abruptly.

"Hell!" said the oldish boy. "I been lookin' for that!"

Lila caught at the wall behind her and leaned against it, voiceless.

An earthquake could not have found her less prepared.

"What's the matter?" inquired the young man in gray tweeds curtly.

The oldish boy made a graphic gesture of defeat.

"Search me! She's done this way before."

The young man in gray turned to Lila. His eyes, she saw at once, were hazel, and his mouth even nicer than had appeared at first glance.

"Don't be alarmed," he said pleasantly; "it will probably be all right in a minute"

Lila was aware, even then, of reacting strangely to his voice. A low, rather lazy voice, with plangent undertones.

"You're an optimist, mister," observed the oldish boy dispassionately.

"I'm—not frightened, at all," said Lila, clutching her bag in ten chilly and shaking fingers. "How far—how far down is it?"

THE young man laughed. The oldish boy snorted. Lila herself, after one crimson moment, laughed uneasily.

She explained with recovered dignity, "I have never been in an elevator that stopped—between places—before."

"Very common occurrence," said the young man. "They'll see at once that something's wrong when it doesn't come down."

"Hope it don't come down too sudden, that's all!" said the oldish boy gloomily "We got eight and a half floors to pick up speed in."

Lila turned white. She looked at the young man in gray imploringly. He responded with instant indignant sympathy. There was, for that matter, in Lila's eyes at

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the moment, sufficient appeal to have wrung tears from a turnip. She was being sharply sickeningly afraid; her imagination was busy with a tangle of twisted iron at the bottom of the elevator shaft, from which protruded, gruesomely, her own arms and legs, those of the young man in gray, and those of the oldish boy. Also, as a final touch of terror, if the elevator, falling, failed to kill her, if she were merely maimed for life, or permanently disfigured -who in New York would look after Mrs. James Duval, and get her back into Lila Kemp once more, like a small box into a bigger one?

There wasn't any Lila Kemp in New York, and there wasn't -so far as Cousin Maisie and the rest of the people in Columbia were concerned there wasn't any Mrs. James Duval anywhere.

Small wonder that Lila's long dark eyes gazing into those of the young man in gray took on almost unearthly eloquence, a poignancy of pleading.

"See here!" he said sharply to the oldish boy. "I dare say you'd lose your job if your employers knew that you behaved like this in an emergency!"

"I ain't done a thing," the other responded morosely.

"There's nothing you can do," said the young man curtly, "except to use your head -and keep your mouth shut. No need to frighten this young lady out of her wits. Elevators stop between floors every day."

"This one's been reported a couple of times already," said the oldish boy.

"That will be enough!" said the young man in gray, and his extraordinarily charming voice had a steely ring.

He placed himself with a lazily subtle shifting of position between Lila and the front of the elevator.

"I think," he observed, "I can hear them working on it above us, now. Probably won't be any time at all."

"I'm sure it won't," said Lila, smiling valiantly.

"If you live in New York," he began ——

"I don't," said Lila. "You must have guessed it—from my being so silly."

"Oh, well, has no one ever been silly in New York?"

"I can't tell," said Lila. "I've been here just one day." She added, "Naturally I didn't want to spend it in an elevator shaft."

"Naturally," said the young man gravely.

The elevator, with no premonitory symptoms, quivered—a very little.

Lila put out a desperate hand and clutched the arm of the young man. He patted her fingers soothingly. His smile—amazingly sweet for a man, just quizzical enough—his smile reassured her.

"Working on it, that's all," said he.

The oldish boy preserved a sneering silence.

"Oh—of course!" said Lila.

If the elevator fell with her and she were killed, how would Cousin Maisie ever know, how would anyone in Columbia ever know, how would Sam Humphreys —— Dear, faithful steady Sam! Lila only wished she were sitting on the front steps of her own little house with Sam right now! How would Sam ever know what had become of Lila?

The sixth of June would arrive—no Lila returning to Columbia, no letter from Lila; Cousin Maisie would write Cousin Katrina, "Where is Lila? When did she leave you?" Cousin Katrina would reply by return mail, "Where is Lila? She has never been here. What are you talking about?" Cousin Maisie would go through the rest of her life convinced that Lila, a victim to acute absent-mindedness, had gotten off her train at the wrong station and been forever lost.

Meantime Mrs. James Duval would lie in an unclaimed grave in some cold and cheerless cemetery of Manhattan.

Of course there weren't any really bright and jolly cemeteries—anywhere. But somehow—when one had come to New York for a spree!—to have one's money spent for one on shrouds—and smelly white flowers.

"Don't look so pale!" said the young man suddenly. He patted her fingers again.

"It's a little like drowning, isn't it?" said Lila recklessly. "I—I'm thinking of my past."

"I hope it's a good one," he told her amiably.

"Horribly good; much, oh, much too good!" said Lila.

"I meant," he corrected himself, with that slight incredulous smile which was the first thing she had noticed about him, "I hoped it wasn't too good—to make history."

"If I ever—if this wretched thing ever lets us off in safety—I think," said Lila, "I shall make a little history—just so as to have something really to repent for, next time."

"This is a perfectly good town for the making of history," he assured her.

"Heavenly—as I remember it," said Lila.

The elevator quivered very definitely.

"It's all right; I can hear them working on it," he said quickly. "You've been here before, then?"

Obviously making conversation to distract her attention. Lila liked him for that. Too, she liked his hands, which she had just observed; long fingered and strong and well kept.

She answered after a breathless moment, waiting for the elevator to move again.

"Yes—before; but never by myself."

"Nice time of the year to come," he commented.

"I like spring," said Lila.

"Well, so does the burnished dove!" said he.

"I could feel her that time," said the oldish boy abruptly. He had both hands on the levers. "We ought to start—in a minute." He distorted an already unpleasing face with the shadow of a grin.

"Oh!" said Lila, and took her own hand off the arm of the young man in gray.

That person said meanly, "We're not out of the woods yet, you know."

"I'm not so frightened now," said Lila.

The elevator executed a gentle pervasive tremor and indeed began to descend.

"All right for this time!" said the oldish boy with sinister satisfaction.

The young man in gray looked at his watch. "Not quite ten minutes in the air."

Lila said weakly, "I thought it was an hour."

They took on several people and a buzz of comment at the eighth floor. Lila stood at the rear of the cage, quite close to the young man in gray, with whom she felt a strange and almost intimate affiliation, as if they had perhaps gone to school together, learned their first careful fox trot together, rooted together at football games, and together ridden through the dusk of adolescent Sunday evenings in Columbia.

He observed between the third and second floors that he hoped she had not been really frightened.

Lila said gallantly, "Not too badly. Not quite so badly, I hope, as that horrid boy."

"No thin red 'ero, is he?" agreed the young man lazily.

The grille slid open once more and the elevator emptied itself briskly. Lila walked down the cool dim hall to the light and clamor of the upper West Forties with the young man in gray beside her. He displayed no vast and ardent interest in the way she was taking, but he continued beside her to the corner.

There he paused, obviously considering a seemly farewell, but looked, by hazard, full into Lila's eyes and delayed it somewhat.

"See here!" he said. "You're really rather pale, and all that! Sure that you're all right?"

"I'm not going to faint, if that's what you mean," said Lila, forcing a wan little smile.

Between having had no luncheon and having been badly frightened, she was really more than a trifle shaky about the knees; not to say teary round the lashes. She wanted more than anything else in the world just then to get back to the little room with the climbing roses and the golden weathercock outside the window, to fling herself across the little white bed and cry—if she chose; to have Peter bring her up a lot of chicken sandwiches and a big creamy glass of milk.

"Where are you staying?" inquired her companion suddenly. "I've got my car just round the corner. I'm going to run you home. You're not up to a stage or a street car."

"I could find a taxi," said Lila.

"You could, but you're not going to," he assured her pleasantly. "Let's see—this way!"

He piloted her across the street, eventually into the deep-cushioned recesses of a conservative but powerful roadster.

"Now," he said, slipping into the seat beside her and unlocking the car, "which way, please?"

"I'm at the Gothard," said Lila meekly, "if you know where that is."

He did.

(Continued on Page 93)

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Continued from Page 90

"Nice place," said Lila dryly. "Absolute guaranty of respectability just to stay there. I remember the stately red writing room."

He drove unusually well, Lila noticed, with the same curt authority he employed in his speech.

"By the way," he broke into her musings, "shouldn't we tell each other our names—or something of the sort—if I'm to deliver you at the steps of that impeccable hostelry? I can't say, 'Good-by, Miss Blue Hanky'—under the eyes of the Gothard doorman."

"You might—and I might answer appropriately," murmured Lila—"'Good-by, Young Man in Gray!'"

"It would be rather fun," he admitted, "but just so we shan't have to, unless we like—my name is Thorne—Anthony Thorne."

"And mine is Lila—Duval."

She got over that hurdle just in time.

"Very pretty," said Mr. Thorn. "Southern, aren't you?"

"Of the most!" said Lila.

He turned the roadster into Fifth Avenue, into that stream of traffic upon which from the high vantage of her window near the weathercock, Lila adored to look down.

Between great lumbering busses and darting taxies, between gray-cushioned limousines and brisk delivery wagons, the roadster made its way. Once the sharp green eye of the traffic tower, signaling crosstown traffic, held them up uncommonly long—in which moment of inertia Mr. Thorne inquired politely of Lila's home.

"Do you like New York? Isn't it rather different?"

"Isn't difference the reason for most of one's likings?" Lila countered languidly.

He flung her a curious glance; the first, Lila said to herself, with which he had really seen her.

"Oh, I don't know! How about old books, old wine, old friends—and so on?"

"I'm fearfully fed up," said Lila calmly, "with most of the things that I've had all my life. New York mayn't be new to you; to me it's as fresh as a morning glory. I adore it!"

"Even alone—among its elevators?"

"I wasn't quite alone," said Lila. "You were fearfully nice to me."

He registered at that, she thought, the dimmest shade of wariness. Merely the gun-shy aloofness of the eligible male, perhaps, but a rebuff nevertheless. All of Lila's being resented it.

He said courteously, "It was nothing. That boy ought to lose his job."

She answered with equal impersonality, "He really isn't a person to be in that position, is he?"

The green eye in the tower was all at once a yellow one. Avenue traffic flowed on.

Soon the high gray walls of the Gothard loomed; the little crimson-tippit daisies in the Gothard window boxes flowered sweetly above the heads of the people on the sidewalk.

"Lafayette, we are here!" said Lila flippantly.

His smile flickered in response.

"I hope you won't be feeling any ill effects of your Mahomet's-coffining, Miss Duval."

They drew up before the door. The starter came forward.

"I'm sure I shan't," said Lila sweetly. "Now that it's over I think I must really have enjoyed it, but—do you mind my correcting you?—it isn't Miss Duval."

"No?"

He let the starter stand there waiting-long upper lip, Celtic blue eyes and all—at attention.

"It's Mrs. James Duval," said Lila very softly and with a delightful and deprecatory little laugh. "Not that it makes any difference."

Mr. Thorne came round to the other side of the roadster, he waved the Celt away and helped Lila out himself.

"Why doesn't it?" he demanded amiably, following her up the gray stone steps and into the dignified shadowy lobby. "Suppose I came to ask about you and the clerk didn't know whom I meant?"

"Oh—are you coming to ask about me?" said Lila demurely.

"I'm not at all satisfied with you—"

"I thought I looked rather nice," she reproached him innocently.

"Absolutely charming—but still a little pale. Tell you what—I wish you'd let me come and see how you are this evening! Perhaps—if it isn't too informally sudden—you and your husband might dine with me somewhere; celebrate our narrow escape. Don't you see?"

"The only drawback being," said Lila regretfully, "that—as I told you in that dreadful elevator—I'm by myself." She saw by his eyes that she had, and that he remembered it perfectly. "My husband isn't with me."

"I'm sorry; but all the more need for someone to be careful of you."

"You mean—that we might—without James?" asked Lila. She lifted a dreamy gaze for his whimsical appreciation.

"Why not—if you will?"

She said recklessly, "I'd love it! I went to a play last night—by myself—and was cruelly bored. You see—I don't know very many people here." To herself she added with an inward chuckle, "Miss Kelly's friend and Peter—that's about all!"

"I'd be awfully grateful—really!" said Mr. Thorne.

"Then—at seven?" said Lila.

"Righto! What would you like to see—afterward?"

"Oh, something with a wonderful tenor," said Lila wistfully, "and heaps of pretty girls, and songs that go home with you."

"Have you heard John Steel?"

"Never."

"He's in the Music Box. And if a tenor's what you want —— At seven then?"

He left her at the elevators. Rising, Lila observed that he had what few men can boast, a finely shaped head, with a restrained and arrogant wave in its thick brown hair.

She rose nineteen floors without more than the most casual consciousness of the machinery that bore her.

x

NINETEEN-FIFTEEN awaited her, rosy and quiet. Beyond the narrow window the weathercock swung against a limpidly cloudless sky; frail as malines lace the Brooklyn Bridge against the far horizon, deep as a Rocky Mountain cañon, murmurous as a Rocky Mountain stream, the Avenue, nineteen stories down. What a room to dream in! What an adventure to wake to! What a hero—Anthony Thorne—making his entrance thus neatly at the exact psychoanalytical moment! His smile, his voice, his clear amused eyes! The perfection of his tweeds and his low-slung car! The perfection of his technic.

"—— if it isn't too informally sudden—you and your husband might dine with me somewhere; celebrate our narrow escape. Don't you see?"

Lila rather flattered herself that she did see!

The perfection of her own technic, once more, at the exact psychoanalytical moment!

"It's Mrs. James Duval. Not that it makes any difference!"

That it had made an instant difference, strong as an undertow, she was thoroughly well aware.

She was now an adventure to him—as he to her. Not a possible entanglement, not a skiddy highway into matrimony, but a lovely shadowy primrose path, on which the taxes, so to speak, were already paid, to maintain which no bonds would have to be floated.

"The way of the transgressor," said Lila to herself, taking off her hat before the mirror next the window, "is not so hard as it's painted."

She leaned forward to look at herself. Pale, she might be, but that could be adjusted. Excitement tipped the corners of her mouth and made her dark eyes liquid. Dreams weighted her lashes and blurred her starry gaze.

"If only that little black satin would come in time!" she mused.

She called the dining room and had some luncheon sent up, making a drowsy blissful business of it when it came, among pillows, with a book—the little white table beside her bed.

Peter was distressed by the lateness of the hour.

"Madam has been very busy this morning?"

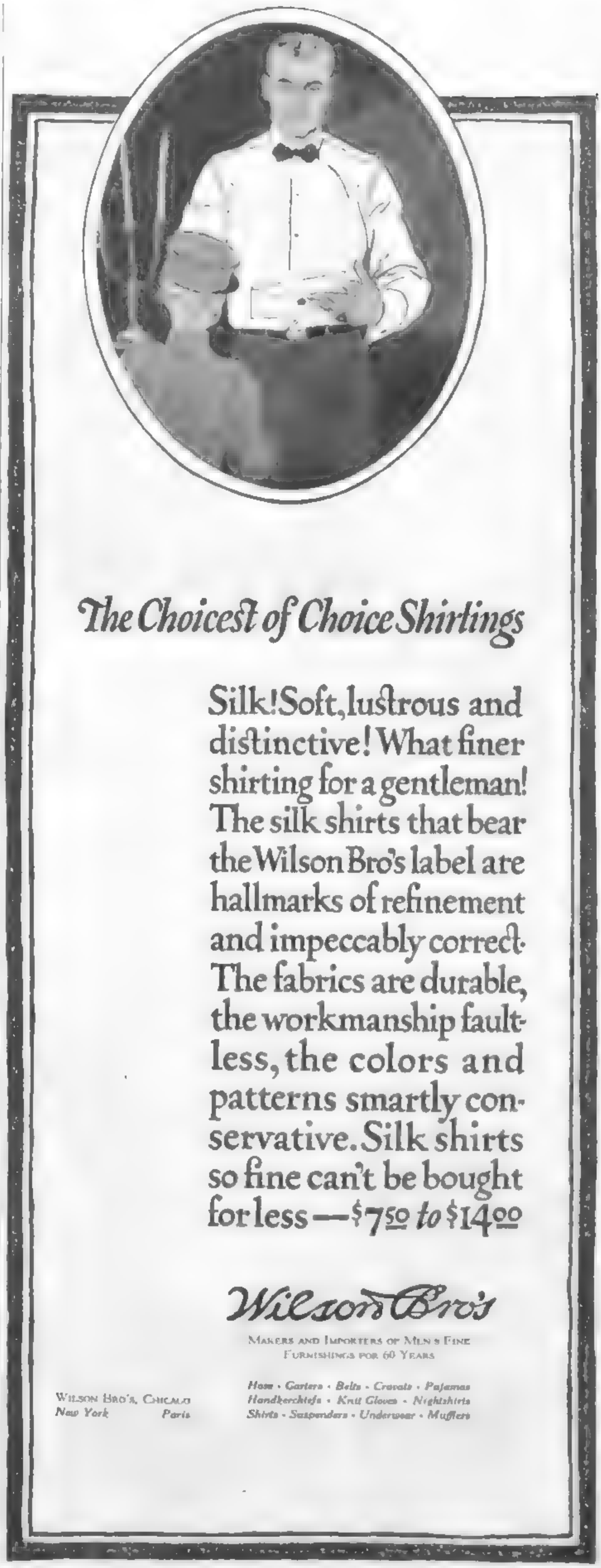
"Most awfully busy," said Lila happily.

"New York is like that," said Peter sagely.

"Yes, isn't it?" said Lila.

"Madam wishes nothing else?"

"Lots else," said Lila, nodding at him gravely, "but nothing edible—just at the moment, Peter. I mean to say, this will do nicely."



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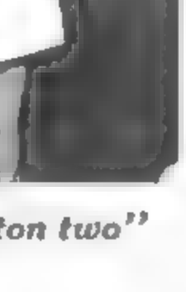

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So Peter went away. Service with self, that was Peter. He had the eyes of a friendly mongrel, and his cuffs were closely trimmed.

The little black satin came at a quarter to five in a long gray box, to Mrs. James Duval; along with a love of a little black hat Lila had bought that morning, which had rather less than nothing of a brim, and a few straight black ostrich fronds dripping off one side.

When Lila had finished dressing—and the process took a good hour by her little white-gold wrist watch, which looked to be platinum but wasn't—she fancied herself. She couldn't help it.

Her hat was more than good; it was a poem. And the little black satin was, in the language of Miss Kelly's friend, "Kayo a model that would look smart at any time, anywhere."

Lila didn't know if Anthony Thorne would dress for dinner or not. Being a close reader of Vanity Fair, she rather supposed he would. Sam Humphreys didn't; most of the men in Columbia didn't, except when a hostess made a point of it. Their dinner jackets, on this account, were apt to last them forever—and look it.

Lila had a strong feeling that Anthony Thorne in evening things would be, if anything, better looking than Anthony Thorne in tweeds.

When she dusted the last grain of powder on her nose, at five minutes of seven, and turned away from the mirror reluctantly, she said to herself, "Little idiot! You haven't behaved like this about a man since you were seventeen."

Then the telephone by the closet door rang shrilly and her heart turned over twice.

"Yes?" she said as calmly as she could and with a languid rising inflection.

"Mrs. Duval?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Thorne is calling."

"Yes. Thank you. Say that I will be down in a moment."

She waited there, standing by the window, staring down into the purple and silver twilight of the Avenue, where busses and motors drifted more slowly now; where the deep surflike croon of the city dwindled and softened. In Columbia—was there really such a place as Columbia?—Cousin Maisie would be sitting down beside the lamp in the living room, with the last Sunday paper in her lap, with her old-fashioned gold-rimmed spectacles on her pinkish inquisitive nose. Someone next door would be tuning in with a radio set. Jimmy Field would be crying because it was once more time to go to bed.

Lila caught up her gloves and her steel-beaded bag. She had meant to keep Mr. Thorne waiting at least five minutes, but the thought of Columbia was too much for her.

She had, as she closed the door of Room 1915 behind her, a fleeting vision of Sam Humphreys, white flanneled and brilliantined; a ghostly memory of his advances: "I like you about as well—matter of fact, Lila, I like you better—than any girl I've ever known."

It drove her headlong into the elevator; headlong, nineteen stories down, to Anthony Thorne, waiting in that stately red writing room.

Four hours later, coming out of the Music Box—"Now where?"

"Home?"

"Not likely, my child! Was the show so poor you want to drown it in sleep?"

"Poor! It was heavenly! I'll never get it out of my head—Will She Come From the East, Where the Broadway Peaches Grow?"

"No; she's come from the South! But where would she like to go?"

"What gorgeous nonsense!" said Lila, and drew a long sigh of outrageous happiness. "Well, then, anywhere you like to take her—so the music's good. Preferably a palace of gilded sin such as one reads of down home—saxophones and things; snare drums, and other snares."

"How about Old Swanee?"

"Is it good?"

"If you dance."

"I'm willing to admit," said Lila gently, "that I do—like a wave of the sea."

They sought out the Old Swanee—moss hung, white fenced and yellow lanterned—commandeered a table in a twilit corner against the wall, ordered something tall and cold, and faced each other across a very narrow space indeed, while the darky cabaret went forward.

"Do you know," said Lila, "there's always the most awful moment—when you've met a new man—and like him."

"Thanks a lot!" said Anthony Thorne briefly.

"And like him," Lila continued, propping her chin on her hands and staring dreamily into space, "but have never danced with him. There's always the most awful and most thrilling moment—when you are going to dance with him, and don't know whether or not he will be—good."

"Does it matter—so much?"

"It does—rather! Outside the petty details of having one's feet and ankles slaughtered—if he isn't—it's such direct contact. One may not be able to bear having him near one; and on the other hand—who knows? one may not be able to bear letting him go."

"You're frank, aren't you?" said Anthony Thorne. He offered her a cigarette.

Lila declined it, murmuring, "Not just now. And why shouldn't I be frank? I'm an old married woman—not a dewy *jeune fille*."

He lit his own carefully; regarded her with interest through the smoke. "Ain't no such animal any longer. Species went out—with the war. Does—Mr. Duval dance?"

"James? Oh, after a fashion," said Lila.

"Doesn't care for it—or hasn't the time?"

"Too stout," said Mrs. James Duval bluntly.

"Sorry!" said Mr. Thorne.

Wailing of Dixie and its charms, the singers wandered off. A fox trot began, as shamelessly alluring as even Cousin Maisie could have imagined it. Thorne stood up, smiling. Lila followed him. They danced in a crowded space, milling about among far too many people—too warm, too crowded, too noisy—but it was heaven!

Lila knew the minute his arm went round her the way that it would be. They said nothing at all to each other—in words—till the dance was over. Then back at their little table once more, he smiled a slightly cynical question and she nodded.

"Born to dance together, weren't we?" she murmured.

"Explains our existence," said Anthony Thorne.

He added, leaning toward her with an unmistakably deepening attention in his cool amused eyes, "I can't believe your husband doesn't care—for dancing."

"Has that never been done before?" said Lila, playing with her tall glass and looking off across the crowded room into obvious realms of airy disillusionment and gallant resignation.

"How long have you been married?" asked Thorne abruptly.

Lila made lightning calculation behind drooped lids and a pensive mouth.

"Oh, about five years."

"I've heard it said, if a marriage lasts the first five years it's permanent."

"The first fifty, I thought," she objected delicately.

"No; that's another piece of data altogether. It's the first fifty years that are the hardest."

"I see."

"But you decline to commit yourself."

"Not that! It couldn't possibly interest you."

"On the contrary, it interests me very much. Tell me what he's like."

"Who—James?"

"James. James! Is that what you call him? Not Jim? Nor Jimmy?"

"He isn't," said Lila with almost a catch in her low voice, "the sort of person one calls Jim, and if there was ever a woman who called him Jimmy it wasn't I."

A subtle stroke, that! She crowed within herself to see the hazel eyes glimmer intently.

"James—then! What's he like? A bit older than you?"

Lila started and glanced up. "However did you know?"

"Oh, one infers these things! Stout—you said?"

"And bald," admitted Lila ruthlessly; "just a little bald."

"The little more and how much it is," observed her companion regretfully.

"Oh, well," said Lila bravely, "after all, it's a man's soul that counts."

"Has James a—nice soul?"

She hesitated, damnably torn between loyalty to the absent James and a rare feminine habit of utter truthfulness. While she sat there, silent, biting her lip and very nearly flushing, Thorne's smile sketched itself understandingly, grew to a laugh.

"Never mind; of course he has, by virtue of being your husband. He's a solid business man and director in a bank."

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IVER JOHNSON BICYCLES

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"President," said Lila. "You are uncanny!"

"President!" said Thorne. "My word! Of course, then, he can't afford to let you call him Jimmy."

"What do people call you?" asked Lila innocently.

"Just people—or people that matter?"

"Both."

He told her gravely, "Anthony Thorne—on my mail, my card and my passport. Tony, to the hand-picked few."

"Tony." Lila echoed it with delightfully mocking shyness. "Yes; women would call you that."

"I don't always let 'em," he assured her.

"No? Still, they'd try."

"Are you going to—try?"

"I?" She shrugged and put up a hand to her hair. "Hardly. You see, I don't really know you. This is just an ——"

He offered, watching her keenly, "Adventure? That's unkind! After admitting that I saved your life between the eighth and ninth floors this morning. If not your life, your morale."

"Still," said Lila with a touch of reserve, "and admitting that you did, we really haven't met properly."

"Good Lord! How ridiculous!"

Lila stifled an outrageous little snicker of exultation. Inaccessibility, intermittent withdrawal, poised indifference—that was obviously the formula to which Mr. Thorne reacted.

She told him with dignity masking a sweet enjoyment of the moment, "Of course you must know that tonight is just—tonight."

"Wrong!" he corrected triumphantly. "Tonight is already tomorrow."

"Oh, if it's after twelve ——" cried Lila, and put out a startled white hand toward her wraps.

He laid restraining fingers on her wrist. And his touch sent a ripple through her blood.

"Please—Mrs. Cinderella! Aren't we going to dance—again?"

"Just once, then!" said Lila.

They danced again, just once. Beautifully. One, while the music lasted—one heartbeat, one wave sweep, one long delicious sigh, at the end. Their fingers clung reprehensibly on the way back to the little table; clung magnetically, and fell apart with reluctance.

He beckoned his waiter.

"If you will go, Mrs. Duval?"

"I must—Mr. Thorne. James takes me home fearfully early—always. We are scarcely ever out after midnight."

"Then there is a whole flock of magical hours to which you deserve to be introduced."

"And never shall be, most likely."

"Never's an ugly word."

He took her home. Fifth Avenue lay sleeping, calm as a marble lady on her tomb.

The Celtic doorman of the Gothard showed a visage wan with waiting.

"You can't mean you're not going to let me see you again?"

This in the deserted—very nearly—and sweet-Auburnish lobby.

Lila murmured, protesting, "I'm here for such a little while."

"How long?"—curtly imperative.

"Oh, only about a month."

"Why, that's four weeks, you know. Surely, you told me you knew almost no one —"

"Yes, but ——"

"Mrs. Duval, don't be unkind! You don't look like a hard-hearted woman."

"I'm—not," said Lila, dimpling. "But really it's fearfully late—I mustn't keep you like this."

"You're not keeping me. I'm keeping you."

"And I've had a heavenly time tonight, thanks so much!"

"Then why won't you do it again?"

"Because—because ——"

"You've no reason, no intelligent reason for refusing."

"Unintelligent, then—I don't know what James would think."

On the heels of that, fearing to sound too village-matronish, she made a little laughing face at him.

"James shouldn't let you get so far away from him if he doesn't allow you a little innocent amusement."

Lila tipped up a haughty chin. "Allow me!"

"Ah, then, decide for yourself! You'll let me call you tomorrow morning? Of course you will!"

She melted at exactly the exquisite moment. Flung over her shoulder on her way to the elevator, "Perhaps—if you're not too hasty. .I sleep late."

"And early too," said Thorne ruefully, "so far as I can see."

He held her hand very close, saying good night, smiled into her eyes.

"Sweet dreams—and what not!"

"I shall dream of that horrid elevator. I know it!" said Lila.

"Please do!" said Mr. Thorne.

XI

THE telephone woke her next morning out of a drowsy maze of jazz which sound and healthful sleep had not been able to silence.

Lila clutched her kimono, rubbed the sleep from her eyes and stumbled to the little black box on the wall.

"Nineteen-fifteen?" asked the operator crisply.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Duval?"

A slightly dazed and groping interval. "Yes—yes!"

A click, a metallic inhuman stutter, then the masculine voice which before going to sleep she had sensibly decided couldn't possibly be as delightful as first impression pronounced it, but was!

"Mrs. Duval?"

"Yes?"

"This is Tony—Thorne."

A clever hiatus—or a mere trick of the instrument?

"Yes, Mr. Thorne."

"You sound as if I had waked you up."

"You did."

"Oh, I'm sorry! It really isn't so early, you know."

"What time?"

"It's after ten."

"Oh, good heavens!"

"Why? Does that make you late for something?"

"No, oh, no! I haven't a thing in the world to do, only ——"

"That's just what I wanted to know. You've given yourself neatly away. Now—if you haven't a thing in the world to do—here's a suggestion."

"This isn't fair. I'm so sleepy—I can't think."

"Don't try! Let me! I've been up for hours. What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Why—at teatime ——"

"You can break a tea date. You can always break a tea date! Let me come for you, about half after five, and drive you somewhere out of town for dinner. You'd like it. I know you would. And if you insisted I could bring you back early. If you must get your sleep before twelve."

Lila giggled faintly.

"Good!" said the slightly arrogant voice at the other end of the wire. "That means you will. At half after five, then."

"Wait, wait!" cried Lila helplessly. "I haven't said ——" She capitulated with delightful suddenness. "Oh, very well! Shall I need a heavy coat?"

"Fairly. It's a bit chilly driving sometimes—in an open car. Why?"

"Nothing. I really must tell you good-by now, Mr. Thorne. Do you realize I've had no breakfast?"

"I could be there in fifteen minutes. The Brevoort is delightful for ——"

"Hush! How utterly absurd! Besides—I'm breakfasting with Peter."

"Peter! Who the dickens is Peter? I thought you told me you knew almost no one?"

"Well, you see," said Lila gently, "Peter is the almost. Good-by—until half after five!"

She cut him off and leaned against the rose-papered wall beside the telephone, glowing with illicit and mirthful satisfaction.

Not after the fashion of Sam Humphreys was Mr. Thorne proceeding; not cautiously and distrustfully, with an eye to possible ambush. Rather, dashing pleasantly along in the open, pursuant, absolutely. This, Lila recognized, was altogether the manner of Bert Watts with Mrs. Hewitt; substituting New York for Columbia, the natural finesse of a townsman like Thorne for a Main-Streeter like Bert.

"Forever wilt thou love and she be fair"—if inaccessible.

It didn't seem possible that Lila by merely purchasing a wedding ring, devising an imaginary husband—Sister Helen with her little gentleman made of wax—writing a name not her own upon a hotel register, should have achieved for herself in so brief a space of time this incredible and delicious metamorphosis.

Between Columbia and New York only a thousand miles; between Lila Kemp and Mrs. James Duval a world—a whole glittering, glowing, iridescent world!

"And if I'm going driving with him this evening I've got to go out and buy myself a coat," thought Lila suddenly, returning to earth on the tips of her toes.

She rang for Peter and her breakfast, had a bath, did her hair and dressed.

While she was dressing there came a timid knock upon the door and a deprecatory sort of shuffle just outside it.

"Come in!" called Lila clearly.

The door opened, admitted by degrees a small, stooping, blue-and-white-print-clad body topped by an amazingly wizened little face with a pug of no-color hair.

"Aw—I beg your par-rdon!" said this shrinking apparition in the wistfulest tired treble that Lila had ever heard. "I tho't you was out. I'm only wantin' to clane up the room. I kin come back agin." She made for the door knob.

"Oh, no!" cried Lila quickly. Her own foolish happiness brimmed so high that morning, the sense of youth and adventure mounted so strongly within her, that this drab faded sketch of a woman was like a tangible reproach. It seemed inexcusably self-sufficient not to stand, at least, out of her way. "I'm going out presently," said Lila. "I'll have finished here in just a moment. Make up the room at once if you like. I'll be glad to have it done."

With the same impulse by which on a sunny afternoon one gives a coin to a beggar, she tendered a shining silver dollar to the withered nervous fingers. "Please take this—and—what is your name?"

"Me name's Marg'ret. Thank you—thank you very kindly, miss."

"Not Miss," Lila corrected, smiling. "It's Mrs. Duval. And I'm going to be here a month, Marg'ret, so I shall want you to take good care of me."

"I'll do me best," said Marg'ret. She attacked the bed with surprising vigor, adding respectfully but with a flicker of feminine interest, "Ye don't look married—if ye'll excuse me for sayin' so."

Lila experienced a guilty start. In silence she held out her left hand bearing the platinum ring with its tiny wreath of orange blossoms.

"Yes," said Marg'ret, regarding it through scant sandy lashes, her head quaintly on one side. "Of course I see y'are, but I say ye don't look it. Not too young, exactly—because some uv 'em, God knows, goes to the altar with the rattle still roun' their necks—but ye have a kind uv a—fresh—look."

"Why, Marg'ret! You don't think much of marriage, do you?"

"Not me," said Marg'ret drearily. "I got no cause to."

Lila asked her gently, "Was your husband not good to you?"

"I niver had no husband," said Marg'ret, sniffing. "That's why—for one thing—I don't think much uv marriage. For another I seen plenty uv women what had 'em, and all the trouble in the world along with 'em! I dunno is a woman better off with one uv them things on her finger or not. I dunno. Anynow I niver had the luck to find out."

Lila got out of the room and away, down her nineteen stories and into the winy air of the Avenue as fast as she decently could. The echo of that plaintive drawl went with her for all that she could do.

"I niver had the luck to find out."

That was the crux of the whole thing! From the lips of a tired old chambermaid. The luck to find out. One had to know, one way or the other, in order to be satisfied, in order to settle down to the business of living.

"I think I'll get a black coat with a fur collar," thought Lila suddenly.

She escaped from the question Marg'ret had faced her with back into her own shimmering soap-bubble world of a make-believe turned real. For Tony Thorne at least was real; and his car was real, with its deep leather cushions and the strong bronzed hands on the wheel; and the road would be real along which that car would run, between trees just feathering greenly; and the sunset would be real—or wouldn't it? Real enough for purposes of the moment, Lila thought! Realer than Columbia sunsets, anyhow, that were indissolubly connected with getting home in time for dinner, and thwarting Cousin Maisie's persistent and ghoulish attempts to learn all

(Continued on Page 99)

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(Continued from Page 96)

that one had said or done or seen wherever one had been during the day.

"I'll take my chances on this sunset," thought Lila recklessly.

She remembered her letter to Cousin Maisie, still unmailed.

"Perhaps we might drive through Stamford; the Boston Post Road. And I might get him to mail it for me. How neatly that would take care of everything!"

She went back to Miss Kelly's friend and bought a coat.

"You're looking lovely this morning, Mrs. Duval," said Miss Kelly's friend. "You look rested already. I hope you're enjoying New York?"

"Frankly," said Lila, with her dimple flickering, "I am. I have never enjoyed anything in my whole life long one-half so much."

"It's a good town," said Miss Kelly's friend, "if you know just one or two——"

Lila wanted to answer demurely, "I know just one!" but she didn't quite dare. It somehow didn't seem safe, not even with Miss Kelly's friend.

XII

PASSING through Stamford, the sunset lost in a gray chiffon darkness sewn with hundreds of little glinting stars, Lila cried out sharply all at once, and fumbled for her bag.

"Oh, dear, I am the stupidest thing! I saw a mail box on that last corner—it just reminded me."

"A letter? Give it to me. I'll mail it for you. We'll stop at the post office, just to be important."

She gave him Cousin Maisie's letter.

The ride had been a swoop into intimacy—crossing the hinterland of preliminary amity, clearing away the brush of unimaginable details, disposing of a thousand and one questions, mutually framed.

It rather startled Lila to see, waiting in the car before the post office while Thorne mailed Cousin Maisie's letter, how frankly he took it for granted that the intimacy was only just beginning.

"We must do this," he had said already several times, "and we must go here—or there," planning calmly for all of Lila's stay.

She hadn't rebuffed him. She had only smiled in silence. She was too outrageously happy to rebuff anybody. She had a strong if somewhat vague feeling that any untoward gesture on her part, any sudden decision or abrupt retreat would shatter the whole ethereal fabric of their acquaintance. Further than that—she had also a sense of fate, a will to drift with this heavenly current. She had always known the current existed. From an impatient and covetous stand upon the shore she had seen the current bearing other people swiftly along—toward the rapids, perhaps; but even so, better, far better the rapids, than a backwater!

She had been bitterly envious of Mrs. Hewitt and one or two other women; not envying them Bert Watts or Bob Jennings exactly, whom she had known all her life and about whom she cherished few illusions, but envying them the thing they aroused in Bert and Bob. Glamour. Romance.

Well, she herself now quite obviously evoked the same sort of thing—in a man beside whom Bert and Bob appeared but small-town shadows of ——

"Was that an important letter, by any chance?" inquired Tony Thorne, getting back into the car beside her and feeling for the starter.

Lila jumped.

"It was, most awfully," she assured him.

"Because," said Thorne, "I dropped it and got a large untidy smear across the address. I'm sorry. It was still quite plain—but not very pretty." They slid off through the shadows once more, the engine purring sweetly.

"Oh, if it was legible that's all that matters," said Lila.

"Why are you sighing over it? Is Miss Maisie Kemp—I couldn't help seeing her name—the dark woman in your life?"

Lila broke into a thrilled ripple of laughter. "Cousin Maisie!"

She hadn't meant to tell him that. Nothing to do but go on with it now.

"Oh, she's a cousin?" he picked up the thread lazily, but with undeniable interest.

Lila plunged gallantly. "She lives with James and me."

"Lord! Do you like that?"

"No, I loathe it. But you see, she always has. She—lived with James before I did. I mean—she raised him, as we say down home. She's—quite old now." To herself she cried fiercely, "Not so good, Lila, my dear! Keep your wits about you! How old did I say James was? Good heavens! Cousin Maisie's got to be simply senile."

Thorne was saying with a touch of caressing sympathy in his voice, "Odd to think of you in an atmosphere of musty middle age, you're so young yourself; so awfully vivid."

"I'm twenty-eight," said Lila recklessly. Wonderful to be able to tell the truth about at least one thing! Wonderful and very soothing!

He laid a hand over hers, startling her deliciously, and laughed down into her eyes.

"Twenty-eight. That's no age at all, for a married woman!"

Of course it wasn't. Wonderful again! Lila hadn't thought of that.

"You look about twenty-four," said Thorne. "I'm thirty-four. Does that seem altogether ancient?"

"I don't like men before they're thirty," said Lila demurely.

"How old is James?"

"James? Oh, James is the sort of man whose age isn't really tellable. He must have been nearly forty when he was born. He probably won't be over fifty when he dies." Rather neat, that! Then she realized she was displaying an unseemly detachment on the subject of James, and added dutifully enough, "Poor dear!"

"You don't say that as emotionally as I should like you to—if I were James."

"But you're not!" said Lila.

"Do you have to spoil a perfectly happy evening by reminding me of the fact?"

"Can I spoil a perfectly happy evening as easily as that?"

"You know quite well you can, already!" He added with an abrupt change of tone, "Where would you like to dine?"

"I am in your hands," said Lila sweetly.

They had dinner in the next town at a delightful little inn set back among trees, with half-timbered walls, with low-ceilinged shadowy rooms, with glimmering yellow candles on the tables, with soft-spoken smooth-sliding waiters. Thorne ordered briefly. "If you care for that?" to Lila.

"Whatever you wish," she murmured gently; "it doesn't matter."

"I know," he told her, when the waiter had gone. "Still, since dinner is my excuse for carrying you off this evening, I shall have to see that you eat."

Across that little table with its flickering ruddy shaded candle they looked into each other's eyes each time a little deeper.

"Isn't it queer," said Lila innocently, when they had left the inn and were walking back beneath the trees to Thorne's car waiting in a mellow wash of moonlight, "I seem to have known you for ages and ages. I really haven't any ladylike reticences with you at all. I am telling you the most amazing things about myself; things you might have taken years to discover—properly."

"I don't like that word," objected Thorne gravely. "I don't like your persistent use of it."

"Very well, I won't any more; I am nothing if not docile."

"I don't want you to be docile. I want you to be—yourself."

A tiny qualm went through her.

"My own self may not be as nice as you think."

"I'll be judge of that."

He helped her in, and when they swung into the tarnished ribbon of a road again her fingers were close and warm under his, one-hand driving being apparently not confined to Columbia. Yet how inexpressibly different this strong unsteadying contact, how ineffably far removed from the moist integrity of Sam Humphreys' clasp. Lila stirred and shivered.

"Cold?" Thorne asked her tenderly.

"Not in the least; just remembering something."

"Couldn't you manage to forget—for a little while—for such a little while? Just for one month; not much out of a lifetime."

"Shall I?" she almost whispered.

"Please! Not unless you want to, though."

A subtle young man, beyond question. A young man who knew his way about among the ladies. A young man who had dallied ere this and would conceivably dally again. Lila caught her breath and laughed a little.

"Just for one month?" she echoed. "It couldn't possibly hurt anyone."

"One month—four weeks—thirty days—count 'em!" he said with a laugh of his own that betrayed a flattering edge of excitement. "To begin with, then, Lila——"

Lila's heart stumbled oddly. "Little fool!" she cried to herself; and aloud with the softest inflection imaginable, "Yes, Tony?"

XIII

TWO things in life may be called unfairly slippery—a greased pole and the well-advertised road to Avernus. Of greased poles Lila, like many another of her sheltered sex, had slight experience; of Avernian macadam she was soon in a position to speak—if she had cared to—with considerable authority. For Thorne pressed his advantage, gained the night of that letter-posting drive, with relentless ardor. Even Lila herself hadn't quite expected the number of concessions she was successively called upon to make.

"Just for one month" covered increasingly intensive demands. She was not at home with James and Cousin Maisie, so could be kept out till three in the morning if Tony could amuse her so long.

She knew almost no one in New York, so had never had very good reason for refusing any of Tony's plans.

"But don't you know anyone else yourself?" suggested Lila in a pleasantly panicky moment, when it began to seem as if five or six nights a week spent exclusively in the company and at the direction of one young man, however charming, must somewhere, somehow create comment.

Tony smiled at her and shook his head.

"I know lots of people, but not one single soul who has a right to inquire as to my goings-out and comings-in. Marvelous, isn't it? I live at a club—d'you see?—and I work."

"You've never told me what sort of work you do," said Lila.

"I write," said Tony laconically.

"On, Tony—fiction?"

"Not intentionally. Briefs."

"I see. A lawyer?"

"Of sorts."

"But, Tony, you must be a corporation lawyer, aren't you?" She was thinking of his car, his easy disregard of expense, his quiet air of being accustomed always to having things just as he preferred them.

Tony told her modestly, "No, I merely struggle along; but my maternal grandfather was a pirate."

"Of sorts?"

They smiled at each other with exquisite understanding.

"What difference does it make," cried Tony suddenly, almost violently, "what you do, or I do, or anyone in the whole dashed town does? All that really matters is—we're together—each of us on our own—for a horribly little while! Who cares what we were in April—or what we'll be in June? This one month is mine—and yours—and it's all we've got. So don't let's waste it haggling over details."

It was in that moment—Lila timed it definitely through a subsequent sleepless dawn—that she first realized Tony cared!

He wasn't just playing. He had begun, in play, for an adventure, shaking the tree of life for forbidden fruit. Oh, doubtless!

But now he was slipping into earnest. Tobogganing, unmistakably. Tony—the cool, the skeptical, the infinitely sophisticated. Lila had caught the same smoldering question in his laughing eyes as in the eyes of Sam Humphreys.

Impossible! Worlds apart, the two men. Yet conviction remained with her, shaking her own control beyond repair.

So long as Tony was only playing, so long as she knew it a game with him, an episode merely, and a graceful interlude, Lila, too, could play. She, too, could take

(Continued on Page 101)

"Chequing" the Traveler

Not the little brass checks or cardboard tags that go on your luggage:—

But the sky-blue slips of paper, with which travelers, who *know how* to travel, always *cheque themselves* before they start on a journey, anywhere—***Travelers Cheques*** which take the place of ***Money*** and, taking that place, take away all the traveler's care and worry about the *Safety* and value of his traveling funds:

American Express Travelers Cheques

"Chequing the Traveler" is not a play on words for American Express Travelers Cheques do just that thing.—*Cheque* the traveler. And this means.—

Cheque him against losing his money or having it stolen—

Cheque him with a money which is spendable anywhere, acceptable everywhere, and which is not subject to depreciation—

Cheque him with a money which crooks have no use for, since to make these checks good they must be signed twice by the purchaser, once when bought,—at his bank or express office,—again when spent. If lost before signed the second time, they are made good by the American Express Company.

More than this: "Chequing the Traveler" with *American Express* Travelers Cheques means *chequing him personally*—looking after him, assisting him in countless ways, giving him a *personal Service* wherever he travels, anywhere in the United States or Canada, as well as in foreign lands.

This personal Service side of 'Chequing' the Traveler is individual to American Express Travelers Cheques. It has been made possible by American Express—only after 33 years of persistent effort in the interest of travelers—through the development of its international chain of offices around the world, and through its representatives in the 26,700 express offices in this country. It is *the Service* which establishes *'Peace of Mind in traveling.'*

Before you go on a trip anywhere—for business or pleasure—by train, or ship, or motor—tramping, vacationing, or for rest at a resort—*'Cheque' out* with American Express Travelers Cheques. They cost only 75 cents per $100—a mere "tip" in traveling expense but a 'tip' you will never forget to make—once you have made it.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS AND EXPRESS OFFICES

For all journeys secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries—or plan your cruise or tour through

American Express Co.

65 Broadway, New York

"*That's* why you're a failure"

THIS was a job that the salesmanager dreaded to tackle. For it isn't exactly a pleasant thing to talk to someone about a matter so personal as this.

Yet he realized it was for the man's own good. He knew that this thing was holding him back—making a second or third-rater out of a born salesman.

So he got up his courage one morning and told him the blunt truth. Many men would have dodged the subject.

* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the cause. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.
—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

(Continued from Page 99

chances with her emotions, cerebrate her desires, and finesse her heart. Stifling the rest, choking it off, in the dark. But if Tony cared; really cared!

Lila turned on her face among the pillows and lay listening to clamor in her own breast. The little crooked room with the gay faded roses on the walls was very still. One heard a heart beat easily—or felt it? Like strokes of a hammer—muffled in warm white flesh. A lovely, lovely feeling; happiness that barely missed a hurt. If Tony—cared!

Dawn came in at the window, that one narrow beautiful window below which lay the roofs of all New York. Dawn, lilac and silver and pearl, cool as spray, vague as the edges of a cloud, an awakening murmur in the air, a thinning of shadows, a flicker of unearthly gold upon the ceiling.

Was Tony, too, waking in the dawn? And questioning?

Lila released her heart to him across the drowsing city like a carrier pigeon with a message tied to its leg.

She lay staring at the wall, her dark eyes wide and wondering. If Tony cared, if he wasn't playing any longer—toward what uncharted shore would that swift current carry them?

Lila's reckless adventuring—through what secret doorways might she not have to pass to come to the end?

And that there must be an end, that a month was only a month—all at once the thought was insupportable.

"I'm going to pay for every beautiful moment I have with him—by not having him any more—when it's over," thought poor Lila desperately. She cried, softly and hard, with her face hidden, while dawn deepened to day and the little crooked room grew light.

That was when she first realized Tony cared.

Naturally she told him nothing about it. She made up her mind—all alone—that she would take—against all the canons of her Columbian upbringing—what sort of love he offered her. She didn't know what Tony's standards were—he hadn't any but an ethical reason for respecting the rights of a husband whom he had never seen—and Lila knew that the present generation, her own, took small stock in ethics as a *modus operandi*. She knew this because she had read it in innumerable books, seen it in innumerable plays in which the heroine was, if at all modern, no heroine until she had thrown her cap over the nearest windmill at least once.

New York—reasoning further—could scarcely be expected to live by the small-town moralities of Columbia. Lila, unless she were going to stop Tony's caring, dead—and that was unthinkable, she didn't even consider that—would have to play the game, that was all, allowing Tony to make the rules.

She had another breathless ache—only one week left of her magic month. Well, a week was enough to save or spoil anybody's soul.

And after that week Columbia once again. Cousin Maisie once again. Once again, Sam Humphreys; no, never, now, Sam Humphreys! Whatever Tony did or didn't ask of Lila—in that one week remaining—he had quite definitely finished off Sam Humphreys for her. She could never marry Sam Humphreys now—even if he asked her, which Lila knew he wouldn't without her deliberate assistance, although he might very readily with it.

"Ye didn't slape anny too well last night, did ye now?" suggested Marg'ret, cleaning up the room that morning while Lila as usual made ready to go out.

Luncheon alone, a matinée alone, but dinner at seven with Tony, and another shadowy drive.

"Why?" asked Lila swiftly. "Don't I look well? Oh, Marg'ret, don't tell me I don't!" She leaned to stare at herself in the mirror.

"Ye look—a little tired—and homesick," said Marg'ret.

Homesick—for Columbia!

Lila laughed; a scornful shadow of sound.

"Yer husband'll be comin' to take ye home wan o' these days, won't he?" Marg'ret persisted with friendly anxiety. "Maybe ye're goin' around too much. This is a terrible town for that!"

"A terrible town? A fairy-tale town, Marg'ret; a magical town!" cried Lila, and left her weekly dollar on the corner of the dressing table.

She felt toward Marg'ret and Peter—after three weeks in the Gothard—as a princess in an enchanted tower might feel toward two faithful retainers. They supplied her contact with reality.

Tony—ah, well, no blinking the fact—Tony was the prince!

They drove once more along the Boston Post Road that night, through a dusk fragrant with lilacs and wet grass; and they talked, oddly enough, in the merest snatches. Sometimes Tony put out his hand and covered Lila's jealously.

Once he slipped his arm about her and they ran through a long straight stretch of shadow, her cheek against his shoulder, without a word.

"Heaven!" said Tony eventually. "Just undiluted heaven, isn't it?"

He cared: a blind woman could have seen it. The husky little break in his wonderful voice, the tenderness in his fingers.

"Yes, just heaven," said Lila softly.

Tony added, and took his arm away, "With me outside the gate!"

There was a breathless unhappy little silence.

He drew up the car at the side of the road next a pasture fence in the deep pool of shadow that an aged elm afforded. Many a car must have lingered there before them. The place cried out for lovers—made and mellowed for their uses.

"Well," he said, "let's have it out! What's the use pretending any longer? I began it as a ——"

"An adventure," said Lila. "I know."

"Didn't you, yourself?"

She said so low he scarcely heard her, "Just at first."

"I lost my head," said Tony, closing and unclosing one brown hand very gently, "about a week ago."

"Oh, Tony!"

"You didn't know it?"

"I didn't guess until—something you said—last night."

"Something I said! Lord, the things I've choked off!"

"Why?" asked Lila. "Didn't it—occur—to you—I might like—to hear them?"

"Oh, yes," said Tony slowly. "That occurred to me. I didn't quite dare be sure—but—we—rather—belong—I think."

"I—think so," said Lila.

They had been talking like people at a tea party, low-voiced and careful, with little well-bred pauses—waiting scrupulously, each for the other to finish. Suddenly the ice broke. Lila wasn't sure just how or why—but Tony's arms were round her, he was crushing his cheek against her own. In a moment she knew he would kiss her. She wanted, more than she had ever wanted anything before in her whole life long, to be kissed by Tony; the tips of her fingers, closing hard on his arm, told him how much. She knew they told, and didn't care. She waited—stillness in the heart of a storm—till his lips touched hers. Then, closed eyes shutting out the world, she gave herself—blindly.

Somewhere a long way off—in interstellar spaces—part of her was thinking, "You can't play—with a thing like this. It serves me right. We were both playing; we're both caught. I wonder—I wonder—where it's taking us?"

Wondering endured but briefly.

Tony let her go. With his heart pounding against her breast he held her close one moment longer, then let her go, drew away from her, even, to his own side of the car, and dropped his head in his hands with a groan.

He said: "And you're married! I'm punished—all right!"

Lila's house of cards fell down about her softly—lay there, final, as dead leaves on the ground. She put out a shaking hand, and drew it back; opened her lips to speak, and closed them again.

The thing she had done—her reason for doing it—was all at once not a thing she could tell—to a man who loved her.

And unless she could tell him she had lost him for good and all.

She sat beside him, wordless, staring at the back of his bent brown head, turning about and about upon the third finger of her left hand a slim frail circlet of platinum carved in orange blossoms.

"Amor," was the word inside.

"Name of a place, I think," the pawnbroker had said to her.

What was it she had answered him? It came back, bitter on her lips.

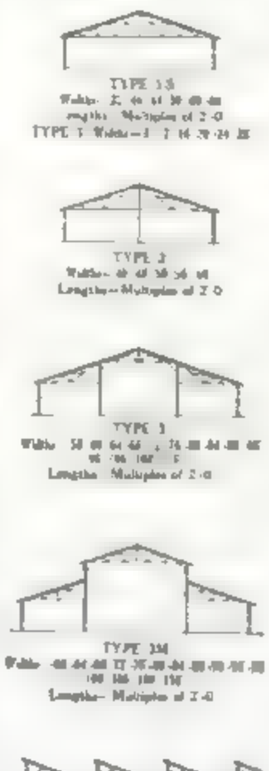
"Others have thought so before you!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Now! Unlimited Choice In Truscon Buildings

Flat Roof Types can now be obtained in Truscon Standard Buildings. This important advance results from the perfection of the new Truscon "Steeldeck" roof—asbestos covered. Truscon meets any demand in one-story buildings (also many two-story types).

Series "A"
Truscon Copper Steel roof or "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered.



Lanterns, if desired on Types 1-S, 2 and 3

Every Individual Need Is Now Met by One of These Combinations

The many standardized units of Truscon Steel Buildings can be combined in innumerable ways to meet your individual requirements. You have complete choice of sizes, layouts, shapes of roof and arrangements of windows and doors. Let our engineers help you obtain the building you want.

Your Building Problem Solved—Complete Bids (not estimates) At Once

You eliminate all the troubles of ordinary building. You get an exact cost bid at once. One contract covers everything, no extras. Quick erection insures immediate return on your investment.

Save Time and Money Return Coupon Today

A line from you will bring useful catalogue with full information. Tell us about your plans and we will furnish exact bid. Act now! Return coupon or write letter.

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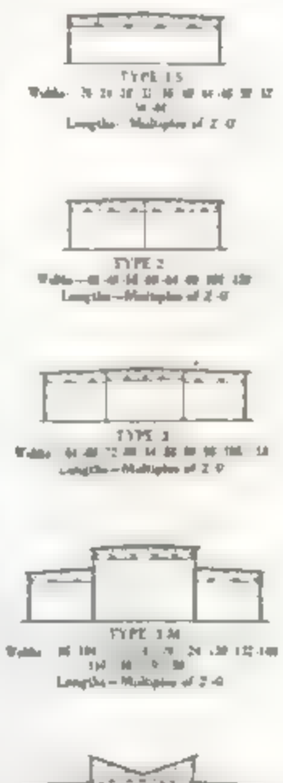
Truscon "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered on all series "B" buildings.



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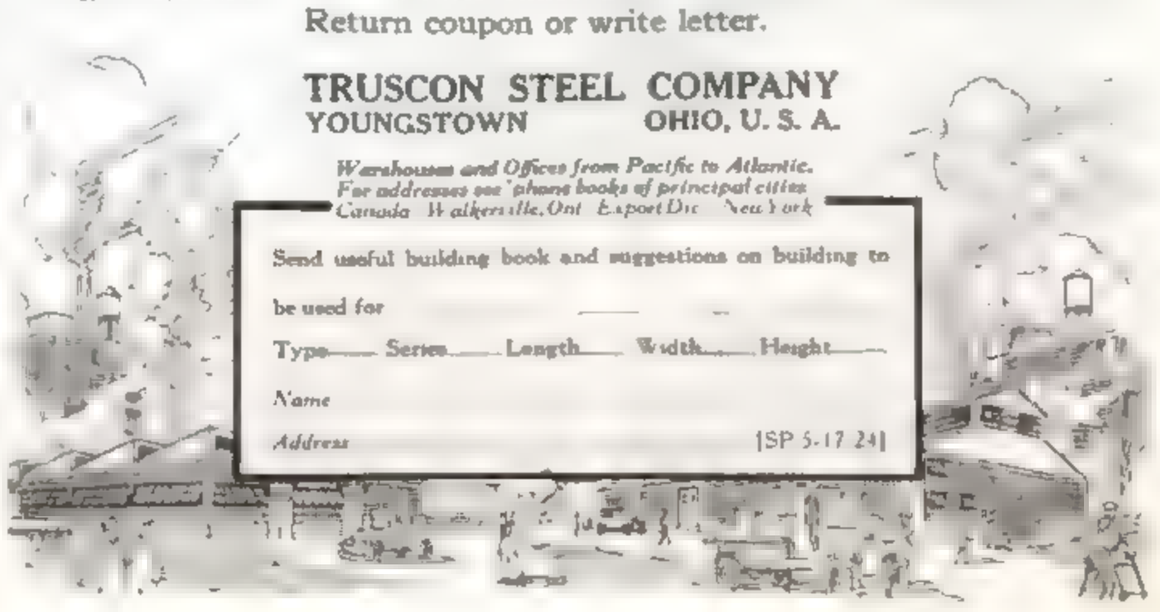
YOUNGSTOWN OHIO, U. S. A.

Warehouses and Offices from Pacific to Atlantic. For addresses see 'phone books of principal cities. Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Export Dept., New York



Send useful building book and suggestions on building to be used for _____

Type____ Series____ Length____ Width____ Height____

Name _____

Address _____ ISP 5-17 24

GIVING FOLKS WHAT THEY WANT BY RADIO

(Continued from Page 11)

campaigning will go in winning votes the coming presidential election may show. If it succeeds in winning votes from the opposite party, there is no assurance that the candidates, once in office, will not play party politics just as hard as ever.

What does the radio public want?

On the staff of one large New York broadcasting station there are about seventy-five people. The plant itself employs twenty-five engineers and mechanicians in the work of operating, repairs, testing and special set-ups. But there are fully forty employes engaged directly or indirectly on the program. The booking department keeps track of artists, gives trial hearings and makes engagements. The program department, including five announcers and several accompanists, puts on the daily performances. And on the morning after, a clerical staff of twenty persons goes over the mail, tabulating letters and applause cards to find out what the silent radio audience likes best.

In the beginning this station got about 200 letters and cards a week. Today it gets every day more than 1000 letters, cards and telephone or telegraph messages expressing approval. Disapproval is so rare that three or four grumbling letters daily are exceptional—in the case of the man on Long Island, whose kick was usually definite, criticism brought an invitation to visit the station. It is estimated that not more than one listener in ten writes, and the commonest communication received is a letter of some length, written after a particular program number has made a strong impression upon the listener, leading him or her to apologize for not having written sooner to express personal enjoyment not only of that particular number but also of things that have been included in programs for six months or a year past.

Applause by Mail

Radio applause is frankly solicited by the announcers of most stations, and there is no other way for the listener to coöperate in getting good programs than to applaud freely and intelligently. A generous bundle of correspondence approving the work of a given artist who has performed without pay heartens that artist and encourages him to perform again. With two or three performances, he may make for himself a radio reputation leading to professional engagements. It is not uncommon for radio performers to procure private engagements in the homes of people who have heard them on the air. Vaudeville, theatrical and musical managers watch the air, and unknown performers frequently get hearings that lead to engagements. In one case an exceptionally good dance orchestra at an obscure restaurant was brought to the attention of an Eastern program director, made a hit the first evening, became a regular weekly number on a big station's program, attracted the attention of a talking-machine company's musical director because people asked for records by that band, and was invited to make records—all through the written applause of radio fans.

After singing, playing or reciting to what Mary Pickford called a tin ear when addressing her own first radio audience, it is gratifying to receive the plaudits of your silent audience next day. If you are a clergyman the letters will often contain money contributions. One regular weekly feature of a New York broadcasting station's program is the Sunday-afternoon service of a Brooklyn Y, picked up at the association hall and brought to the antennæ by a long-distance telephone circuit. The broadcasting station belongs to a public-utility company whose rates are fixed by regulation, and it charges the association for the use of that telephone circuit because it cannot be given free under the regulations. But though the telephone bill is about $100 each Sunday, mail contributions more than cover it.

The program director is even keener than the artist about this postal applause, because it indicates what his public wants. So the letters, cards and wire messages are carefully tabulated, giving a referendum upon particular artists as well as particular kinds of entertainment. Tastes differ according to the station. Just as one newspaper will have readers interested in constructive affairs, and another appeal chiefly to lovers of sport, so the radio stations have their characteristic programs. The letters received by one New York station indicate that its listeners appreciated good symphony music more than any other feature of its program; and after that, dance music and instrumental and vocal numbers. Another New York station has had the greatest success the past year broadcasting musical comedies direct from theater stages, sometimes only part of the show, as a single act, but in other cases the whole performance from overture to finale. Still another New York station confines its activities largely to dance music and vaudeville numbers.

One thing the public wants more and more—the outside job, as the radio engineer calls it.

President Coolidge speaks to the nation from the White House, or a presidential message is picked up as delivered at the Capitol. That is an outside job. The funeral services of the late Alfred H. Smith, suddenly killed by a fall from his horse, were broadcast from the church where they were held because the New York Central Railroad's 175,000 employes were anxious to hear them by radio—an outside job. A public dinner to a new ambassador, a symphony recital in Carnegie Hall or the Auditorium, a football game, a big rowing match, or what South Americans call a box fight between Firpo and Dempsey—these are representative outside jobs. Obviously the event cannot be brought to a broadcasting studio, so the radio engineer must go to the Capitol, athletic bowl or ringside, set up his microphones and send the event to antennæ over a telephone wire.

The outside job, compared with even the most notable studio number, has the fascination of big doings. A good many radio listeners would tune in for a studio talk on Municipal Problems by C. Coolidge, mayor of Northampton, Massachusetts. Everybody tunes in for a talk on National Problems by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, from the White House. A string quartet can play the whole range of chamber music from a broadcasting studio, but when it comes to a symphony-orchestra recital or the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony with chorus or an oratorio like The Messiah or Elijah, it is necessary to go to the auditorium, and the performance gains decided interest by the participation of the audience, whose applause comes through the air, as well as the music. For sporting events it is not only necessary to take the microphones to the scene but to send an expert announcer—it is almost a hoax upon the radio public that, although it clearly "sees" the big heavyweight match or the decisive game of the World Series, it really gets nothing whatever except the announcer's verbal description, punctuated by cheers, rooting and applause.

Complicated Outside Jobs

That people want the outside event more than anything else is shown in the fact that nearly one program number in every three broadcast by the two principal New York stations last year was picked up outside the studio, and program directors say that such numbers must be given more and more as the radio audience develops sophistication.

This kind of number complicates the problem of who is to pay for broadcasting, for the 471 outside jobs of a single New York station last year required 126 special installations of microphones in hotels, auditoriums, lecture rooms, theaters, churches and other places in the metropolis, as well as in Washington, St. Louis, Kansas City, New Haven, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and other outside points. Some idea of expense is given in cost figures for broadcasting the proceedings of a national business convention held in New York last summer. Microphones were installed to pick up the proceedings in New York and broadcast them from that city, as well as from Schenectady, Pittsburgh and Chicago. For these three additional cities the proceedings were sent by long-distance telephone wires and put in the air through local broadcasting stations. It was necessary to send engineers in advance to repeating points between New York and other cities, making tests, preparing circuits and waiting until actual broadcasting was over, to facilitate good transmission. Besides being well-paid experts, they had traveling and hotel expenses. On this particular job a roll call was taken just before the broadcasting began and sixty-five engineers and mechanicians answered "Here!"

The complication of such broadcasting may be illustrated in this way:

You put in a long-distance telephone call from New York to Chicago, and speak over a circuit that is carrying, at the same time, without your knowledge, several other telephone conversations, and as many telegraph messages. This is done by using currents of different intensities which do not interfere with one another. Also, current of 150 to 2000 cycles suffices for long-distance telephony, because the clearest telephone conversation is only a skeleton of speech. Choose a line of good-size display type in a newspaper advertisement—capitals and small letters. Put a piece of white paper across the lower half of the printed line. You will find that it is just as easy to read as though the whole line were visible, because the eye really picks up words from the top half of the printed line—nearly all the reader sees. On the same principle the ear picks up clear conversation from a skeleton structure of speech that, over the telephone, has not more than half the actual spoken tones.

A Discriminating Ear

Intelligibility is the chief essential in long-distance telephone conversation. But naturalness is the prized quality in broadcasting—that something in transmission which clearly distinguishes the oboe from the English horn when a symphony orchestra is playing at full volume, makes the overtone of the piano clear at a distance of several hundred miles, and registers a speaker's breathing.

When President Coolidge spoke by radio the first time, a listener at a broadcasting station in Texas reported hearing a sound that resembled the turning of a manuscript leaf every now and then. This was reported to the New York station by the telegraph line which is always used for communication during such broadcasting. He was told to listen and report the noise if he heard it again, while an operator at the President's side in Washington was directed to report telegraphically when the next manuscript leaf was turned in reading. Sure enough, "There it is again," clicked out Texas, and Washington telegraphed at almost the same moment, "The President just turned another leaf."

Understand that this presidential address was transmitted to Texas over telephone-wire circuits and there put upon the air through a local broadcasting station. To get clarity and naturalness like that, it is necessary to have a current of more than 5000 cycles, with an absolutely clean circuit—a wire over which nothing else is passing. In practice two or more clean circuits are necessary, because the high-tension currents used are likely to set up induction and interference in neighboring circuits. If that happens a man telephoning from New York to St. Louis may find the President of the United States surging over into his confab with a customer.

Along the line, at repeating points, engineers will be stationed to regulate the broadcasting with vacuum-tube amplifiers, building it up when it fails below clear natural talk and damping it down to prevent surging it over into telephone circuits if it becomes abnormally loud. As this particular talk was put into the air in Washington, New York, Providence, St. Louis, Kansas City and Dallas it required more than 100 engineers and mechanicians at repeating points.

Besides the numerous telephone circuits used it was necessary also to have telegraph circuits for communication between the many operators. However, one bright side of wired broadcasting is that some of the most important events occur at night, when long-distance telephoning falls off, simplifying the problems of clean circuits and interference.

When the outside job is a theatrical performance, musical show or religious service, there are difficulties to be overcome other than those of engineering. Theatrical entertainment is planned for the eye as well as the ear, and even church services have gaps during which the radio listener hears nothing. Such difficulties in religious services have led to the broadcasting of special studio services by different denominations during the week, though sermons and choir music are also broadcast from churches on Sundays.

The only dramatic theatrical performances thus far broadcast from New York have been portions from Shaksperean productions, Shakspere's continuous text lending itself more readily to broadcasting than the disconnected dialogue of present-day plays with their stage business. It has been found difficult to broadcast a dramatic performance because the actors, while speaking their lines, are moving about the stage, now approaching the microphone and again drawing away from it.

The musical show is more easily handled, because half its action and volume come from the orchestra, which is stationary and plays evenly into well-placed microphones, while the soloist usually stands in singing, and the chorus numbers are caught as readily as the orchestra music. More often a single act is chosen for air entertainment. The broadcasting station sends a representative to review the whole show and select that part of it most suitable as one-sense entertainment, and on the night it appears in the radio program an announcer goes to the theater, explains in a short preliminary talk what has happened before in the way of plot—the average musical-show plot requires little explanation—and the microphones are switched on. Already the requirements of radio are stimulating composers and musical-comedy writers to take the one-sense audience into account and put together shows with more continuous interest for the ear alone.

Thus far no station is reported as paying performers who "appear" on its programs. The cost of broadcasting is too high to permit the additional expense of hiring artists. And besides, every prominent station has a waiting list of artists eager to sing, play or recite for nothing, taking their payment in publicity that may later give their services cash value elsewhere.

All sorts of folks try to break into radio. You have heard the old story of an applicant who wanted a place on the radio program and said he was an experienced professional.

"What do you do?" asked the program director.

"I am a juggler," was the answer.

Taking No Chances

There have been cases in which clog dancers suggested that a board be laid down before the microphone so the invisible audience could hear their act. One interesting novelty recently offered to an Eastern broadcasting station was a trained parrot whose impresario said it would repeat the Lord's Prayer, sing a song and whistle a tune in the microphone. But the act was not accepted, one of the program director's objections being that the parrot might forget its stunts and broadcast an outburst of profanity.

The "altruist" is a familiar type to the program director. He offers to deliver some message of great public importance, which usually comes down to frank propaganda for commercial interests with which he is connected. A great many instructive talks about the wonders of the shoe industry and the romance of rubber do get on the radio programs, but they are carefully edited beforehand to eliminate everything except information of general interest. Though there are many persons who like to hear about the wonders of everyday things, unquestionably these numbers are the least popular, and are likely to be replaced with more entertaining material.

Practically all such talks must be submitted in writing to the program director before delivery, and be read into the microphone instead of being delivered extempore. If the talk is technical it will be shown to experts qualified to pass upon it—that is, if a doctor speaks on some popular medical subject his talk will be reviewed by fellow physicians, passing upon its accuracy and his professional standing. On top of that the speaker signs a contract assuming all responsibility for what he says. If his talk happens to be libelous in some unsuspected way, any litigation that might arise must be his affair, not that of the broadcasting station.

Continued on Page 107

a Revelation

New Oil Stove

The *Improved Blue Chimney New Perfection* astonishes women with faster, more economical and trouble-proof cook stove service at a moderate price.

Even women who *for years* have used the world-famous Blue Chimney New Perfection with utmost satisfaction are delighted with the improvements offered by this new 1924 model.

Faster cooking than ever before, yet 17% less fuel used. That makes it the most economical oil stove in the world.

And it has the new *conveniences* a woman wants! Roomy cooking top—comfortable working height—extra shelf space—and other devices for saving steps and effort.

Altogether it gives you the greatest advantages obtainable at moderate price!

At your dealer's you will find styles and sizes, from $7.00 to $145.00, to suit every requirement—each the utmost in cooking satisfaction at its price.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., *7604 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio*
Also makers of the well known PURITAN "Short Chimney" oil stove.

New
Blue Chimney Burner
Faster More Economical

The remarkable increase in cooking heat and the greater fuel economy of this new burner, are due to its new double-wall, double-draft construction.

The picture above shows how the EXTRA volume of air drawn in through the small holes around the chimney, is converted into an ADDED ring of intense cooking heat. This quicker cooking cuts down fuel consumption.

Your Dealer Will Demonstrate

$55.05
35.00

New Cook Book—*Send ten cents for the 1924 New Perfection Cook Book, forty-four pages of recipes, menus for all occasions and invaluable cookery suggestions*

NEW PERFECTION
Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

You wouldn't be without Palm Beach Suits if you knew what a difference they make in your looks and your feelings [illegible] the warm days

Be Cool!

Straw hat time is Palm Beach Suit time

LIKE STRAW HATS, Palm Beach Suits let the air circulate. They are smooth-finished, and have no furry, fuzzy fibres to hold heat. They let the body breathe. Like straw hats, too, Palm Beach Suits are the accepted summer dress for men. They look like summer clothes because they *are*. They keep a man cool, and they keep him looking cool.

People make fun of a man who wears a hot felt hat in summer. Then why should a fellow swelter and sweat in hot, sticky, uncomfortable clothes when he can be well dressed, comfortable, and cool in his straw hat and Palm Beach Suit?

Any day that's hot enough for a straw hat is too hot for you to wear any other kind of suit but a cool, comfortable Palm Beach Suit.

Get your Palm Beach Suit at the time you buy your straw hat.

Your regular clothier should have Palm Beach Clothes of the price, colors, tailoring, patterns, and cut that are designed to meet the taste of men of your sort.

Golf knickers, sport clothes, and boys' suits of Palm Beach Cloth are cool, good-looking, and durable.

Palm Beach Cloth comes in a great variety of colors and patterns

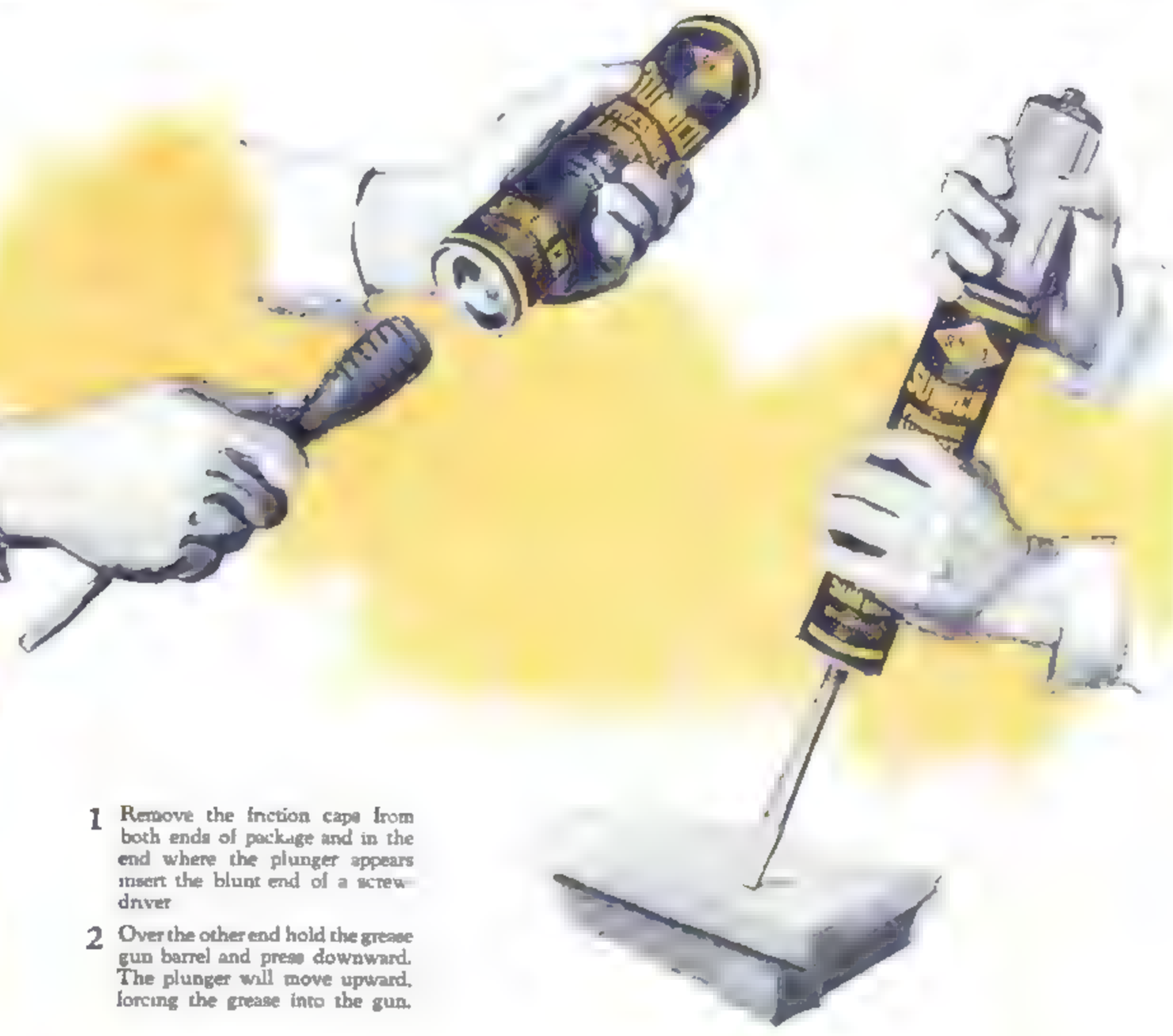
Palm Beach Golf Knickers are cool and do not wrinkle. They come in very smart patterns.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO. Sanford, Maine
A. ROHAUT, Selling Agent, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

At all good clothing stores—in dark and light colors and many patterns
Priced according to finish and tailoring

PALM BEACH SUITS

This tube, shown actual size, contains one pound of Sunoco Pressure Lubricant and is sufficient for two loadings of your grease gun.



1 Remove the friction caps from both ends of package and in the end where the plunger appears insert the blunt end of a screw-driver

2 Over the other end hold the grease gun barrel and press downward. The plunger will move upward, forcing the grease into the gun.

Learn something about greasing a car

YOU grease your car, or have it greased to keep wearing parts lubricated. Maybe you think all grease is alike, and it doesn't make much difference *what* grease you use.

Greases vary greatly; many contain water; some have lime; others asbestos and other adulterants. Probably you have had annoying squeaks, "frozen" springs and shackle-bolts, which sometimes cause repairs and replacements. They may mean something wrong with the grease you're using.

Sunoco Pressure Lubricant is a different kind of grease. It is pure, solidified oil, made from petroleum products by our own patented process.

Here are the facts

Grease is oil held in a heavier substance to give it body, so that it will stay where it is put; like water in a sponge. In most greases the "sponge" is a heavy hard soap containing animal or vegetable fat. It has little lubricating value; it dries and cakes; clogs the bearings. When you force fresh grease into bearings, it may not reach the right spots at all, because that hard soap has clogged the bearings. You think you've "greased your car"; you haven't.

SUNOCO
PRESSURE LUBRICANT

The "sponge" is petroleum; never dries or cakes; pure lubricant throughout. Sunoco Pressure Lubricant contains no moisture, lime, asbestos, or other non-lubricants or adulterants. If you've used other greases, better have the bearings where the grease has been used thoroughly cleaned. Then use Sunoco Pressure Lubricant, stop the squeaks, protect the bearings, save money, and play safe.

Get a pound in our new container. It fits your grease gun and keeps your hands clean.

SUN OIL COMPANY, *Philadelphia*
SUN OIL COMPANY, Limited, MONTREAL
Branches and Agents in Principal Cities - Dealers Everywhere

(Continued from Page 102)

However, a good deal of speaking must necessarily be broadcast without this editing or censorship, if you want to consider it that. When a man of national prominence speaks, the microphone simply transmits what he has to say, his personal reputation being sufficient safeguard. Also, there is no way of editing in advance the speeches that will be delivered at a public dinner put on the air, but the public nature of such an event is a satisfactory safeguard.

For the artist who entertains by singing, reciting or playing, there is a preliminary test corresponding pretty closely to the photographic test demanded of applicants for movie fame. The applicant does his or her turn into the microphone privately, and is heard by an expert listening to the performance with a regular receiving set, out of the air, under distance conditions. A professional artist, perfectly at home in a great auditorium with a large audience, may not be so effective in radio—he or she will miss the stimulation of the audience, or the voice may be accustomed to a great auditorium. On the other hand, an amateur artist who might be overcome by stage fright in a great auditorium will be quite at home with the tin ear in the privacy of a studio. Stage fright is known in radio too. Many a seasoned professional has paced nervously up and down as the time approached for his first radio performance. Though stage fright before an actual audience is something that many artists never outgrow, it is said that radio stage fright seldom lasts long or comes back.

In the air, pleasantness and naturalness are the most valuable voice qualities. As has been said, electrical amplification can be used to build up or tone down a voice too weak or loud; but no electrical wizard has yet been able to supply the pleasing quality that wins the silent audience. In many cases, however, radio improves the speaking voice. President Coolidge, for example, speaks with a distinct Yankee twang, but radio improves his voice by eliminating his New England heritage.

A Resourceful Announcer

Radio has thus far done nothing to eliminate artistic temperament in the type of performer who has it acutely. There is a story of a famous opera singer who consented to appear in radio. Walking into the broadcasting room for the first time, she flew into conniptions over the thick sound-deadening carpet on the floor, saying that she could not do her best unless she stood on a resonant bare floor. For such emergencies, a broadcasting station keeps ready-witted announcers—something about the announcer presently. He was a musician in this case, and accustomed to the idiosyncrasies of artists.

"Madam," he said, flattering, "very few artists know that much. Just wait a moment." And he walked out of the room, wondering what could be done to pacify the lady.

In one corner of the instrument room he saw two sheets of insulating composition such as is used in the switchboard of a receiving set. Carrying these into the studio, he laid them down before the microphone as a platform, and the lady stepped on them, sang her little piece and was mollified. To some extent, temperament runs to excess in radio, because it is the threshold for many a little artist; and the little artist trying to act up to the level of the great artist sometimes overdoes temperament.

The announcer who tells you what has just been performed, and what will be heard next, is a key man in broadcasting. As a matter of fact, a big radio station has several announcers, and some women have made places for themselves in this work. He must have a good radio voice and be a resourceful speaker, utilizing little incidents and scraps of musical knowledge to break up the monotony of constant repetition: "You are listening to WHYZ, and the artist who has just played for you ——" and so forth. He must also be brief, and is generally an artist himself, capable of filling in a program gap caused by emergencies.

One of the best announcers in New York is a man with twenty years' experience in telephony, during which time he also studied music. Another is a church singer with long experience in symphony concerts and traveling orchestras—he is just as good in the spirited description of a football game or boxing match as in announcing a philharmonic concert, and in two or three minutes will give radio listeners a complete digest of a presidential message after listening to it himself. Among the women announcers is one who, as a stenographer in an electrical company's office, studied singing and piano, then accompanied artists who had no pianists, and finally took charge of the program. Another was a telephone worker who also found a studio opportunity through her ability as a pianist. Besides meeting many charming artists, and becoming acquainted with prominent persons, the announcer sees many big events, for he travels about to the outside jobs, working not unlike the star reporter of a newspaper.

Which suggests the question of news over the radio. More than one excited prophet has foretold the radio newspaper, abolishing the printed one—events reported an instant after they happen, direct into the ether, to be picked up by the waiting listeners. But two years' actual experience with broadcasting has shown that it is almost useless for news purposes. The big hours for listening are those after dinner, from seven until midnight. Most listeners have read the evening paper. Out of the day's news, spread over twenty printed pages, each reader selects what he or she is interested in—politics, sports, business, society, advertisements.

News by Radio

Nobody reads one-quarter the contents of any newspaper, much less all of it. Try to broadcast even a summary of this news and the element of selection would be gone. Each listener would either have to take what interested him along with what bored or switch off altogether. Therefore it is only in a great emergency, when something of universal interest breaks and it is impossible to reach the public through the newspapers, that an item of real news will be put in the air. It must be nothing short of a catastrophe, like the assassination of a world-famous ruler, and could only anticipate the morning newspapers by a general outline of the event. In fact, program directors feel that if any except major happenings are broadcast, the radio audience would quickly learn to discount radio news and consider it an interruption, if not some form of propaganda. The ideal radio-news event is the story that tells itself in action, like the breaking away from her mast of the dirigible Shenandoah and the suspension of entertainment broadcasting while she was being brought under control and headed back home.

A broadcasting station costs about $50,000. Its depreciation is figured close to 100 per cent yearly. The apparatus would actually give good service for five years, but advances in the radio art are so rapid that the station which was brand new and up to the minute today would be obsolete twelve months hence. More money was spent on the largest Eastern station in its second year for new equipment, special apparatus and replacement than the original cost when it was built new. The cost of operating a station, even when nothing is paid to artists, will hardly be less than $50,000 a year, and it has been estimated that a first-rate program of paid artists would cost between $2000 and $3000 a day. Even with free talent, 150 stations in and around New York cost $15,000,000 a year for operation and depreciation, and on a basis of eight hours' entertainment a day, each station would have the air to itself for about three and a half minutes!

Some broadcasting stations pay their way, but a good many others already established are unprofitable, and will either be scrapped or outgrown as the art advances. Broadcasting may be profitable to a department store and the direct expense charged up to advertising. One of the first permanent stations in the East was installed by a store ranking among the best in the United States but overshadowed by competitors' advertising in the New York newspapers. When this establishment got in the air with daily programs its name quickly became known as far as its entertainment could be heard.

The chain-store system and the manufacturer whose products are distributed over the whole country are also able to use radio broadcasting for prestige. But many of the newspapers that did splendid work in pioneering radio, expecting that it would pay in circulation, are now finding the burden too heavy, and so are private business concerns whose operations are local instead of national, and also some of the educational institutions. It is predicted that a good many of these local stations will close within the next year or two, not only because their expenses are too great but because much larger stations of very high power located in metropolitan centers where the best programs can be given will reach their audiences and offer them entertainment with which it will be impossible to compete.

The present trend seems to be toward two different types of broadcasting station. First, the great metropolitan plant located where good artists are available, sending out programs of universal interest—it is now possible to cover most of the country with stations in a half dozen such centers as New York, Chicago, San Francisco. And second, the smaller station sending out programs of local interest. No matter how big or powerful the other kind of station may become, there will always be need for local stations dealing with local affairs, just as the country weekly is still necessary even though most of its readers get the general news by taking a city daily. The big station may be located some distance outside the city to avoid interference with the local station—that is, with studios in the heart of town, its antennæ will be 50 or 100 miles away, reached by wires.

The other morning a New Yorker switched on his receiving set while waiting for breakfast, an hour when there is seldom anything to be heard. To his astonishment piano music poured out of the loud speaker. It came from a big station that conducts a great deal of testing and experimental work during the small hours of the morning and has a standing arrangement with a large moving-picture theater—there is always music a-going in a movie house—to catch its program for experimental purposes at any time.

"Station PBX testing!" said a voice, quite as resonant and important as that of a regular announcer, although the sole performer on his staff was a big reproducing piano. "We will resume our program in ten minutes. Please stand by!"

"How does he get that way?" asked the business man's wife, coffeepot in one hand and toast in the other.

"Oh, I guess he's studying to be an announcer," said her husband.

The big station that experiments as well as entertains may be spending as much for experimental work today as was spent upon the entertainment of the prominent station yesterday. The cost of broadcasting is high and is constantly going higher.

A Boon to the Shut-Ins

Radio has come to stay. A sheaf of letters lent the writer to show what's in the daily mail of a big broadcasting station revealed people and tastes of so many different kinds that there can be no doubt of its place as a common human necessity. The first dozen letters came from correspondents who explained that they themselves or members of their families had been bedridden for years, sometimes blind or without hearing. Even the deaf are often able to enjoy radio, and these shut-in folks told what it had come to mean to them. Others spoke of their enjoyment of music, theatrical entertainment, helpful talks on practical subjects, and even radio debates, on one side or the other of which they cast their votes.

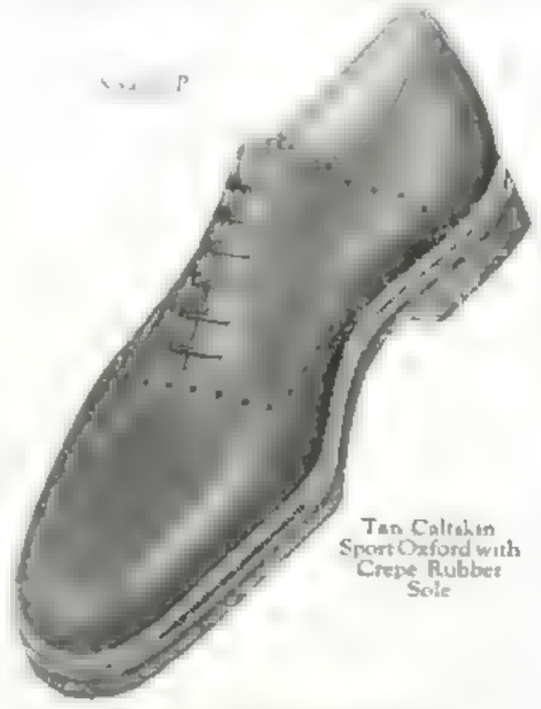
Radio is here to stay, and it is becoming clearer and clearer what people want. So the final unanswered question is, "Who will pay for broadcasting?"

Advertising pays for some of it, just as it pays for better news in newspapers and more stories and articles in magazines. However, there are certain interesting points of difference. The newspaper and magazine publishers pay their reporters and authors, where the broadcasting studio does not. Station SALE puts in the air a daily program of music and talks from a department store. Its sole advertising is mention of that store's name. The singers, players and speakers who appear give their services voluntarily and, of course, make no reference to the store. They in turn expect to obtain advertising which will lead to paid engagements elsewhere. But at station FLAM the Triolet College Glee Chorus, singing a ten-minute program, while making no reference to the popular confection Triolet, is nevertheless announced under that name and identified with the manufacturer of the confection. The announcer may state several times

(Continued on Page 109

THE
Hanover
Shoe
FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.



Tan Caltskin Sport Oxford with Crepe Rubber Sole

Look for the nearest Hanover Store

If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Write for catalog.

AKRON, OHIO	59 S. Main Street
ALBANY, N. Y.	463 Broadway
ALLENTOWN, PA.	524 Hamilton Street
ALTOONA, PA.	1309 11th Avenue
ATLANTA, GA.	6 Whitehall Street
ATLANTA, GA.	31 Marietta Street
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.	1106 Atlantic Avenue
AUGUSTA, GA.	837 Broad Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	125 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	16 E. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	138 W. Baltimore Street
BALTIMORE, MD.	W. Baltimore Street
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.	215 Third Avenue
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.	938 Main Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	433 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	508 Fifth Avenue
BROOKLYN, N. Y.	1162 Broadway
CAMDEN, N. J.	1151 Broadway
CANTON, OHIO	214 N. Market Avenue
CHAMBERSBURG, PA.	103 S. Main Street
CHARLESTON, S. C.	349 King Street
CHESTER, PA.	524 Market Street
CHICAGO, ILL.	29 S. Dearborn Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO	811 Vine Street
CLEVELAND, OHIO	530 Superior Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Cor. Pub. Sq. & Ont. Street
DAYTON, OHIO	19 E. Fifth Street
DETROIT, MICH.	1141 Farmer Street
DETROIT, MICH.	49 Monroe Street
DETROIT, MICH.	612 Woodward Ave.
EASTON, PA.	215 Northampton Street
ELIZABETH, N. J.	136 Broad Street
ERIE, PA.	1079 State Street
HARRISBURG, PA.	16 Carlisle Street
HARRISBURG, PA.	333 Market Street
HARTFORD, CONN.	100 Asylum Street
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.	33 S. Illinois Street
JACKSON, MICH.	109 E. Michigan Ave.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.	414 Main Street
LANCASTER, PA.	12 N. Queen Street
LEBANON, PA.	3 South Eighth Street
LORAIN, OHIO	630 Broadway
LOUISVILLE, KY.	405 S. Fourth Avenue
MCKEESPORT, PA.	318 Fifth Avenue
MACON, GA.	361 Second Street
NASHVILLE, TENN.	324 Fifth Avenue
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.	3 George Street
NEW CASTLE, PA.	324 E. Washington Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	615 Canal Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	122 St. Charles Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	64 S. Rampart Street
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1265 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1135 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	1595 Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.	78 W. 125th Street
NEWARK, N. J.	540 Market Street
NEWARK, N. J.	142 Market Street
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.	Washington Ave. at 29th Street
NORFOLK, VA.	125 Granby Street
PASSAIC, N. J.	58 Lexington Avenue
PATERSON, N. J.	291 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1702 Market Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1010 Chestnut Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1208 N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	1 N. Eighth Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	2440 Kensington Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	4041 Lancaster Avenue
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	2712 Germantown Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.	40 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	516 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	642 Smithfield Street
PITTSBURGH, PA.	208 Sixth Street
PLAINFIELD, N. J.	109 E. Front Street
READING, PA.	523 Penn Street
RICHMOND, VA.	631 E. Broad Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	304 N. Sixth Street
ST. LOUIS, MO.	3 S. Olive Street
SCRANTON, PA.	411 Spruce Street
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO	24 E. High Street
STAMFORD, CONN.	284 Atlantic Street
TOLEDO, OHIO	330 St. Clair Street
TRENTON, N. J.	17 E. State Street
WASHINGTON, D. C.	939 Pa. Ave., N. W.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.	46 E. Market Street
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.	125 W. Fourth Street
WILMINGTON, DEL.	602 Market Street
YORK, PA.	8 E. Market Street

THE HANOVER SHOE, Hanover, Pa.
Exclusively for Men and Boys

In the tensile strength test, briquettes of one square inch cross-section, made of one part cement and three parts Standard Ottawa silica sand, are tested to the breaking point. This is but one of the many tests, constant and rigorous at all mills, safeguarding the quality of Lehigh Cement.

SAFEGUARDING THE QUALITY OF LEHIGH CEMENT

BACK of the quality of every manufactured article, we must look for the ability, skill and sincerity of the organization that produces it.

At every stage in the manufacture of Lehigh Cement, quality is safeguarded by the most rigorous tests. We know the thousands of uses to which Lehigh will be put and recognize our responsibility in constantly guarding its quality.

The Lehigh organization has been in the forefront in developing the higher standards observed in manufacturing Portland Cement today. By such standards the cement industry has kept pace with the more and more exacting needs of the construction industry, and by them your health, comfort and convenience are safeguarded each hour of your daily life.

Lehigh Cement, a product of highest excellence produced at 16 mills from coast to coast, is placed at your disposal by thousands of dealers all over the country.

You can recognize your Lehigh dealer by the blue-and-white Lehigh sign.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

ALLENTOWN, PA. CHICAGO, ILL.
BIRMINGHAM, ALA. SPOKANE, WASH.

NEW YORK, N.Y. BOSTON, MASS. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
BUFFALO, N.Y. NEW CASTLE, PA. PITTSBURGH, PA.
KANSAS CITY, MO. MASON CITY, IOWA MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
OMAHA, NEB. RICHMOND, VA.

LEHIGH CEMENT

LEHIGH -- THE NATIONAL CEMENT

(Continued from Page 107)

during the ten-minute program that the Triolet boys are included in the program that evening through the courtesy of the manufacturer, and even urge the audience to write the Triolet boys letters—it encourages them so! Actually, many hundred letters have been received as an outcome of such advertising; and though it can never be so direct and forceful as printed publicity, still something like 250 business concerns are now included among the radio advertisers. Of course, the Triolet boys are also paid by the manufacturer, in addition to the rental charge for so many minutes' use of the station. However, there is a feeling of resentment against such radio advertising.

Opinion among artists about working for nothing is divided sharply between the unknown singers, players and reciters who find radio a possible road to reputation, and the professional who maintains that radio adds no more to his fame than it does to his pocketbook. Both appear to be right. Radio has been the open door to the professional world for so many beginners that no well-managed broadcasting station lacks applicants for its program. But the professional, broadcasting his specialty, may satisfy the desire of people to hear him and actually divert money from the box office. That is one view of it. But on the other hand, radio listeners say again and again, in their letters, that acquaintance with a particular artist through the air has led them to visit a theater to hear him or her personally and enjoy the performance as that of an old friend.

Indirect advertising value puts a great deal of good entertainment into the air, ranging all the way from symphony and oratorio to dance music. Symphony and oratorio are not profitable from the box-office standpoint, being supported by subscriptions in many cases, with many singers donating their services. It is broadcast partly as a sort of unsalable surplus, and for the purpose of making more friends for good music and possibly increasing the actual audiences at future recitals.

Jazzing Up England

The theater manager broadcasts part or all of his musical comedy once because it has been found excellent advertising. In one instance a Broadway musical show that wasn't going any too well won its place on the map through the broadcasting of a single act. After the musical numbers were over the pretty star of the piece spoke into the microphone, saying that if any listeners came to hear the rest of the show at the theater, and would tell the box-office man that they had been in the radio audience, she would see that they got one of her photographs and her autograph. That show has been prosperous ever since. The dance orchestra may be advertising the cabaret or hotel where it plays, or creating sales demand for phonograph records.

There is some fear among artists, and particularly musicians belonging to labor organizations, that the lavish distribution of entertainment through the air will deprive them of employment. Reports have been made of actual losses in wages by organized musicians. But on the other hand there is the case of a well-known American dance-orchestra leader who took his band to England last year and was opposed by English musicians. Through their organizations they succeeded in preventing his playing until, through an agreement, he employed English players. The American band created such popularity for good jazz that presently hundreds of idle English musicians found employment.

In England, broadcasting is a monopoly under the Post Office Department, carried on by a radio company and paid for in a tax on each receiving set. Some similar method of finance has been suggested for this country, as well as a tax upon receiving apparatus to be paid by manufacturers instead of purchasers, and also a radio fund to which the public could make voluntary contributions. But free as the air is still true of our entertainment in the ether. American radio has not yet contrived a satisfactory box office. Theoretically, where a Caruso sang personally to an opera audience of 5000 persons, and was paid several thousand dollars a night, in the air he might have sung to several million listeners and earned tens of thousands, provided some way were found of collecting a penny from each person in the invisible audience. The problem may be solved commercially by the business managers or technically through the invention of a selective device by the electrical engineers with which entertainment can be delivered only to those who pay for it.

Teaching 'Em to Like It

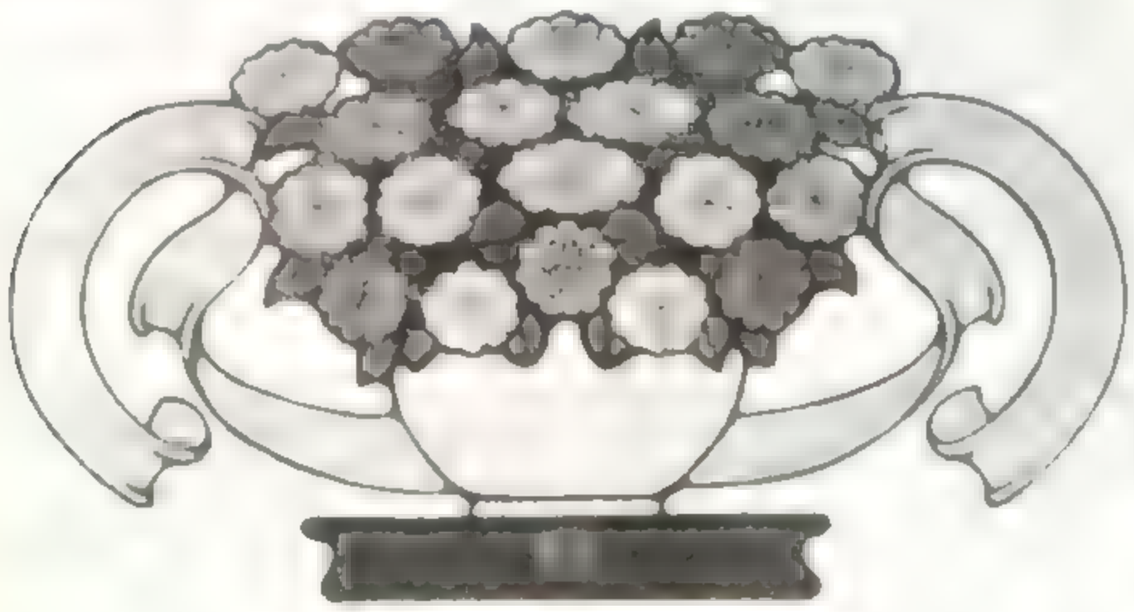
Several radio engineers, lunching in a New York restaurant, were discussing the question, Who will ultimately pay for the broadcasting? A moving-picture producer sat down and listened in. One engineer thought wired wireless was the solution—people would find it cheaper. Another predicted that selective devices would eventually make it possible to restrict entertainment to listeners who paid for it. But he was pounced upon by a third radio sharp who believed that the public would resent any interference with the present free-as-air entertainment.

Finally the movie magnate tuned in:

"I was one of the first moving-picture exhibitors in the country. Myself and a partner had a black tent, run as a side show with a big circus, in which we exhibited a couple of hundred feet of film—a horse race, a railroad train, and so forth. At that time there were many places in the United States where people would take a week to come to the circus and get back home again. It was the only entertainment of the year, and if crops were bad the circus didn't visit their neighborhood. People in places like that didn't know how to be an audience. They knew nothing about applause. There was only one place in the show where they forgot themselves enough to laugh together.

"Go into those towns today and you find moving pictures and audiences that have learned the theatrical conventions. But very often you will find people who talk while the pictures are running, like one old fellow I remember who would say, 'That fellow took the wrong paper! There'll be trouble about this. Now you just watch—he took the wrong paper, I tell you!' In the same way, radio is teaching people to like good music and entertainment.

"What happened with the movies? Why, today they are on Broadway at two dollars and the feature picture tours the country just like the dramatic production of a few years ago. When people learned to like the movies, they wanted better movies, and were willing to pay for them. As radio develops, they will want better entertainment, and when you fellows find out how to give them two-dollar shows there won't be any difficulty about payment. Give the public the best and the public will find some way of lining up at the box office."



The Drake

Lake Shore Drive and Upper Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO

CHICAGO'S WONDERFUL HOTEL

You'll Come Back!

YOU'RE sure to come back to Chicago if you stop at The Drake. For satisfying comfort, delightful outlook, and unusual charm of surroundings, no other can compare with this great metropolitan hotel. At the north end of the famous Boulevard Link System, The Drake stands free and unobstructed, overlooking bridle paths, the lake and imposing highways. Yet within walking distance is the center of Chicago's "loop"—the very heart of its theaters, department stores, shops and teeming skyscrapers.

In "down-town Chicago" but not of it. Beautiful within and without. Unsurpassed in attentive, unobtrusive service for which The Drake is already known around the world. You will not soon forget the pleasure of a visit to Chicago if you stop at its foremost hotel.

The Drake is under The Blackstone management, the world's standard in hotel service

Special discounts at both hotels, according to length of visit, extended vacation guests during July and August. Make your plans now for a delightful vacation at either The Drake or The Blackstone

Radiophans!

Tune in to WDAP—The Drake Hotel, Chicago
360 meters

—any evening except Sunday or Monday, at 10:00 P. M., and listen to the popular program by Jack Chapman's Drake Hotel Dance Orchestra and special artists.

If you have any message for WDAP, just wire Jack Nelson, the versatile announcer. And the next time you're in Chicago make it a point to stop at The Drake and see for yourself "how it's done." You're always welcome. Seven thousand persons from Hawaii to the Bermudas were pleased enough with a single WDAP concert to tell us so by telegram.

Interesting story of WDAP, Edition "A", sent on request

THE Packard SHOE

In almost every city there is a Packard dealer who will show you exactly the style you like, at from $8 to $10. Very few styles higher.

No. 691. Brown Calf Derby Oxford on our Rex model

No. 700. Tan Sunset Calf Derby Oxford on Rugby model with rubber heel

No. 83. Tan Erie Calf Blucher Oxford—Natural Crepe rubber sole

No. 687 Wonderful Phlexopedic Arch-up Oxford in Black Kangaroo.
No. 686. Same style in Brown Kangaroo.

If you can't find a Packard dealer, write to us

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
BROCKTON, MASS.

HARD BEDS FOR SOFT

(Continued from Page 5)

That night the sad picture of disaster haunted him, and Monday morning he went to the office of the company and inquired.

"If we get our money back with interest," he was told, "we'll be satisfied." The price was eighteen hundred dollars.

Back to the riverside hotel, Philip Dixon wrote his old bank and made application for a loan, offering as security his private income and an endowment life-insurance policy due in two years. The answer came promptly. His old associates were glad to hear from him and the bank would let him have four thousand dollars. He threw his old felt hat in the air and Mister leaped at it.

A dead one? Old age? On the shelf? Sent to the barn as the broken picture had been sent to the attic?

Not much! He closed the deal and with the first lumber delivered knocked up a shack for himself and Mister, the door facing the river, beauty at dawn and all day outside, a pallet within.

III

PHILIP DIXON had never lived before. The little tune he had whistled with the singing brook at the first tavern on his journey in search of contentment was ever on his lips, and he set a pace for his two helpers which at first hurt and astonished them, but which, after a few days, they fell into naturally. He was someone to work with and not merely for.

The sills laid, the studding and sleepers quickly followed; and the young leaves had barely unfolded at the whistled command of the first robin from the South when the roof rafters went up.

The owner, contractor, boss carpenter and water boy figured that as a bookkeeper he had put in eight hours on the job in New York and two hours and a half commuting, making ten and a half hours a day for somebody hiring him. He could at least give as much for himself, and he did. The chimney up through the roof, he and Mister had their meals at the open fireplace, using the scrap wood, hugging the blaze in stormy weather, enjoying the starlit nights in fair.

He had never been a good trencherman, merely picking at his food as do so many people in sedentary occupations—and on pension. Now he ate as one famished; so hugely that any bank clerk would have stared at him as the Asiatic boy stared at Aulus during the birthday banquet of Herod. And he slept like the dead, to be resurrected at dawn with a job before him, a living thing to be given added cubits, another day to whistle at work.

The original plans, a copy of which he had procured from the contractor who had foreclosed, would have burdened his resources with many an extra hundred dollars. As the shell of the house was completed, he turned his attention to interior changes, and by economy of material secured the beauty of simplicity.

Early summer and the advance guard of the seaside rush. Well-to-do city fishermen, going down the river in motor launches for Barnegat sport, passed the front door. A sign went up:

PHILIP DIXON, BUILDER
THIS PLACE FOR SALE—$5800

With the builder and his two helpers putting on the first coat of paint, the summer cottage between the two great trees beside the river was as pretty as any Belasco ever designed for the stage, and it brought a quick buyer. His laughed-at vacation had brought him contentment plus twenty-two hundred dollars' profit. Only half the original hundred feet front of land went with the house. He moved his shack over the line and started digging.

The top of the old car that had brought him to contentment and achievement was lifted off and a second-hand delivery body put on the chassis. Cartage was high. He would do it himself, and he did, selling the earth for filling, the topsoil for gardens or lawns to be made. And he hauled the brick for his new foundation and chimney.

He had no time to give to thoughts of his pension days and the old nagging misery at home that came with them except on Sundays, when he and Mister walked to the town of Tom's River to dine at the little hotel that was always trying to fall overboard. He decided at last to write to his wife and inquire as to her welfare and the welfare of his children, telling them nothing of his adventures and giving them only general delivery as his address. He told them that he was well and contented.

The following Saturday afternoon, on his provisioning trip with Mister, he stopped by the post office and received a reply:

> Things have not gone well. David has lost his job in the bank. He didn't give it the proper attention because of his attempts to make a fortune in real estate. He owes money everywhere and it is all we can do to get along on your pension. The girls are hunting jobs. Jim has decided not to return to high school and is looking for work.
>
> When are you coming home? We need you. I'm doing all the housework, but am getting used to it.

It did not take him long to decide what to do, for he had become a man of quick action and determination. He went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

> Send the boys to me. I have jobs for them. Inquire for Philip Dixon, the builder.

From the telegraph office he went to a hardware store and bought two picks and two spades.

Again at their shack, he laid out Mister's evening meal for him and said, "They've got to learn to earn their grub. You earn yours, old son, with your love and fidelity."

IV

THE high-school lad, bareheaded, as was the thing of the moment, his black hair close-clinging to his skull and well varnished, peeked down into the excavation to behold his father in undershirt and trousers, swinging a pick.

"What's the idea?" he called.

"Hello, Jim. How's your mother?"

"Fine. But what's it all about, Pop?"

The youth was not only puzzled but fearful. His thought was that his parent had become demented. Father swung away with the pick and his two laborers sent the dirt flying into the reconstructed family car.

"What's what about?" he called back without slackening his work, the perspiration rolling from face and shoulders, for it was near noon of a cloudless August day.

"The pick-and-shovel business," explained the lad.

"If you want work, son, you'll find a brand-new pick in the shack just behind you. If you brought a bathing suit with you, put it on; it's warm down here. Where's David?"

"He stopped at the new house right next here."

The grin of incredulity that had come to his face at the idea of swinging a pick in bathing suit or any other kind of garment faded quickly. The old man was certainly crazy.

"Tell him there's a job down here if he wants it."

Father's toil went on. The boy stared, pop-eyed, at the steady, rhythmic rise and fall of the heavy implement of hard labor, at the play of the muscles in the sun-blackened arms and back, at the snowy bull terrier lying on the edge of the excavation, panting, but slowly slapping his tail against the ground as he watched his friend and master below.

It was frightfully hot. The lad's soft collar lay like a wet rag around his milk-white neck, and as he gazed at the strange spectacle he would feel of it from time to time with a sense of guilt. He should have brought a fresh one with him. He waited in vain for a further word from his parent. The two men with the shovels had not even glanced at him. Their half-naked bodies poured sweat. They paused only to clear their eyes of it, their calloused fingers snapping as they swept away the brine of labor.

The young man had had many a strenuous moment on the basket-ball team, was swift as a young deer in covering a tennis court and could score well in putting the shot; but the rise and fall of that pick was something different, something not so good, as sport went. The only thing to do, he decided, was to go home and tell his mother. Her authority would be needed to take the old man out of this pit and get him where he could be watched.

"I'll be going, Pop," he said finally in a conciliatory tone.

"Good-by, son. Don't forget to tell David where the pick is."

Son turned away and found his brother studying the new building. He tapped his head significantly.

"Pop's swinging a pick down in that hole over there," he informed David. "I guess he was nuts when he left home and it's got worse. I'll let mother know."

"Yes?" David did not seem to be listening.

"Yes; and he says there's a nice new pick for you in that shack if you want a job. We might just as well beat it back, David."

David was staring down at the ground, the knuckle of his index finger between his teeth.

"I say, we might just as well hop the train," said his brother.

"Huh?"

"Say, the heat's got you."

David raised his eyes to the two tall shade trees, in the leaves of which rustled a breeze from distant Barnegat Reef and the ocean beyond, and then let them rest on the river, reflecting the cottages on the further shore.

"Run along," he said. "I need a job and need it bad. I'm going to stick. Good-by."

He strode off to the shack, peeling his coat and collar on the way. The younger brother, more puzzled than ever, lit a cigarette, turned and headed for the village and the railroad station.

The light soil came down in a little cascade as David made the bottom of the new excavation, clad in tattered, cast-off overalls and nothing else besides, the handle of a new pick in his soft and shapely hands.

"Hello, David."

"Hello, Pop."

"Take that side over there and follow the line."

"Yes, sir."

A half hour of game but torturing effort under the broiling sun, the agony of unused muscles straining, struggling for their birthright, the chance to develop and serve, and David was ready to drop in his tracks. The noon whistle saved him.

"Grub," said his father as the pick dropped from his hands and two shovels were thrown aside. The four clambered from the excavation, seeking, like parched animals, a bucket of water under a tree.

David dropped in the shade and rolled over on his back, staring up through the leaves making a patch of blue lace of the sky beyond. He shook his head at the invitation to eat.

"Pretty hard at first," said his father as he shared his lunch with Mister. "But it's worth it, David. See that pretty cottage there?"

"I saw it and your name on it as builder."

"It made me a profit of twenty-two hundred dollars."

David had got his wind. He sat up, pressing his blistering hands lightly together to ease the pain. He studied his parent. The shock of untrimmed white hair seemed anomalous. The old scrawniness of his neck was gone. It had filled out and was round as a pillar of bronze. His forearms had broadened, were black and hairy. His chest seemed wider and deeper. The peevishness, the almost sourness, that had once marked his features was replaced by the intangible but beautiful thing that bespeaks a contented mind and a contented heart.

"Do you think you'll stick, David?"

His son drew up his knees, crossed his arms and sank his head against them. With a little anxiety the father saw a tremor in his shoulders. Was his boy crying?

The one o'clock whistle blew. David got to his hands and knees—his back seemed to have become twisted—and then to his feet, following with his pick, sliding down into the excavation once more. When he was about to crumple up his father told him to take the load of dirt away, directing him where to deliver it.

"It's the same old car," he explained, "retired from joy riding."

David crawled to the surface and the driver's seat, grateful for his father's consideration.

Five o'clock came at last, the two laborers scrambling out and away. Mister yelped his narrow head almost off, dashing to the river bank and back.

In their overalls, father and son accepted the invitation and bathed in the salty healing water. In the shack they wrung out their work garments and dressed.

(Continued on Page 113)

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Continued from Page 110

Coffeepot, grill, frying pan, two tin plates, two cups, cheap knives and forks—all clean—came from a wooden box. In a square of bricks Philip Dixon built a fire over which he laid a piece of sheet iron. He squatted, primitive fashion, over his job as camp cook.

They ate in silence at a rude table, sharing a bench.

The reflection of the setting sun colored the eastern sky; wisps of clouds changed from lilac to violet, to purple, edged with gold. The night wind began to play in the leaves of the shade trees. The stars came timidly and pale, slowly to gather beauty and brilliance.

Philip Dixon dragged at his pipe, his dog's muzzle snuggling his knee.

"What is it you want to tell me, David?" he asked as the shadows deepened about them and the embers of their fire brightened.

"That house you built," said David, hesitatingly.

"Well?"

"It's the first one I tried to put up."

"Foreclosed?"

"Yes."

"It can't be done, David; at least not often."

"What, Pop?"

"Getting a good thing without working for it."

"I know it now."

They remained silent, each with his own thoughts, the dog whimpering for his walk.

The father rose and went to the shack, lighting the lamp. In a few moments came the steady strokes of a hammer broken only by the harsh song of a saw. Dixon finally called to his boy.

"I've knocked up a bunk for you, David. Tomorrow I'll get some more blankets. You'll find it a hard bed at first, but it will bring you more than the soft one at home."

"Thank you." David dropped on the blanket-covered boards.

He was dozing when he heard his father say, "and on this new house we'll put up a sign, Dixon & Son, Builders."

HUMDRUM HOUSE?

Continued from Page 40

"Of course. What're you driving at now?" demanded Colquitt; and Blandon thought for a moment.

"It wasn't a man named Graham that telephoned?" he asked.

He struck fire there. Colquitt started, his eyes lit ominously.

"I say!" he cried. "What do you know about him?"

"I know all—a lot anyway," Blandon answered. "That fellow sent for you; and it was a stall to get you here. They wanted to bump you off tonight the way they tried to get me!" Before Colquitt could speak he stopped him. "Wait till I tell you the rest. That fellow Pegram was back of it; he's up to the hilt in everything; it's as clear as daylight now. You can see it yourself, Norry. Burt Pegram's father was in the car with Graham; they're all in cahoots together; and they're trying to get away from you your mills, your property and your—your—everything. They meant to lay you out first, then walk off with it! Don't you get it, Norry?"

Colquitt sat down suddenly. If he saw it, though, there was no answering gleam of understanding in his eye; and taking a cigar from his pocket he methodically clipped the end from it. This accomplished, he put the cigar between his lips and struck a match.

Blandon watched him blankly.

"What? You don't see it?" he faltered.

"Oh, sure!" Colquitt grinned. With a wave of his hand he added, "I've swallowed it all, Jerry—hook, line and sinker. Hand me out some more."

Blandon felt like wilting. His face was white; he had begun again to sweat. Colquitt, it was evident, was still ignorant of the truth.

His air of easy jocularity showed that. He must be told though; and Blandon steeled himself to the task.

"Norry," he said quietly, "do you remember that place, Rambucourt, up in the old Toul sector?" Colquitt remembered it. "Do you remember, Norry, what you told me one night up there in the dugout?"

"Told you what?" inquired Colquitt.

"About a man—a man here at home—why you'd never marry."

"Well?"

"Was that man Burt Pegram?"

A quick scowl darkened Colquitt's eyes.

"Pegram? What if it was?"

"You said, Norry," Blandon repeated slowly, "that because of a man—the one you spoke about—you'd never marry; and —— Don't you see what I mean, old man?"

Colquitt was staring at him sourly.

"No; I don't see it. I remember what I told you; I was sore; and so would any man have been in my place. I was in France; the other fellow was here, a clear field before him; and you'd have been sore yourself. But what's that got to do with it?"

Blandon smiled at him bleakly.

"That man was Burt Pegram," he said again; and as he said it Colquitt started sharply.

"I say!" he ejaculated. Then, controlling himself Colquitt leaned forward, his jaw twisted into an ugly grin. "Look here," he rumbled, "are you trying to tell me now that Effy has run off, eloped with that fat joke?"

It was exactly what Blandon had been telling him. Joke or not, he knew that Colquitt's wife had gone with the fellow; and for a moment he choked.

"It's this way, Norry," he faltered; "I don't know the facts, not all of them, anyway, and it's a mess, a nightmare, I'll admit; but I want to ask you, did you ever know me to lie to you?"

"No; but why?"

"Did you ever know me to string you or anything?"

"Only for a joke, Jerry."

"Very well then," Blandon returned as quietly as he could; "as I see you still don't believe what I'm telling, what do you think's wrong with me? Am I cuckoo or what do you think?"

"Why," drawled Colquitt, "if you want to know, it looks to me as if you've fallen down or something and hit yourself on the head."

So that was it, was it? It seemed so, at any rate; and suffused with a swift angry resentment Blandon's face flamed momentarily. Striding across the hearth rug he thrust a hand into his pocket. A table stood beside Colquitt's chair; and as he reached it he flung down on the table what he had in his hand.

"If you don't believe me, then look at that!" he choked. "And that! And that!"

It was the smudged scribbled warning he threw down first, the paper that had been flung through the stained-glass window. Following it, he threw down the photograph, the picture of the schooner riding at anchor off the Sunda coast. The last he threw down was the child's mummied hand.

"Huh?" inquired Colquitt.

Scrambling to his feet he gazed open-mouthed at the three exhibits.

"Look at them!" snapped Blandon. "Maybe you'll believe me now!"

Colquitt picked up the paper warning. As he turned it over in his hand, his eye scanning the printed threat, a queer look dawned in his eyes. It was saturnine, sardonic. Silently, however, he laid down the paper and picked up the photograph.

"That," said Blandon, "is the Straits trading schooner those murdering devils were aboard."

Over his shoulder Colquitt glanced at him momentarily.

"Which murdering devils, Jerry?"

"The Malay!" rasped Blandon. "That man with the black patch too."

"Ah!" murmured Colquitt. Laying down the photograph he picked up the mummied claw. "And what's this please?"

Blandon told him, and Colquitt critically examined it.

"The dead hand of Kali, eh?"

Blandon gulped a little It was a large order, a thing of that sort; especially large here in a place like New England, Massachusetts He stuck to his guns however.

"That lascar sent it. It was another warning," he explained.

Colquitt made no comment. Laying down the dead dried hand he trudged along the hall to the room at the side, his library. Disappearing within, he reappeared presently, something in his hand. What the thing was, Blandon, however, had difficulty at first in making out. Then it dawned on him.

The thing was a small, stuffed animal clinging to the dried branch of a tree—a specimen, manifestly, of the taxidermist's engaging art.

"This, Jerry, I found in the waste-paper basket," said Colquitt gravely; adding, "Until I went away it used to hang on the wall." He put it on the table. "It's a pet monkey I used to own. It died, you know, when I was a boy; and being a boy I had it stuffed." His face composed he jerked a thumb toward it. "As you see, Jerry, one of its paws is gone, torn off. The paw you handed me is the one." He gave Blandon no chance to speak. By now, however, Blandon was speechless; and rolling the cigar over in his jaw Colquitt picked up the photograph, the picture of the schooner rolling in the ground swell off that distant tropic shore. "This, Jerry—your pirate craft—is my houseboat, the Ouananiche. The coast you see is not Sunda, the Malay Straits. If you want to know, the coast is Palm Beach, Florida. I took the photograph myself when I was down there last winter."

His eyes dogged, Blandon stared. It was only for an instant, though, that he was dumb.

"All right," he growled. "Then who are those men?"

"The Malay? The man with the patch?" inquired Colquitt.

He did not grin. His face, instead, was grave; and, though the mare's nest Blandon seemed to have created was enough to make anyone smile, it was clear there was something in his mind he had not uttered yet; something, too, that was troubling. But trudging to the entry door he pushed it open. "I say, Thompson!" he called. There was no reply; and he called again. "Thompson! George!" A door opened somewhere then, and a voice replied. Then, a moment afterwards, feet pattered along the entry; and over Colquitt's shoulder Blandon saw a figure emerge into view.

It was the man with the scar, the Malay.

"Was you a-callin' me, Misto Colquitt?" he inquired.

"Where's Captain Larsen, George?" asked Colquitt.

Blandon listened blankly.

"Ah doesn't edzackly know, suh," was the reply; "he was lookin' for Misto Temple, suh, the las' I sawn him. 'Pears like most of the help must have gone to the movies or somewheres, I reckon."

Colquitt waved him away. As the man went, Colquitt turned to Blandon. "There's your Malay, your lascar, Jerry; only he comes from Alabam'. He's cook on my houseboat, you know; and as he's also a good deal of a ladies' man, that accounts for the scar. Another coon got jealous and took a razor to him, I understand. As for Captain Larsen, my sailing master," continued Colquitt, "he fell down the companionway aboard the Ouananiche a week ago and hit himself on the eye. He's got a shiner, a peach; and, as I have just laid up the boat instead of going off duckshooting as I intended, the captain and George are going to do odd jobs around the place. Anything else now, Jerry?" inquired Colquitt.

Blandon threw up both hands.

"In heaven's name," he cried, "then what is it that's happened to me tonight?"

Colquitt gave a shrug.

"Search me, Jerry!"

"You don't know?"

"No; but I have an inkling," growled Colquitt. He hunched his shoulders, the shrug disgusted.

"Unless I'm mistaken it's that girl, Jerry." He laughed sharply. "Nanny Granger, I wouldn't wonder, has been up to some of her pranks again."

"Nanny?" Blandon's voice rose. He gaped at Colquitt. "She?"

"Yes," Colquitt growled; "you don't know her, I'm afraid"

There was truth in that—he didn't; not if all this was her doing. If Nanny Granger, though, was at the bottom of all that had happened, then what was her game? If a game, too, why the man that had tried upstairs to kill him?

"Oh, come, Jerry!" drawled Colquitt.

Blandon flared up again.

"You don't believe me? I tell you it's the living truth," he snarled. "First he

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tried to get me with a billet jack, then he shot at me with a gat!"

"Shot at you? Oh, I say!" said Colquitt.

Blandon was fairly raging.

"Wait, I don't ask you to believe me," he snarled again. "I'll show you the fellow himself. He's up in the garret now!"

"In the garret!" Colquitt's voice rose till it broke. "What?"

"That's what I said!" snapped Blandon. "He's up there too!" As he spoke he started toward the entry door at the back. The stairs to the garret were there; and as he reached the door he was jabbering hotly. "Come along, Norry. We'll drag that fellow down here, then we'll get that girl down upstairs too; and between them we can get the truth. Come on now!"

Darting through the entry he scrambled up the stairs. Close at his heels came Colquitt, startled now and wondering. Up the stairs, once he reached the floor above, Blandon was fairly running; and in less time than it takes to tell it they were at the foot of the flight leading to the garret's dark dusty crypt. As they reached it Colquitt halted momentarily.

"Wait, Jerry. I want to get a gun," he said.

"You don't need any gun," snapped Blandon.

He darted on again.

There was a light on the landing above, as there usually was, but since Blandon last had been at home the light had been turned out. Queer, that. He could have sworn he had left it lighted. The puzzle though did not check his gait. He knew where the light was placed; and as he got to the landing he reached up and turned on the bulb. Then he saw that the garret door was shut, and that, too, was queer. Grabbing the door knob he gave the door a shove. The door, though, stood fast.

"Say!" he said.

Colquitt was close behind him.

"What now?" he asked sharply.

"The door's locked!" Blandon wheezed. "Say!"

If Colquitt's tone, though, was even, it was evident from his face he was in no mood to temporize. "Out of the way, Jerry," he ordered; and thrusting Blandon aside he set his shoulder to the door and gave a heave. There was a crash, then a crackling of splintered wood; the door gave, and Colquitt lunged into the garret. "Strike a match, Jerry," he ordered.

Blandon struck a match. As it spluttered into flame an ejaculation hoarse with wonder and consternation burst from him impulsively. The garret was empty; the man had gone.

Gone, in fact. There was no sign, either, that he had ever been there, save for a strand of broken twisted picture wire lying on the floor; and as Blandon stared at it an ugly rumbling growl welled up from his throat.

"I might have known it!" he snarled. "That girl's been up here; she's let him go."

An echoing growl came from Colquitt.

"All right," he said. "If that girl did let him go let's hear what she's got to say."

Turning, he stamped down the stairs, Blandon at his heels. They were hardly halfway down the flight, however, when Colquitt's pace grew quick. It quickened more as he lumbered through the room leading to Blandon's. As they reached the hall beyond, Colquitt again was fairly running. "Gad!" Blandon heard him mutter. A moment later they were at Nanny Granger's door. There, without so much as the formality of knocking, Colquitt grasped the knob and shoved. That door, too, was locked. Inside all was silent. Colquitt rattled the knob angrily.

"Let me in, Nanny!" he ordered. No answer. "Do you hear me?" Colquitt cried. He gave the panels a kick. "Open the door or I'll break it in!" he called.

No answer still. Setting his shoulder to the panels, Colquitt heaved, and again there was a crash, a crackle of splintered wood. Then the door fell to; and his face ugly, Colquitt stepped inside.

The lights were lit, the room bright. Like the garret above, though, the room was empty, the bird flown.

"You see!" said Blandon.

Colquitt did not answer. His face was sweating; it was black, too, like a thundercloud; and shouldering Blandon out of his way he turned and strode across the hall. The door of his wife's room was not locked; and opening it he disappeared within. An instant later Blandon heard him cry out hoarsely.

He sprang to the door and looked in as he heard it.

"Norry!" he exclaimed.

Colquitt was standing beside his wife's dressing table, his eyes riveted on a sheet of notepaper he held in his hand. As Blandon entered he gave another cry.

"Read that," he said, his voice cracking; and he held out the paper to Blandon.

Blandon read it at a glance:

Dear Norry: I have gone away. In your desk at the office is a letter that will tell you why I have left you. EFFY.

A clang of mingled triumph and regret came from Blandon as he handed back the paper.

"I told you so!" he said.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE BRITISH BRAND OF SOCIALISM

(Continued from Page 33)

very important thing has happened, the importance of which even most Englishmen have not realized because they have so quickly got used to it. In our day the miracle of Monday becomes the commonplace of Wednesday; wireless, which ten years ago Mr. Wells would have been afraid to put into his most extravagant anticipation, has long since ceased to be a thing we think about.

The unnoticed miracle, which is perhaps the greatest thing that the Labor government will have left as a political legacy when it goes out of power—as it may any day—is the extraordinary change in the attitude of the British public to socialism as a political method or device. The word has simply lost its terror and is now regarded as indicating a mere political or social device like any other of half a dozen suggested reforms, something with which one may or may not agree, but nothing that need terrify us.

If we all had not, in the matter of our public men and politics, a very short memory, we in England should still be pinching ourselves to know whether we were dreaming or not. For only a month or two since, the average John Bull was as suspicious and panicky about socialism and socialists as conservatively minded Americans were when the Department of State was busy hunting down the reds and states were determined to keep the Bolsheviki out of their legislatures. To the average middle-class Englishman, socialism was a thing morally hateful and dangerous to all settled order.

It was not merely the Duke of Northumberland who was lurid in denunciation of these enemies of society. Men like Earl Birkenhead, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, a large proportion of the Conservative Party, on the one hand, and practically the whole of the big trustified press, the ninety-eight daily papers and publications of Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook, on the other, were as pantingly apprehensive as the duke himself.

Theorists in Office

One paper, with a circulation not very far off two million a day, another with a circulation of a million, a third with a circulation of three-quarters of a million, kept on telling us day after day of the horror and terror with which the British public regarded the proposals of the socialists. We were informed that these men belonged to an alien and enemy international organization pledged to destroy the British Empire, to overturn religion, break up homes, to seize all private property, to introduce free love, to nationalize women, to bring all trade and commerce to a standstill. The newspapers, and the duke and his friends, gave us chapter and verse. They showed us how by this or that clause of the Socialistische Arbeiter Internationale Mr. MacDonald's colleagues were tied hand and foot and were bound to bring all these disasters about.

It is important to recall the violence of the language used, because it accounts in some degree for the very remarkable change in feeling which has taken place. It is possible, to put it mildly, that some of the papers that indulged in that sort of language did not quite believe in it or intend it to be taken quite literally. But the great mass of the stolid, more simple-minded middle-class Englishmen took it all quite seriously and voted mainly for the old parties, Liberal or Conservative, leaving Labor to be supported mainly by members of trade-unions and by manual workers.

And then, as the result mainly of a piece of political tactics on the part of the Liberal Party, these ogres, these enemies of society actually took over the government of the empire. And none of the prophesied disasters happened.

The enemies of the capitalist system, the revolutionists, the theorists, the nationalizers of women and all the rest of it, came to office, if not to power. The thing which the middle-class John Smith had been told for months, every day, would mark the end of order and decency in the British Empire comes to pass—and the busses still run. Nothing happens. The day that Labor took office was a very good day on the stock exchange and most securities rose in value. Trade has been picking up a bit ever since. And these bloodthirsty Bolsheviks have been warmly received by the king; some of them have been granted titles; one or two have been made lords; others have been appointed masters of the horse or the bedchamber, or controllers of the household; and the arch conspirator of them all, the selfsame Ramsay MacDonald, whom the newspapers had been painting as a paid agitator, a defeatist, a traitor and enemy of his country and of society, is seen to be, when he appears in correct evening dress at the official dinners, a very cultivated gentleman, moderate, sensible, a man of the world. The papers—the selfsame papers which originally painted him a treasonable Bolshevik—are now full of his photo—a very handsome fellow—and photos of his children. Ramsay MacDonald sitting at his desk, Ramsay MacDonald going for a walk, Ramsay MacDonald talking to the king, cracking a joke with the Prince of Wales. He is made human. We get stories of the way in which his daughter is received in the palace. She is already great friends with the queen, who gives her friendly tips upon the rôle of political hostess.

Middle-Class Opinion

Then, obviously, the poor bewildered John Smith has to change his view about the bloodthirsty Bolsheviks. He realizes that what the dukes and the newspapers were telling him was not quite true. And he has changed his view; his attitude to socialism is very different, indeed, from what it was only three months ago. It will never again be possible for the newspapers to use that kind of language about the socialists.

The use of the word "socialist," indeed, illustrates what I am driving at. The word is not the one used by Mr. MacDonald's supporters to describe themselves. They speak of themselves as members of the Labor Party. But their enemies thought to excite alarm by the persistent use of the word "socialist." What has happened is that the public, having seen the actual socialist government at work, no longer fears the word, but is quite prepared to examine the thing impartially, without panic. Here is Mr. J. L. Garvin, the editor of the Observer, orthodox, if independent, imperialist and Conservative, certainly not the least revolutionary, certainly not prepared to sanction anything antinational, who now, after two months of Labor rule, writes:

> We were told that Labour was not fit to govern; but there is an astonishing turn of the tables. The older parties will not like to be told what is true. Many things in the last few months have made average citizens of all kinds begin to wonder whether they are fit to govern, and whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has not created a more reasonable and efficient administration than any of his rivals . . . could be trusted to provide. . . . Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in a few weeks has become in the popular mind a fine national figure, and if at this moment a plebiscite could be taken on personal merits, he would top the list.

This last forecast is probably true. Here, there and everywhere, from the kind of stolid middle-class business man who three months ago lay awake nights quaking at the thought of what the socialists would do if ever they came to power, one now hears the friendliest expressions of good will. In other words, for John Bull socialism has lost its fright-engendering quality. It has become, as I have said, a party platform like another, perhaps to be rejected, as he might reject prohibition or protection or free trade; but nothing to get into a panic about. And that, you will admit, is a very considerable achievement for a few weeks of office. As a piece of propaganda, these few weeks of office have done more to reach the mind of the middle-class Englishman and business man than thirty years of book writing and pamphleteering and meeting holding and speech making on the part of the Labor folk have been able to do.

But a reader will object:

"Do you mean to say that the conservative business man of the city has no fears any more of a capital levy, or the nationalization of the railroads, or of banking, or

(Continued on Page 119

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QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL costs more than other oils.

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Ten years: highest endorsement by automobile manufacturers

Ten years: single unvarying formula; every batch tested by disinterested chemist

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"In the early days of my motoring experience I bought any sort of oil the garage man happened to have on hand, and had a good deal of trouble at different times. For one thing, I was always pouring dope into the cylinders to remove carbon, or paying mechanics to remove it. When I bought my first Franklin car five years ago, the dealer urged me to use none but Quaker State oil in it, and I followed his advice. Since then I have used the oil in Willys-Knight, Packard, and other cars and it gave perfect results in all of them. I have never had any carbon troubles since I began using Quaker State. I never use any other oil, and nothing would induce me to experiment, since I know that Quaker State is always the same, a perfect lubricant for automobile engines."

Walt Mason

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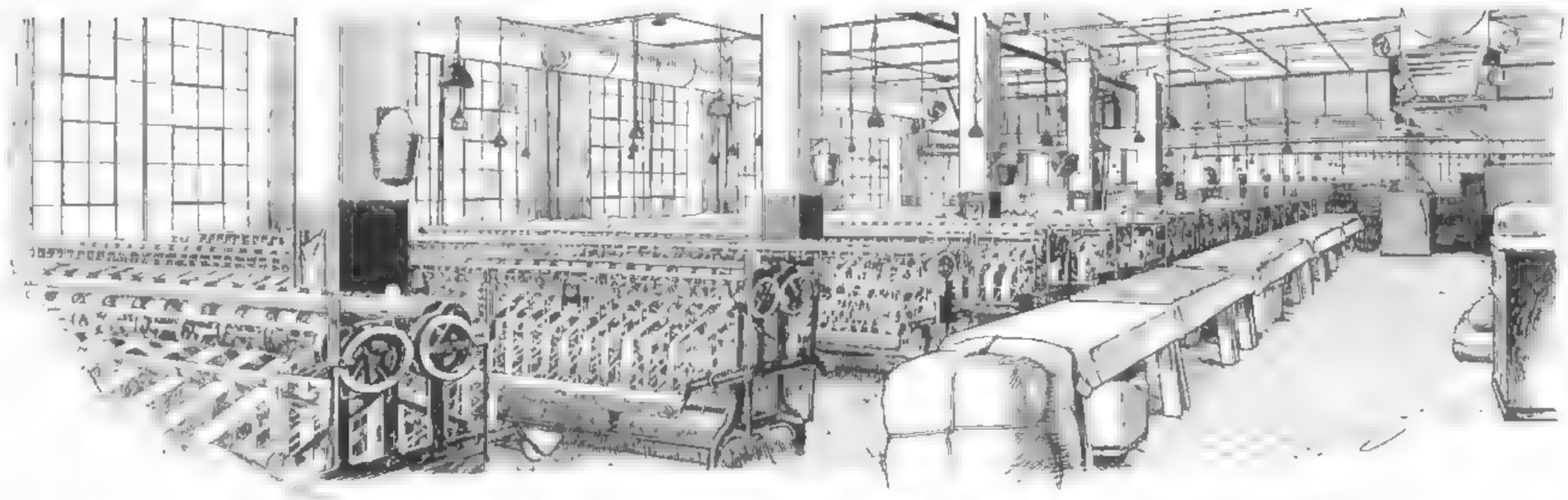

INTERIOR OF MODERN TEXTILE MILL—"SEMI MILL CONSTRUCTION"—*W. E. S. Dyer, Architect and Engineer*

Bringing Back Sane Economics into Industry

A message to Business Men about Weyerhaeuser-Ideal Industrial Construction

MANUFACTURING progress moves swiftly in this country. It would be hard to find any factory today where plant, equipment or major methods bear much resemblance to those in use twenty-five years ago.

In the main, progress has probably made for higher production and lower costs.

Yet there is hardly a manufacturer of today who does not find his overhead costing him way beyond his reasonable hopes for economy.

NO type of factory building has ever been found so economical, dollar for dollar, as the "Mill Construction" which was the standard of American industry up to 1900.

This type of building grew out of the needs of the thrifty, frugal era of industry.

By the use of "Mill Construction," it is quite possible to save up to 15% on capital building cost.

Save up to 15% on interest charges, with a corresponding saving in taxes.

Save up to 75% on insurance charges.

In one section of this country there are hundreds of great factories built of "Mill Construction," and protected by sprinkler system against inside fires, in which the losses from fire over a recent 3-year period have averaged only 3½ cents per $100 of insurance written.

LEST there be any misunderstanding, let us say right here that Weyerhaeuser did not originate "Mill Construction."

Nor would Weyerhaeuser be understood as urging the indiscriminate use of "Mill Construction."

In fact, one of the functions of the Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer is to advise *against* the use of "Mill Construction" when it is not suited to the purpose of the building.

As part of its program of service to American industry, Weyerhaeuser has made the most authoritative study of this type of building in recent years—and perhaps ever.

Capital investment—taxes—interest charges—depreciation—design—structural efficiency—flexibility of interior division—fire safety—insurance rates—and many more things.

Furthermore, since "Mill Construction" depends first of all on adequate supply of great fine timbers, Weyerhaeuser supplemented the above investigation by a survey of its timber resources and distributing facilities in relation to "Mill Construction" needs.

The Douglas Fir Mills of the Weyerhaeuser organization are producing selected timbers of the finest possible wood for this purpose.

Through the Weyerhaeuser distributing plants in the heart of Eastern and Mid-Western markets, these timbers are laid down quickly and economically in all the principal industrial sections of this country.

THE Weyerhaeuser Expert Construction Engineer is available for consultation with the Industrial Man, his Building Engineer and his Architect.

His services are purely consultative, and rendered without charge—a characteristic Weyerhaeuser *personal* contribution to greater efficiency in the employment of America's lumber resources.

Responsible members of industrial concerns are also invited to send for complimentary copies of the Weyerhaeuser books—"Industrial Buildings," written for the Business Man, and "Structural Timbers of Douglas Fir," a book for the Building Engineer, Architect, and Purchasing Agent.

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Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Also producers of Western Red Cedar poles for telephone and electric transmission lines

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St Paul; and with representatives throughout the country

Continued from Page 116

the mines—that he is going to accept these things?"

Not necessarily, and it is probably true that some at least of the present complacency or good will is the natural reaction from the fears excited by the extravagance of the language used in the press about the Labor intentions a few months ago. Just as the panic of the last few months of 1923 was overdone, so, possibly, the business man may find that he is overdoing somewhat his present complacency and good will. But he has made one or two discoveries which are important. The one is that the British socialist, unlike certain of his Continental brethren, will not, when it comes to administering a government, be tied down to ironclad theories. He will not try to transform the complex social and economic life of Britain from Saturday to Monday so as to make it conform to paper theories of the socialist state. The attitude which the Labor government has adopted to certain social customs is an indication of their attitude generally.

The average middle-class Englishman, before the arrival of the Labor government to office, had a vague fear that many things which he had come to regard as the decencies of life would be jettisoned; that the railroad porter would no longer say sir to him; that he would be expected to have his servants sit at his table instead of serving it. But he finds that this is not the way in which the Labor folk propose to have things work. The fact that members of the Labor government have accepted titles and peerages has had an enormous, a disproportionate effect in reassuring the Englishman, who dearly loves a lord. What? These Labor fellows not only prepared to work with peers, but to make them? Then they cannot be so very revolutionary.

Ramsay MacDonald's young daughter entertains at 10, Downing Street, just as Mrs. Baldwin used to do. The trade-union officials, ex-miners and railwaymen who have accepted official positions in the royal household, wear their ceremonial dress just as the old lot used to do. And these concessions by MacDonald, if concessions they are, have had an effect in reconciling public opinion quite out of proportion to anything which they have really cost him. What, after all, does MacDonald have to give up in the social program which he has sketched out when he gracefully wears the court dress or adheres to the old ceremonial?

Old Ceremonial Unchanged

But just think of the friction which would have been created if, right at the beginning of his ministry, we had had a series of incidents arising out of the refusal of this or that minister to be polite to the King or wear the regulation dress or give to members of the House of Lords their recognized titles. This is the difference between the English and the Continental way. In many countries the whole struggle would have centered itself over the ceremonial. Many Continental socialists or revolutionists would find court dress a symbol of ancient oppression. The passionate socialist of the Slavonic or Latin type could probably no more take part in a ceremonial based upon feudal origins than a Protestant could participate in a Catholic high mass. But, as the Scots' representative of the Clyde extremists in the cabinet said in reply to an interviewer the other day, "We have more important things to think about than the kind of dress that we shall wear for a levee." That does not mean that the House of Lords is to remain as it is or that Labor accepts the principle of hereditary legislation. It certainly does not. Of that more in a moment.

This business of the retention of the old ceremonial, the archaic phraseology, the feudal forms, may explain in some measure one quality which is revealing itself in the British brand of socialism. For years, while they were in Parliament as members of the Opposition, these Labor politicians were accustomed to the daily use of words and phrases that have lost completely their original meaning. "His Majesty's government," "the King's speech," "the King's army," "His Majesty's postmaster-general," "During His Majesty's pleasure," "the Lord Privy Seal" —— The circumstances or facts which these ancient phrases once correctly described no longer exist. They have changed completely; the phrase remains. A minister "humbly beseeches," or "is commanded by" His Majesty to do this or that: the fact being that His Majesty has nothing whatever to do with it. The same word is used today to describe something which differs entirely from the thing it described correctly perhaps five hundred years ago.

Is it not just possible that this daily habit accounts for the ease with which men who yesterday talked about the complete abolition of the capitalist system today devote single-minded energy to making some of the phrases, at least of "the capitalist system" work more effectively? In any case the spectacle of the men who yesterday fulminated as revolutionaries today behaving precisely as His Majesty's ministers have always behaved, is clearing up a misapprehension about socialist methods which was very deeply rooted in John Bull's mind—a misapprehension not due entirely to the Duke of Northumberland or the Rothermere press. It arose very naturally from the sort of language which socialists themselves used before coming into power.

Syndicalism and Socialism

There is a good deal in that language to excuse the belief that it was the intention of the Labor Party on assuming office to have a grand, glorious, complete upheaval, a clean wiping of the capitalist slate. Everything, from the production of newspapers to hair restorers, was to be done by the state, and nothing was to be the subject of private enterprise, and nobody was to be allowed to keep savings.

Immediately upon taking office the socialists would proceed to abolish private property and profits, to put all capital under the management of the state, to nationalize everything and everybody, to equalize everybody's income by throwing the national wealth into a general pool and having a general share-out.

However natural this view of socialism may have been, considering the kind of oratory common in Labor ranks, it is a thousand miles from what anyone who mattered really proposed to do. The British Labor Party has never had a hard-and-fast paper theory of social reconstruction. Its whole history shows that it can select discriminatingly from all theories—adopt a bit of state socialism here, of syndicalism there, of collectivism elsewhere, of guild socialism at another point—and is prepared not merely to retain but to increase numberless forms of private property and private enterprise.

As far as so elastic and adaptable a thing as British socialism can be defined at all, it might be defined as the principle of extending the control of the community by trial and error over the key economic activities, particularly the management of currency, credit, insurance and the great public utilities, in such a way as not merely to secure a fairer distribution of wealth but a greater and more efficient production.

The men at present in control of the British Government have fully realized that a mere distributive reform, a better sharing out of the total wealth, would be quite inadequate. We must get a higher standard of production by a better coördination of our national resources and a better adjustment of consumption—which means in practice purchasing power—to production.

Indeed in a country of elaborately developed industrial economy, such as England is, there can be no rigid distinction of principle between individualist and socialist government. English government, however individualist and opposed to state interference with business, will nevertheless go on using state powers to interfere in the country's business, which—and this is the whole point could not be carried on at all without that interference, as we shall see in a moment; and every government, however socialist, will accept and sanction all sorts of private enterprises and private property. Every individualist state must adopt increasing measures of socialism, and every socialist state retain large measures of individualism. It is all a question of degree and incidence, the questions of degree and incidence being extremely important ones. We are dealing not with two clear-cut, mutually exclusive theories, but with the question of whether certain tendencies shall be accelerated or delayed, and of the degree to which certain controls shall be applied.

Take the question of the nationalization of the railroads. It would be literally true to say that nationalization began the day the first franchise was granted, and has been growing ever since.

It is worth while making clear what that statement means, because it will enable us to understand what is really taking place in Britain and the way in which the whole conception of private property in certain things is being modified in this ancient British legal system.

Railways, of course, never have been private property in the same sense in which the carrier's cart which preceded them was private property. In the old days, before the railroads, all land transport was by horse and cart. A man bought a team of horses and a cart and bargained for the carriage of goods or persons. The thing was within the scope of not merely private but individual enterprise. There was no need for the government to interfere in any large degree or to take cognizance of the thing at any point, except perhaps to collect toll at the tollgates.

But what happened when Stephenson perfected his engine and we came to the day of railroads? Before the railroad can exist at all, the promoters must go to the nation, the state, the community, and say: "Please, may we build a railroad? May we have a franchise?" Until the nation, the community, had granted that permission, which it was not necessary for the man with the carrier's cart to ask, the railroad could not exist at all.

The property could not come into being without a conscious act of national consent, a piece of state legislation, and the permission which created that form of property was not given unconditionally. The franchise was given subject to the railroad agreeing to certain freight rates and passenger fares, to certain precautions against public danger. It all had to be embodied in legislation. The nationalization was already beginning. But only beginning. For before the railroad could be constructed, the state had to curtail enormously the rights of other property. To the old-fashioned squire who objected that he did not want these damned newfangled things on his land, the state had to oppose the national interest.

When the landowner said "It is my land, my field, my garden, my property, mine to do what I like with," the state overrode him. It could not hold private property absolute or sacrosanct, but invoked the right of eminent domain and condemned the private property. And without that overriding or curtailment of the rights of private property by the state, things like railroads, indispensable to the very life of a complex industrial country like Britain, could not exist at all. The new—and indispensable—form of property can only come into being by virtue of modifying the rights which attached to the old.

The same change, it is true, has gone on similarly in America; but certain circumstances in Britain—to be indicated in a moment—have caused the process to have in Britain political results which it has not had in a similar degree in America—as yet. Let us continue the story.

The Age of Collective Enterprise

When it came to financing these big enterprises, finding capital for them, it was discovered that it could not be done without revolutionizing, in another way, the legal aspect of property, the conception of the financial liability of individuals, and the whole relationship of debtor and creditor.

A century ago most property consisted in the individual ownership of material things that could be seen—land, houses, farms, cattle, ships—over which the owner had absolute control and for which he was responsible. Today the owner of even a big block of railway bonds or shares cannot point to any particular car or locomotive and say "This is my part of the property," or require a train to wait for him because he owns it. He does not own it. He is accorded by law—changing from year to year, as laws relating to these financial things change—the rights to certain payments, varying with the class of stock he holds, from corporations working the railroad.

In the old days an individual who shared with others the ownership of a property—a ship or venture—usually became responsible to the extent of his whole property for any debts incurred by that undertaking. His liability was not limited by the amount of stock which he held. He was a partner and his liability was unlimited. All this had to be altered, and a change of law was brought about by which a shareholder's liability was limited to the amount which he actually invested. There began that series of elaborate laws about the limitation of the financial liability of shareholders which are now so familiar that we are apt to forget that in the days of our great-grandfathers such limitation would have been regarded as not quite honest. If the business world had said "No government interference in our business arrangements," railroads could never have been financed. It was the captains of industry who here invoked legislative interference.

What is true of railroads is truer still of business like banking and insurance. In the sixteenth century or thereabouts, old John Burgess, the silversmith and goldsmith of Cheapside, was known to be a very honest and very wealthy merchant. Half the landowners of the western counties had found it safe and convenient to deposit with him their cash and valuables and accept in return his paper promises to pay, which they were able to use in making payments at home. What reason was there for the government to interfere in these private arrangements between the Shropshire gentry and the Cheapside goldsmith? But, nevertheless, it was found in course of time that the number of promises to pay issued by John Burgess—the bank notes issued by his grandson, now become banker—very much concerned not merely the bank and its clients, but the public.

As trade developed, the government was called upon by everybody, in every country, to protect the public interest in the matter of bank currency. What banks do about that, as what they do about other things, affects the value of the money not merely of bankers, but of everybody, which means that all are concerned, and sooner or later will want to have something to say, through the government, about decisions which so nearly affect them.

A "Managed Currency"

And today, indeed, it is Cambridge economists and great captains of industry, not confiscating socialists, who propose that public control over banking shall, for the purpose of stabilizing the value of money—prices, in other words—now be very greatly extended. I refer, of course, to the movement toward the stabilization of prices by means of a managed currency and the scientific control of the discount rate, and the credit policy, generally, of banks.

Stabilization has even got as far as a congressional inquiry in America. If it is of that urgency in a country whose currency is still anchored to the gold standard, just think of its urgency in countries which have in fact abandoned the gold standard and, broadly speaking, manufacture their money without reference to gold.

Very many who belong to this stabilization school are antisocialists, business men and economists, opponents of the Labor Party. Yet the policy implies a most revolutionary abandonment of the idea that the unimpeded working of economic laws, the free play of economic forces, will of themselves correct such evils as unemployment, trade depression, slumps and booms. It is the abandonment of mere *laissez-aller* in favor of conscious control.

Does anyone suppose that the process will stop at this precise point, and that the tremendous forces which push to the extension of the control of the community, the nation, over private business of all kinds—transport, insurance, banking, the use of natural resources will now cease their age-long movement? Even the Englishman who demands a return to the old sturdy individualism in business, an ending of government interference, finds that the very first step of that return involves interference by government in a difficult and complex matter. So long as we are not on a gold basis government action mainly determines the value of money. But we can only return to gold by means of government action. Government must interfere, whatever the policy.

What has happened about the currency in England illustrates the inevitable tendency more than any other one thing.

It is doubtful whether Americans realize to the full the social and political consequences of a wartime experience which they were spared—a general resort to debased paper money.

It is worth recalling a little of the history of this movement, because some of the biggest events bearing on the management of society never seem somehow to get reported

Continued on Page 122

TIMKEN

ANYWHERE— ON ANY ROAD

Californians and New Yorkers camp together by some Missouri Highway. The Texan cools off in the White Mountains or along the Great Lakes, and the Down-East Yank tours to Florida in winter.

The motor car nowadays travels anywhere on any road—and must be designed and built for the tourist and not for the boulevard parader.

For the endurance tests—the camping tour, the trip from coast to coast, the climb over the Blue Ridge or the Cascades—any car needs the sturdy underpinning of a tight chassis on Timken Axles. Timken engineering has always anticipated the long, hard service of the long, rough road. Timken margin of safety and operating dependability are essential then—and any car is the better for having them, even if it travels more than half its life on asphalt or concrete.

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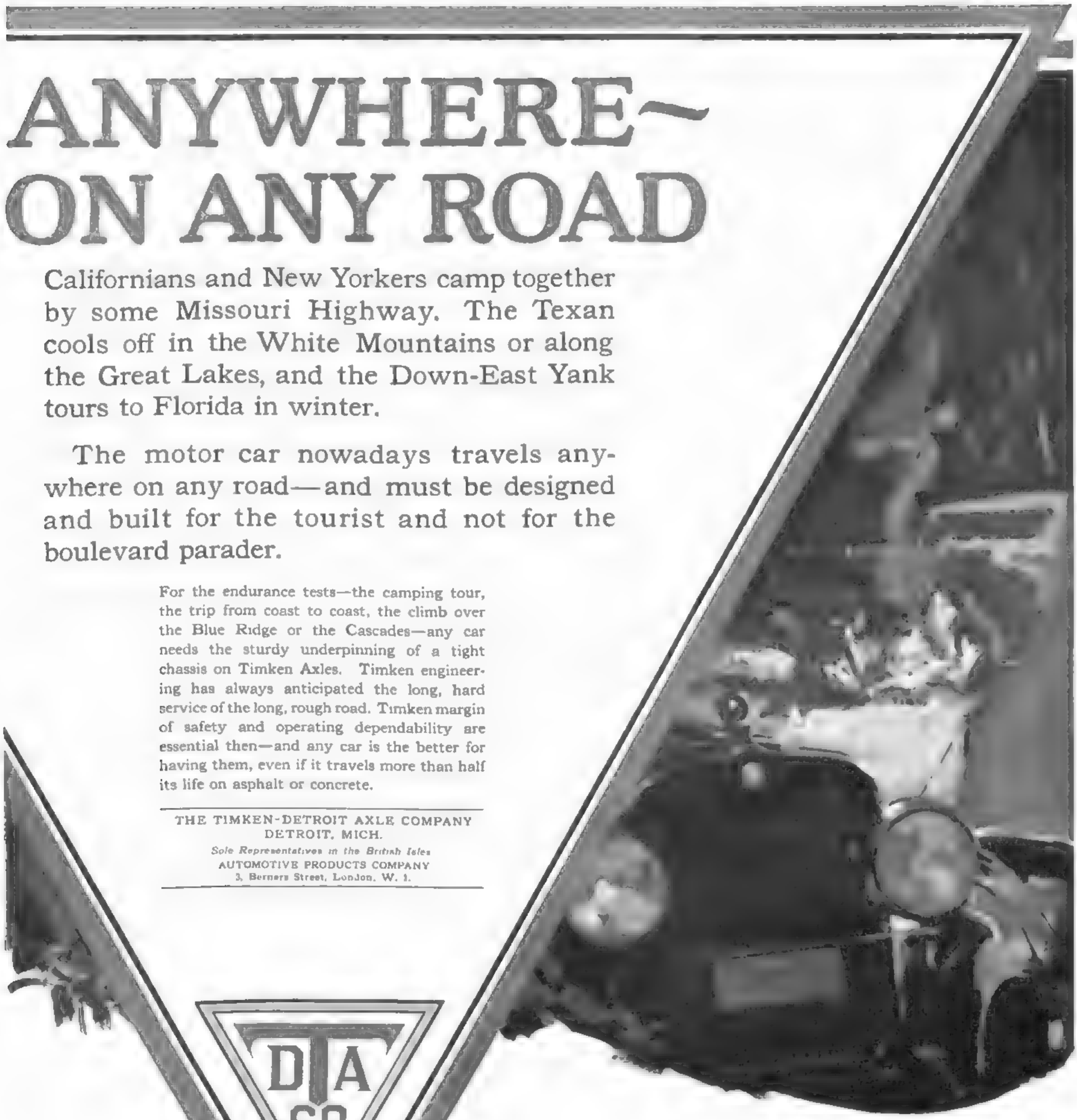

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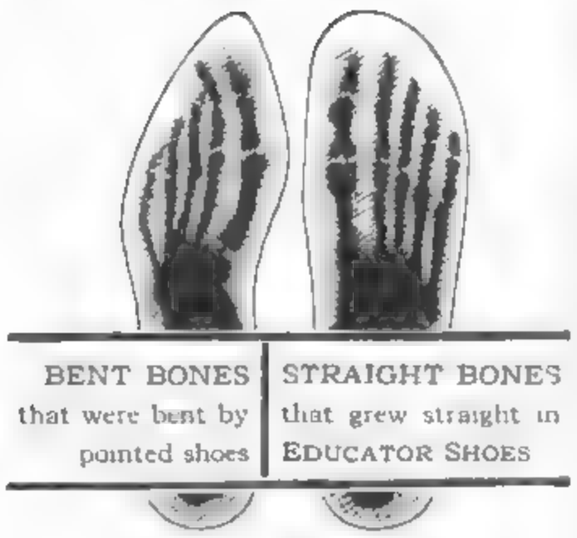

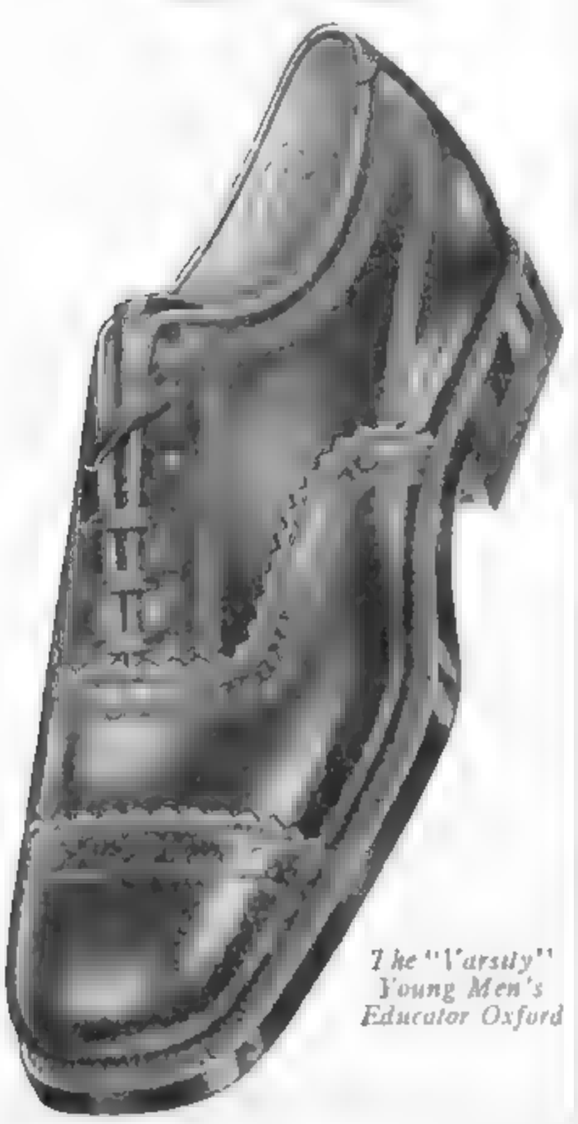

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(Continued from Page 119

in the newspapers. At a certain date Great Britain, the very embodiment of financial stability, quietly dropped the gold standard. Other belligerents did the same. The step involved necessarily the transfer of a most crucial commercial function from the domain of *laissez faire*, of the free play of economic forces, to the domain of conscious state control.

Here was an act of socialism, in its results far more revolutionary, far more confiscatory than anything proposed by the Labor Party. At the time—the early days of the war—the press hardly mentioned the occurrence. Recently here the small investor was in a panic about the Labor Party proposal for a capital levy. As a matter of fact, that levy did not propose to touch any fortune under five thousand pounds. Yet in the last few years we have seen the painfully accumulated savings of the small investor, of the professional and middle classes, confiscated to the extent of 50, 60, 70, 90 per cent, in some cases completely extinguished, as the result of the financial policy of capitalist governments. The middle classes, not alone in Germany but in France and Italy as well, have seen the little fortune set aside for old age and invested in leading gilt-edge securities reduced to derisory values or wiped out by an act of conservative governments. These governments are supposed to stand for the sacrosanctity of private property. But by their financial policy they have confiscated the most characteristic modern form of private property, the private property particularly upon which the widow, the aged, the small saver, is dependent.

Here is a doctor's widow. In 1910 she was left three thousand pounds. She invested it in first-class trustee securities—including some government stock—and secured an average of about 4 per cent. It gave her an income—an old-age pension—on which, on the then value of money, she could live in relative comfort. In 1920 she finds she is in debt. Not astonishing, since the cost of living had about doubled; or, in other words, the value of her money—her private property—had been halved. Being obliged to realize on part of her capital, she takes some bonds to her broker. He tells her that the hundred-pound railroad bond, for which she paid one hundred gold sovereigns, is now worth sixty-five Bradburys—paper pounds worth fifteen shillings in gold. During the war she had sold certain dollar securities and invested the proceeds in British War Savings Certificates.

The Shrinkage of Debts

The government had promised to return a pound for sixteen shillings. What she lent the government, however, was gold. The promised pound which the government returns is paper worth, in terms of the gold money which she had lent, considerably less than sixteen shillings. She possibly reflects that a private individual who did that sort of thing as the result of a large-scale advertising campaign would be likely to spend the rest of his days in jail.

The government compels her to accept these paper pounds in discharge of the loan which she made in gold. It has calmly confiscated, one way and another—by its demonetization of gold and then inflation—anything from 50 to 60 per cent of her private property. And yet she is a good deal luckier than most Europeans. The government here has taken by this paper money scheme, say, only half her property. She gets back, anyway, forty or fifty cents on the dollar. In France she would get back only twenty cents; in Italy a like amount; in Germany a decimal point of a cent. There her whole fortune would not buy a box of matches today.

It is experiences like those of the doctor's widow which explain in part the complacency with which the arrival of a socialist government to power has been accepted by many in Britain who a year or two ago only would have been horrified at the thought. Even your man with a little sum put by, who heretofore has been such a ferocious antisocialist, is beginning to turn his attention from what a Labor government might do to his savings, to noting what the conservative governments have done to his savings in the recent past through the operation of this mysterious currency policy. He has seen in other countries in Europe millions situated like himself, the small bondholder, the *rentier*, or the professional man with a fixed income, reduced to utter starvation by a decline in the value of the money not of revolutionary but sometimes of extremely conservative governments. The socialists could do no worse.

But the point is that, however antisocialist he may deem himself, he cannot help seeing the inadequacy, the ineptitude of such slogans as Let the Government Leave it Alone, Individual Enterprise, Sturdy Independence.

How in heaven's name can individual enterprise deal with a situation of this kind? Even if our Tory says—with truth—that the whole trouble arose from government monkeying with the currency system, the fact nevertheless remains that any adequate measure of straightening it out includes action by the government. The issue is certainly not that of the individual versus the state. It is a question of what action the state should take. It is not a simple question. The omelet into which our widow's eggs were broken cannot be unscrambled. Simply to go back to gold, the simple redemption of the oceans of paper money, is a physical impossibility for most of the belligerents. Even in the case of Britain, deflation as a means of getting back to gold had been a major factor in creating an amount of unemployment and trade depression—far worse than anything suffered by the countries that have been wallowing in paper money—that will make a repetition of the method impossible. The bankers wanted one policy, the industrialists another. Every improvement in the value of money which adds to the value of the bondholder's property adds correspondingly to the burden of the taxpayer. Which policy is the right one? How are these rival claims to be adjusted?

Inefficiency of the Coal Industry

In the far-off age before the war in Europe, these things more or less managed themselves. The gold standard kept money out of politics in the sense that violent fluctuations in values did not follow government action. But for good or ill, the key of all business, the entire relationship between debtor and creditor, is in the unsafe keeping of governments. It is no longer possible to say that politics doesn't matter. These problems will be solved by collective action, which is a form of socialism, or not at all.

And that is true not only with reference to the money system; British industry has arrived at a situation in which it must coördinate, as we should have said during the war, or be hopelessly beaten in many respects by countries that do not labor under our particular disadvantages. Some of these disadvantages have a historical basis. Take, for instance, the coal industry, which is the very basis of the life of something like half our people, and round which the main issues of our Labor policy are likely soon to be fought. It is only by virtue of coal that forty-five million people can live on these islands at all—we exist by turning coal into bread. Yet this fundamental industry is in a state of utter confusion owing to the fact of uncoördinated private ownership. It is, indeed, heading once more to some crisis as I write—it is usually heading to some crisis. In the midst of one a year or two ago, a great royal commission was set up to investigate it. It sat under the presidency of a famous British judge, and after most exhaustive hearings, he signed the report which began with these words:

1. I recommend that Parliament be invited immediately to pass legislation acquiring the coal royalties for the state and paying fair and just compensation to the owners.

2. I recommend on the evidence before me that the principle of state ownership of the coal mines be accepted.

He states at length his reasons for these recommendations, namely:

Coal is our principal national asset, and as it is a wasting asset, it is in the interest of the state that it should be won and used to the best advantage.

The seams of coal are now vested in the hands of nearly 4000 owners, most of whom are reasonable, but some of whom are a real hindrance to the development of the national asset.

In certain areas the ownership of the seams of coal is in the hands of many small owners, some of whom cannot be found, and this causes great delay and expense in acquiring the right to work the mineral.

Barriers of coal are left unworked between the properties of various owners to an extent which, in many cases, is not necessary for safe and proper working of the individual concern, and millions of tons of the national asset are thereby wasted.

Drainage and pumping are carried on in individual pits at heavy unnecessary expense, instead of under a centralized plan covering a whole area. Further, lack of coöperation in drainage has in the past been, and is at the present time, conducive to the abandonment of coal and collieries.

These recommendations were supported by a majority of the commission, including mine owners themselves. Sir Richard Redmayne, an ex-colliery manager, and during the war the principal technical adviser to the coal controller, was emphatic enough.

"In my opinion," he said, "the present system of individual ownership of collieries is extravagant and wasteful. That is a somewhat daring statement, but I am prepared to stand by it, whether viewed from the point of view of the coal-mining industry as a whole, or from the national point of view; and I think by thoughtful persons on both sides, both the owners and the workmen, that is pretty generally accepted."

The recommendations of the commission whose findings have just been quoted were never carried into effect, and now we are in the midst of new coal trouble, the root cause of which is this same failure to apply unification or trustification or some sort of coördination to the mining of coal. In an unorganized state, the industry cannot pay a living wage. There are vast areas of the coal fields which, owing to antiquated methods or more or less exhausted resources, are struggling to produce coal on an uneconomic basis.

It is the attempt to keep these fields in being that is largely the cause of the present situation. The extravagant cost of production therein sets the high standard of price which is depressing the iron and steel industry and handicapping the trade activities of the nation. There is only one remedy, as even conservative authorities are now proclaiming, and that is a bold national scheme for dealing with the coal resources of the country as a single proposition, some form of pooling, providing for the rapid development of the favorable untapped resources, the elimination of the derelicts and the transfer of labor from unprofitable to profitable fields.

But everyone knows that in practice there can be no effective coöperation between railroads, mines, docks, shipping, without government interference at a score of points. In certain cases old rights which stand in the way of the general interest will have to be overridden by new statutory powers; no effective unification of the great public utilities can take place without the revision of certain franchises and the creation of new, and the imposition of new conditions. This implies the use of state powers in one form or another.

A General Coal Merger

Those powers are unlikely to be used by a Labor government for enforcing any form of nationalization in the first instance, or even for enforcing the terms of the report of the royal commission previously quoted. The government is likely to aim first at a unification under private ownership—trustification; a fact which may be sufficiently astonishing to Americans, who regard trust busting as a measure indispensable in the interests of "the people." The more far-sighted of the British Labor folk are quite ready to encourage the merger to organize an industry on the capitalist side—and to control it. For they propose later to control the merger. The effect of a Labor government being in office upon the mining industry will not unnaturally be that the mine owner is likely to say, "If we can even delay nationalization by trustification, let us trustify."

Conservative and Liberal governments could not secure even that much. Such a policy of steps, carried out by a Labor government, is likely to secure general public support. And a strike—which might come any day—will add to rather than diminish the general feeling that the country as a whole is concerned in this matter and must use its powers.

Meantime there are certain other directions in which that body of social legislation for which the Labor Party has always stood and which, as a government, it is now busy enlarging is transforming English life. It is worth while to examine those other directions.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr Angell. The views of Mr Angell should not be confused with the opinions of the editors which appear from week to week on our editorial page but we believe that they do reflect the ideas of many whose sympathies are with the Labor government. The second article will appear next week

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A GREAT advantage in buying Rollins is that you get the same high quality of hosiery for all the family — dainty socks for little girls — fine silks for women — long-wearing socks for men—reinforced, sturdy stockings for boys and girls. Our Harms-Not dye gives fast, lustrous color without the least weakening of the living strength of silk, cotton or wool.. You get Rollins newly made—it is sold direct from mills to merchants.

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FLORIDA LOAFING

(Continued from Page 21)

Two years ago, when one happened up to Miami, he found an extra large subdivision in the first throes of being sold to the public. It was partly sand and partly palmetto scrub, and it was six miles from Miami. Brass bands lured the credulous investor to the auto busses that plied between the city and this embryo suburb; and when the busses were getting ready to start and all the brass bands were rendering three or four popular tunes at one and the same time, the uproar was similar to that which occurs when a football team returns to the dear old college town after knocking the daylight out of the Big Blue team or the Big Red team or the Big Green team or the Big Yellow team, as the case may be—for the first time in seven years.

Good conservative residents of Miami shook their heads soberly over the brass bands and the hullabaloo and did considerable viewing with alarm. Two years ago the average price of a lot in this waste of sand and palmetto scrub was $700. Today the average price of a lot in the same subdivision is $2500, and the cheapest lot that one can buy is $1600. The palmetto scrub and the jungle have vanished, and in their places are lawns and palm trees and macadamized roads, sidewalks and electric lights and excellent golf links; big, airy shops and fine schools and an outdoor swimming pool and hundreds of attractive Spanish-type stucco houses.

The Miami people who at first viewed the development with alarm as being located in an unaccessible and unattractive spot have begun to build houses in it and move their families out to live in them. The company that is developing the subdivision now runs nineteen auto busses to it from every part of Florida, and gives prospective buyers free transportation, food and lodging during two and three day trips. Nobody would be particularly surprised if this company began to run auto busses to its subdivision from the Grand Cañon and Los Angeles.

The great danger of relating these glittering stories of sudden riches that have been acquired in Florida real estate lies in the fact that persons with small capital in many parts of the North, without any knowledge whatever of Florida conditions, may pick up the idea that they can rush to Florida, drop all their money into the first thing that is offered to them and meet with nothing but success. Many persons, lured by talk of quick returns and large crops, have sunk all their savings into Florida farmlands or real-estate projects that were insufficiently developed. Sometimes this land has been under water. Sometimes it has been shrouded in palmetto scrub and jungle, which is about as easy to clear—for an inexperienced agriculturist without resources—as for a Filipino to clear a twenty-acre polar tract of snow and ice with a bolo.

Crooked Land Schemes

When this happens—and it has happened frequently—the man who has been fleeced can't live on his land, for it is too much of a jungle to yield a living. He has to leave it and hunt for a job, and jobs are hard to walk into in Florida. He can't resell his land, because persons who are familiar with it won't buy it. Usually there's little for him to do except curse Florida and go home.

And too frequently Florida real-estate projects have been promotions instead of developments—promotions engineered by non-Floridians for the purpose of hooking the fuddled tourist, who seems to pack his sense of proportion away in moth balls with his heavy flannels and his old brown suit when he leaves the North. Thus deprived of his sense of proportion, the cold-eyed, stern-jawed Northerner who wouldn't think of paying $6000 for a lot six blocks from the city hall in his home town will listen open-mouthed to the jazz and the ballyhoo of the Florida land promoters and fairly break his neck to pay $6000 for a lot six miles from the city hall in a Florida city. If the lot happens to be in a promotion instead of in a development, and if he has bought it as a speculation instead of as an investment, he has an excellent chance of regretting his bargain if the real-estate boom ends or even hesitates.

Unfortunately, there have been ten promotions for every development in recent years. The promoter takes his money and gets out. The buyer, in some cases, has made money; but his purchase has been a pure speculation, as dangerous as any speculative purchase in the stock market.

The tales of great increases in Florida land values are set down here in order to show one of the chief reasons for the optimism in regard to real estate that exists on every side in Florida, and for the consequent inability of the retired business man to stay retired.

There is great difference of opinion in Florida as to the amount of income that a person should have in order to retire from the bleakness of Northern winters and live in lazy abandon amid the oranges and grapefruit, the sand spurs and the coconut trees, the idle rich and the apologists for the climate, the real-estate enthusiasts and the perfect-thirty-four bathing girls and the Spanish bungalows and all the other delights that Florida holds out to weary dwellers in the slush belt.

It is popularly thought in Northern circles that the person who owns a winter home in Florida, or who rents a house or an apartment in any Florida resort, must of necessity have horny spots on the thumb and forefinger of his right hand from clipping the coupons from his huge stack of bonds.

Fortunately for the Florida real-estate dealers, this idea is as erroneous as the belief that all residents of Paris, France, are immoral. The idea is probably due to the fact that the representatives from Florida, who are heavily advertised in the rotogravure sections of the Sunday papers from January until March each year, are largely members of the Part-Your Name-On-The-Side Club, whose heaviest and most protracted cerebration is devoted to originating ways in which to spend the money that somebody else made for them.

The Fly in the Ointment

The rotogravure sections do not advertise the Smiths of St. Petersburg or the Browns of Orlando or the Joneses of Sarasota or the Greens of Bradentown or the Whites of New Smyrna or the Blacks of Titusville or the Grays of Fort Pierce or the Guffs of Delray or the Blanks of Fort Lauderdale or all the other thousands of good folk in the scores of palm-bowered Florida towns, each one of which has its full quota of hibiscus, bougainvillea, subdivisions, vine-clad bungalows, balmy breezes, boosters and people who tell all strangers that they never had any climate like this before.

None the less, the Smiths and the Browns and the Joneses and the Greens and the Guffs and the Blanks are Florida, just as they are all the rest of the United States, and the B. Hoister Ogles and the H. Pierpont Brindles merely provide the publicity value, which is one of the essential features of present-day life.

Even Palm Beach, whose very name is synonymous with money, and the odor of whose residents' twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfumery can be detected eleven miles at sea when the wind is right, has many unobstreperous, intelligent and highly desirable winter residents whose income is less than $10,000 a year—and $10,000 a year, according to the popular conception of Palm Beach, isn't enough to permit one to wager properly on a single game of polo, let alone living on such a beastly sum for any length of time.

The general consensus of opinion among Florida bankers, architects, climate fiends, real-estate agents, retired business men and newspaper editors and reporters seems to be that an income of $2500 or $3000 a year, after the recipient of the income has invested in a house and lot, is sufficient to allow any man and his wife to live simply but well in any Florida resort, to keep an automobile, to join a golf club and to rub elbows with perfect *aplomb* and *savoir-faire* with the J. Dashit Whortleberrys and the S. Oakum Van Grypers.

The fly in the ointment, so far as this particular statement goes, lies in the fact that so many of the Floridians who insist that a $2500 income is plenty if one wishes to live in Florida are spending considerably more than that on their own living expenses.

Whenever one expresses some doubt as to whether a person can really have all the advantages of the best resorts on $2500 a year, the Floridians become slightly indignant.

Snap It Shut—
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EVER-READY for a big load of grips, sample cases, bundles, sport equipment, touring luggage, etc.—at other times, folded down, flush with the running-board's edge—out of sight, out of the way!

GRIP RACK is adopted by motorists who take pride in their cars because it combines good looks with neatness and all-season utility. Gives more room and comfort in the car.

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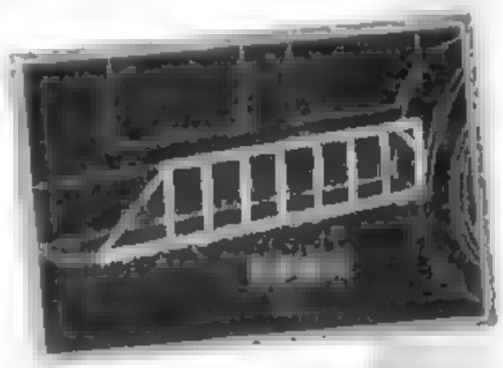

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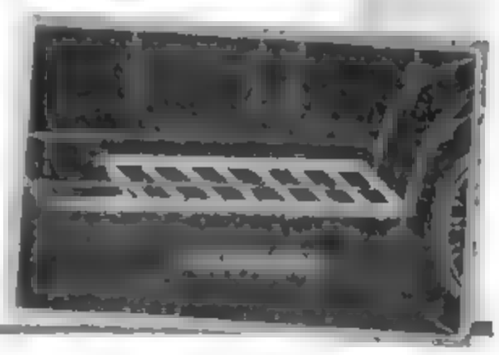

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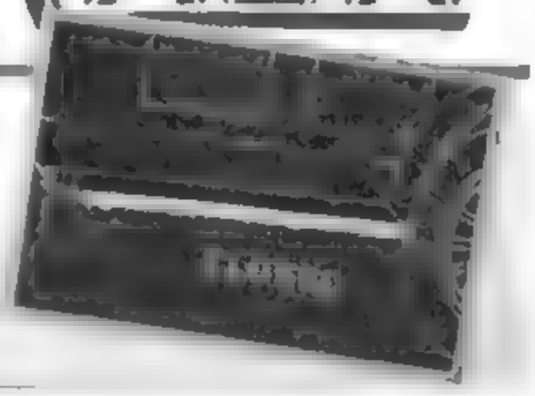

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Every woman knows the difference between porcelain ware and fine china.

There is as great distinction between white-enameled woodwork and that finished with Luxeberry Enamel.

Luxeberry White is *pure white*. Properly applied by a good painter it never discolors, cracks, peels or chips. It dries with a mellow, soft-toned finish without rubbing and possesses colonial-like dignity that reflects warmth and refinement.

Luxeberry Enamel is made in white and six rich color tones. It is the achievement of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish the original Hard Oil

Like good china and fine linens, Luxeberry enameled woodwork is a possession that warrants pride and pays for itself in long service and enduring satisfaction.

Instead of having the hall or dining room done over in ordinary white enamel, call in the best painter in town and specify Luxeberry Enamel. There is nothing cold or harsh about it. A damp cloth will keep it dust free and immaculate.

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ENAMEL SPREADS CONTENTMENT

"Of course [illegible]" they declare with a trace of peevishness in their voices. "Of course he can! It's much cheaper to live in Florida in winter than to live in the North. Why, a person doesn't have to buy any fuel, and he doesn't have to have a winter overcoat or heavy underclothes! Why, look at all he saves by living in Florida!"

One idea that one gathers from Florida enthusiasts is that the bulk of Northern incomes during the winter months is spent on fuel, overcoats and heavy underwear. In fact, if a stranger to the United States were to drop into Miami, St. Petersburg, West Palm Beach or any other flourishing Florida community and ask a few questions about Northern winters, he would soon get the impression that every Northerner divided his days equally between buying fuel, buying overcoats, eating, sleeping, buying heavy underwear and shivering.

One can get a sort of Gregorian chant effect out of Florida travel by stopping any casual passer-by and asking the question, "Why is it cheaper to live in Florida than in the North?" And then quickly adding, "You don't have to buy any fuel." His words will synchronize with the passer-by's reply, which will be exactly the same.

As a matter of fact, living expenses in Florida are just about what they are in the North. One doesn't need to get winter overcoats and heavy suits, but one makes up for it by buying more light clothes. Food costs are about what they are in the North, because so many foodstuffs have to be freighted to Florida, and the consumer must pay the freight. Rents are about as high as Northern rents.

Initial costs, however, are lower. Owing to the fact that the houses have no cellars and don't have to be built with an eye to the frost-laden blasts of winter, one can build for $8000 or $10,000 or $12,000 a home that is equal in comfort and beauty to a house that would cost $18,000 or $20,000 or more in the North.

It costs as much to live in Florida as in the North; but in return for the expenditure, Florida offers far more in comforts, luxuries and contentment than does the North; and anybody who cares to regard that statement as an overenthusiastic boost for Florida is entitled so to regard it until his regarding muscles atrophy from overuse.

Necessarily, there are people all over the world who live on the exact amount of money which is theirs to spend. Since Florida is no exception to the general rule, and since there are a great many people in Florida with very small incomes, there are a great many people there who live on much less than the $2500 or $3000 a year that is so frequently specified by Floridians as being the income that one should have in order to be comfortable.

Happy on a Thousand a Year

In one flourishing city on the West Coast of Florida, for example, there is a retired New York fireman whose only income consists of a monthly pension of $93. On this he spends half the year in Florida, paying $300 rent for his home. He and his wife do all the cooking; they contribute to the church and take in an occasional movie; they say that they live well and have plenty to eat and can get along in Florida much more cheaply than they can in New York; and they have bought a piece of land on which they intend to build in the near future.

In the same city there is a man from Hartford, Connecticut, with a wife and an eighteen-year-old son. They pay $300 a year for a three-room kitchenette apartment, and the wife makes all her own clothes. Their total yearly income is $1000 and they are entirely happy.

A mother, with her son and daughter, lives in this city, and pays $500 rent for a small bungalow and an accompanying garage. They have no maid, but they have an automobile that gets them there and gets them back; and whenever the growing son and daughter raid the ice chest they always find enough in it to assuage the hunger pangs that are ever gnawing at the vitals of all growing girls and boys. This family's income is $3000 a year.

A man from Oklahoma City who lives in one of Miami's most flourishing subdivisions figured up his living costs for me, after announcing impressively that the person who lives in Southern Florida doesn't have to buy any fuel, can wear summer clothes forever and can throw away his overcoat. And it may be mentioned in passing that there is no Florida law to force a man to throw away his overcoat, and that if he ever intends to ride in an automobile at night or on Florida's occasional chilly days, he might as well retain it unless he wishes to develop such violent shivers as to crack all the enamel off his teeth.

However, this man owns an eight-room house on a lot that is 80 feet by 100 feet. He has a big car, plays golf almost daily, his membership in the golf club costs $65 a year—and lives extremely well on a total expenditure of $5000 a year, which, he claims, is a smaller expenditure than he would have to make if he still lived in Oklahoma City.

After a moment of reflection, he then added that anyone ought to be able to live well in any part of Florida for $3500 a year.

There is no call, however, for the weary Northerner who has accumulated a capital of $50,000 to rush to Florida with his family harboring the theory that he will be able to rent a charming Spanish villa for five or six or seven hundred dollars a season. Even in Palm Beach it is possible to build one of these popular Spanish-type homes for $10,000 or $12,000 and to buy a centrally located lot on which to build it for $4000 or $5000; but the rent that one has to pay for such a house is in the neighborhood of $2500 for a [illegible] months' season.

What to Do With Fifty Thousand

Building sites, however, are plentiful and Florida contractors have so developed the business of building a house that it seems more like a natural force than a human operation. The feverish speed with which a mushroom emerges from nothing and reaches maturity is almost being rivaled by the indecent rapidity with which Florida houses attain their growth. A Florida house builder runs some cement out on the ground to serve as a foundation, slams up a framework to which he nails black paper with a chicken-wire attachment, slaps two or three layers of cement on the chicken wire, and thus apparently obtains a full-grown and highly successful residence in the time that a Northern contractor or builder occupies in getting the blue prints unrolled.

And any Floridian can tell anyone exactly what to do with a capital of $50,000 in order to conserve one's income nearly intact, get a house for nothing and place himself in a position to double his money in no time at all and in perfect safety.

"The Northerner," explains the Floridian, "comes down here with his $50,000 invested in high-class bonds that yield him somewhere around 5 or 5.5 per cent. That gives him something like $2500 or $2800 a year, doesn't it? All right. Well, that's a foolish yield. He proposes to live in Florida, where he can be happy for the rest of his life; so the first thing he ought to do is to sell all his bonds and get his $50,000 in cash. Having done so, he sets aside $10,000 for the purchase of a house and lot. For that amount he can get a nice lot and a pretty little house. That's all right, isn't it? All right. He sets aside another $10,000 for real-estate investment; and with that $10,000, if he has any sense at all, he'll make an income of another $5000 or $10,000 a year. Huh? Sure he will! Why, Florida is crowded with people who need houses right now; and tens of thousands more residents are pouring into the state every winter! They must have places to live, mustn't they? Now mustn't they, hey? Well, all right then. And any fool can make money by buying land and selling it to the people that need it. Can't he? Huh? All right! Why, Florida is the world's greatest sure thing! It's the only frontier state left. Anybody who buys land in Florida for years to come will make money just like finding it! In a few years they'll be pouring in by the millions to revel in our sunshine and our balmy breezes; to mingle with the birds and the fish and the flowers; to bow down before the shrine of ——" blah-wah, wah-hoo-wah, blah, blah, blah, and so on until he is jolted back to earth and told to get on with his story.

"Well," says the Floridian, when he has wiped the perspiration from his brow and the foam from his lips and pulled himself together again, "well, that leaves him $30,000, doesn't it? All right! He takes the $30,000 and puts it into well-selected first mortgages, which are the best mortgages anywhere in the world and pay 8 per cent all over Florida. Eight per cent on $30,000 is $2400; so you see he'd have just about the same amount of money that he came here with, and he'd also have his

(Continued on Page 129)

CURTIS WOODWORK

Modern Homes Combine Exterior Beauty and Built-in Comfort

Beauty unquestionably is desirable in a home. But comfort is the first essential, and that will depend largely on the features that are built in. For example, women have always demanded plenty of closet room. Now they see the advantages also of built-in bookcases, kitchen dressers and ironing boards that fold up out of the way.

Let Experts Help You

For best results you should employ an architect and ask him to specify Curtis Woodwork. But if you decide not to employ an architect, you will find in the Curtis line practically everything that years of experience and genius have developed for the modern home. Retail lumbermen who are Curtis dealers are located nearly everywhere east of the Rockies. The one in your locality can help you in planning and can obtain for you beautifully illustrated literature showing the latest ideas in woodwork. A few minutes' consultation with him may solve several of the problems that usually arise when a home is being laid out on paper.

Curtis Stamps the Home with Quality

Just as the woodwork built into the house largely determines the convenience of the home, so quality built into the wood work determines its year-after-year value. Quality is built into Curtis Woodwork, first by designs from some of America's greatest architects, next by the highly specialized craftsmanship of skillful workmen, and last by a system of standardized production in large quantities that keeps the cost surprisingly low.

Curtis Throughout Insures Uniformity

At an installed cost no higher than that of ordinary woodwork you can carry Curtis quality throughout the entire house. The Curtis line includes doors, windows, stairways, blinds, mantels, china closets, dining alcoves, moldings, entrances, wall paneling and all other features of a house that properly can be classified as woodwork. Be sure, however, that the Curtis trademark appears on every piece. It is your protection. Talk to your Curtis dealer before you complete your plans, or write us direct for literature, telling us what you have in mind.

Curtis Companies, Incorporated
Clinton, Iowa

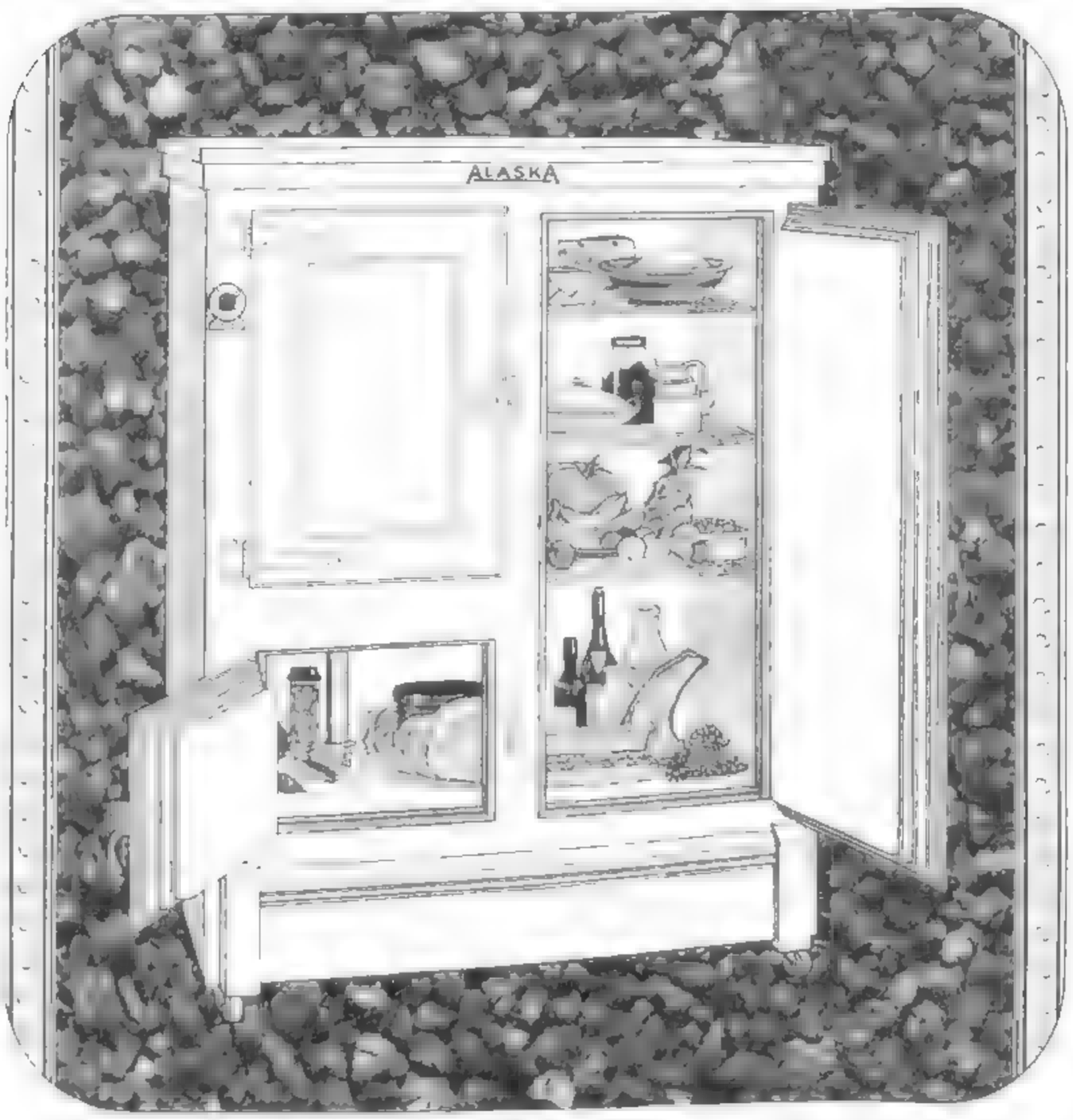
Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota
Curtis Bros. & Co. . . Clinton, Iowa
Curtis & Yale Co. . . Wausau, Wisconsin
Curtis Sash & Door Co. . Sioux City, Iowa
Curtis Towle & Paine Co. Lincoln, Nebraska
Curtis Door and Sash Co. . Chicago, Illinois
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co. Topeka, Kansas
Curtis Detroit Co. . . . Detroit, Michigan

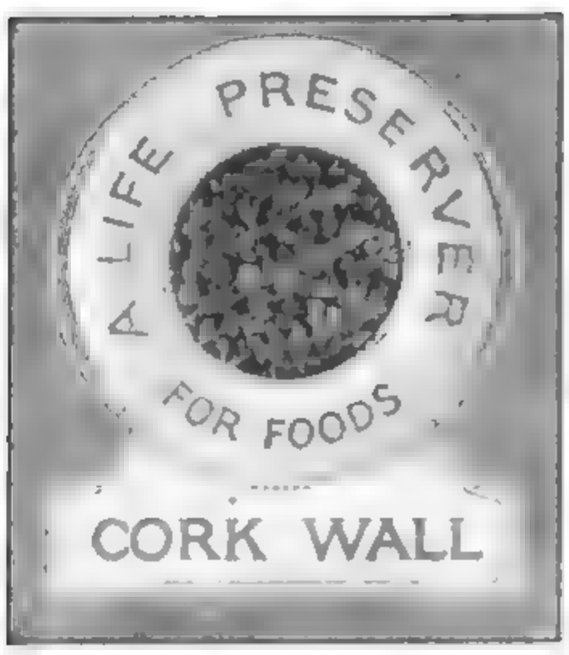
Sales offices in
Pittsburgh New York Baltimore, Md.

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and de
The law, however, does prevent others from using our trademark,
consists only of the name "Curtis" and the year "1866" taken
Make sure that the woodwork you
trademark

ESTABLISHED 1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

Curtis Woodwork is sold by retail lumbermen east of the Rocki
Curtis dealers are identified by the sign at the left. Con
nearest Curtis dealer about your building problems. Write us for in
formation and the dealer's name if you have trouble finding him
Curtis Companies Service Bureau, 245 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa





Look for the Cork-Wall Window. It identifies every genuine Alaska Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

Patent applied for)

Look into the Cork-Wall Window. See with your own eyes the Pebbled Cork that saves your ice

Inner Walls of Pebbled Cork

"Through the Cork-Wall Window You "See the Cork That Saves the Ice"

For years the beautiful Alaska has been known as a great *ice-saver*. Just as some heating plants get more *heat* out of the fuel, so the Alaska gets more *cold* out of the ice.

Several things contribute to this ice economy. Clean, tight-fitting doors and joints—seven-ply wall construction—full ice-sweep—dry air circulation—a patented *air-tight* drain—all these aid. But the chief reason is, *inner walls of pebbled cork*.

The Insulator Supreme

C-O-R-K—that is the secret. Cork, in *pebbled* form, built into a thick inner lining, filled with confined air pockets, the whole making up the center of the seven-ply Alaska Walls.

Inside this protecting construction, as in a deep cave, the ice does its work. In these cool food chambers the refrigerating process of circulating air, constantly cooled, goes on, protected from the outside by the walls of *Pebbled Cork*. Here food is protected and ice conserved.

And *now* to make it easy for you to know the genuine Alaska *Cork-Insulated* Refrigerator: to make it possible for you to actually *see* the Pebbled Cork of which the Inner Walls are made, we build the Cork-Wall Window into each refrigerator of this style. It is your guide to the genuine. It is your *guaranty* of *pebbled-cork* insulation. Look for it. Demand to see it

Any Average Home Can Afford an Alaska

The Alaska is not *high priced*. Even with its fine cabinetwork, its beautiful finish, its sanitary white enamel and seamless porcelain interiors, rustless shelves and other features, it is easily within the means of any average home.

Your local Alaska dealer will show you types, sizes and prices to meet every requirement.

If you do not know the local Alaska dealer, write us for his name and a copy of our catalog.

THE ALASKA REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, Dept. A, *Muskegon, Michigan*

Makers, also, of the Alaska Star Line of Dependable Refrigerators with Confined-Air Insulation

ALASKA

Cork-Insulated Refrigerator

To Dealers

If you are not yet supplying the demand for these better-built, ice-conserving refrigerators in your community, write us for complete information

(Continued from Page 126

house and his lot, and another $10,000 invested in sure-fire real estate that will make money for him just as certainly as there are fish in the Gulf Stream; and when he makes his first turnover he can build himself a better house on a nicer piece of land, and then he can sell his first house and lot at a profit and then ——" blah, blah, wahblah-wah, blah blah; and one has to use force to get him quieted down so that he stands silent and shaking all over and doesn't attempt to force his ravings on anyone.

Large numbers of Northerners who have come to Florida to retire have done exactly what this Floridian outlined. The 8 per cent first mortgage is universal throughout Florida. Florida banks are permitted to invest their funds in them. There are many of these 8 per cent mortgages, of course, that are not properly secured, just as there are some 6 per cent mortgages in other states whose safety is somewhat dubious. But with the exercise of a little care one can obtain a return of 8 per cent on his capital with the same amount of safety that he can get by investing in good bonds.

And so far as can be discerned with the naked eye, the Floridians are quite right concerning the generous profits to be made from land investment. The demand for land and living quarters on the part of newcomers of moderate means is equaled only by the similar demand in Los Angeles, California; and the population of the city of Los Angeles alone is fully as large, if not slightly larger, than that of the entire state of Florida.

In the past the state of Florida has been somewhat in the position of a large bottle with a very small neck. The roads to Florida from the North have been bad and railway accommodations have been more restricted than they should have been. Consequently, people haven't poured into the state as rapidly as they might have—a fault that bids fair to be remedied soon. As the people pour in and the natural resources of the state begin to be developed the Floridian who fails to make money out of the state's growth should have his head examined for osseous formations.

There is great argument among Floridians and among outlanders as well over the advantages of the West Coast of Florida as compared with the East Coast, and of the East Coast as compared with the West Coast. It has been my experience—if prospective travelers to Florida wish an unbiased opinion—that when I am on the East Coast I greatly prefer it to the West Coast; and when I am on the West Coast I find it much preferable to the East Coast.

Game In Abundance

What with the fishing and the hunting and the perfect roads and the loafing on dazzling beaches in the hot sun and the wallowing around in milk-warm water and the amiable and hospitable people that one encounters everywhere, one can be happy in any Florida resort; and as soon as one is happy he prefers the place in which he is to the place in which he is not.

There are features to every Florida resort that endear it to its residents above all other towns or cities or resorts. Some people like the hurry and bustle of a Southern city and the added conveniences that may be had in its suburbs. Some people are so attached to a particular sort of tree that their deepest sympathy goes out to the community or district that cannot—because of climatic handicaps—grow it.

"Why," said a resident of Miami to me, almost with tears in his eyes, "I came back from California a little while ago, and I almost froze to death out there; and let me tell you, sir, I pity those people. Yes, sir, I pity 'em! Why, sir, they can't raise coconut trees out there!"

Other people like the glamour of the smart shops and the widely press-agented names of Palm Beach's idle rich; while still others crave the simplicity and restfulness of unspoiled country. One never knows what part of Florida he will like the best until he has traveled through most of the state.

There are worse trips than a run up the Florida coast in January or February, through the tree-bowered stucco houses of Miami's suburbs that were waste land two years ago, and along the wide avenues of Miami Beach to the endless stretch of white sand stretching up to Palm Beach and beyond. This land along the beaches is cleared and marked off to streets and avenues. Two years or three years ago it sold by the acre. Today it sells by the front foot, and the people who bought it by the acre have tripled and quadrupled their money.

There is more to fill the eye in a journey along the French or the Italian Riviera; but neither the French nor the Italian Riviera can offer nearly so much sunshine or warmth or dependability or comfort as can the coast of Florida.

North of Palm Beach and West Palm Beach one runs through the orange groves that border the banks of Indian River—which looks more like a turquoise-colored inland sea than a river—and a dozen pleasant towns. In between the towns there are incipient real-estate promotions—an ornamental gateway standing alone in the glaring white sand and the rank green of the palmetto scrub.

At one spot a complete town is laid out with corner posts and street signs, but not a house has risen on it. A signboard optimistically announces that it is Olympia, the New Town, and maybe it is. Maybe another two years will see a far-flung community there, with hotels, churches, schools and handsome stucco dwellings, just as the past two years has witnessed a similar development in the middle of the flat land between Miami and Palm Beach.

Along this road to the North one encounters deserted asparagus plantations, shielded from the sun by acres of rotting laths, like endless chicken coops for communities of giants. Everywhere there are ringneck plover, screaming nervously to one another and leaping into or swooping down from the cloudless sky. White herons flap from roadside pools, orange trees disseminate a pleasing odor and the hot sun scorches the back of the neck. Truly a mild and beneficent country!

The Town of Pretty Girls

At New Smyrna, where all the trees and even some of the telegraph wires have sprouted long and benevolent-looking whiskers of gray moss, one is able to bear off to the westward and start across the state. It is along this road that one begins to catch glimpses of a new sort of Florida—a Florida of rolling land instead of the flat waste that surrounds the southern resorts, and of pleasant lakes by the sides of which excited fishermen with popping eyes tell you of innumerable and voracious black bass whose sole object in life seems to be the inhaling of fishing tackle.

It is also along this road that one finds the training camps of many of the big-league baseball teams—a fact which tends to confirm the raucous claims of the residents of St. Petersburg and Orlando that the climate in this neck of the woods is the veritable and only *ne plus ultra* of climates. Here and in this vicinity gambol the Cleveland Indians, the Boston Braves, the Brooklyn Dodgers, the Washington Senators, the Cincinnati Reds, the Chicago Cubs, the St. Louis Cardinals, the New York Giants, the Philadelphia Nationals and the Indianapolis American Association team. Next year the New York Yankees and the Philadelphia Americans are scheduled to join the happy throng—unless deterred by the unpleasant spring of 1924, although the Floridians explained to everyone that they didn't know what to make of that weather; that they couldn't remember when there had been any weather like that; that a person might come down every year for a thousand years without finding anything like it; that blah-blah-blah, and so on. Big-league baseball teams are not exactly newborn babes in sophistication and what not, and eleven of them wouldn't camp along the New Smyrna-St. Petersburg road unless there was more to the climate than the hot air of the natives.

Orlando is a flourishing city of 17,000 population, a city of beautiful homes and wonderful outlook, for it is built around twenty-two fresh-water lakes—so many evidently that it has always been able to see itself perfectly mirrored and thus avoid the ills of so many cities; such ills as graft and filth and gimcrack building and eagerness to snatch for individual enrichment the things that belong to all men.

Everywhere through Orlando and in the suburbs there are orange groves and tree-shaded streets. Orlando people say that Orlando girls are the prettiest girls in the world. I am no judge of the standing of the different American cities in this matter; but the young women that were pointed out to me by Orlando residents in support of their contention appeared to have all the necessary qualifications.

The Orlando people are passionately addicted to whisking strangers around the city and explaining all about it—all about the lakes and the four new bank buildings that were built during 1923, and the two new ten-story buildings; and how all four of the ten-story buildings in town were built entirely by local capital without a cent of outside help; and how land in the business section of Orlando is worth $2600 a front foot; and how the city is crowded with visitors, in spite of the two new hotels; and how nobody knows how the visitors are going to be taken care of; and how Orlando will have a population of 30,000 by 1930; and all the time one is being introduced to a new lake, or one's guides are busy raising their hats to bevies of the girls who are reputed to be the prettiest girls in the world, until one is quite dizzy and cannot possibly keep his mind on all the statistics. It is certain, however, that if this were not a prohibition country, there would be many deaths from drowning in Orlando; for if a drunken man were to start back in horror at finding himself wabbling on the brink of one of the twenty-two Orlando lakes, he would be almost certain to fall into one of the twenty-one others.

The country around Orlando is excellent orange country, and land is comparatively cheap. Orange-grove land, with the trees in prime bearing condition and yielding from two to three hundred boxes of fruit to the acre, fruit that usually brings $1.50 a box but that only brought a dollar a box in 1924, can be bought for $1000 an acre. And the Orlando people, who are a very kind-hearted lot, cannot refrain from throwing in the information that in California the same sort of land with the same sort of trees would cost $5000 an acre, and have to be irrigated. Florida sand is remarkably fertile and needs no irrigation.

From a recent advertisement of an established Orlando real-estate firm one reads: "Eighteen acres—10 acres in big bearing orange trees. Good home—electric light and water. Big crop of trees. Price, $17,500." And another: "Twenty acres in city limits of Orlando—about 900 bearing orange and grapefruit trees. Price, $17,500." Some persons prefer this sort of thing for $17,500, while others prefer to pay the same money for a smaller acreage at Palm Beach, within hearing distance of the dulcet screams of the distinguished society leader, Mrs. J. Custon Frimp, as she enters the water each morning, or the ladylike profanity of the lovely movie star, Miss April Sunshine, as she bawls out her husband, Mr. Milton Fishback, on the dance floor at the Coconut Grove.

Free Papers on Cloudy Days

There is a fine hospital in Orlando, and a splendid library, and spacious schools by the lakesides with 3500 white pupils in them. Practically every resident owns his own home, and most of the residents live in Orlando during the summer as well as during the winter months; and altogether it is the sort of town that one would like to live in, what with its excellent country club and its prettiest girls in the world and its balmy climate and the masses of flowers that rim its lakes and what not.

So you say to your guide, "I wouldn't mind having a little place here—just a simple ——"

Then the guide interrupts.

"Yes, yes," says he soothingly. "I know exactly what you want. Everyone wants exactly the same thing. All you want is a little place here—just a simple little place on a lake; one that's simple enough to take care of yourself, and with a few orange and grapefruit trees on it. That's what you want. That's what everyone wants, and he always does his wanting in exactly the same language. Well, it's easy enough; why doesn't everyone do it? We've all done it, and we're the happiest people in the world."

On leaving the happy people and pretty girls of Orlando with a slight sensation of envy, one passes through many more orange groves; and eventually, after touching the large and bustling city of Tampa, circles around onto a pleasant peninsula, with Tampa Bay on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, and comes to the city of St. Petersburg, sometimes known as the Sunshine City because the sun appears to do more shining there than in most parts of the world. There is a large and enterprising daily paper in St. Petersburg which undertakes to give everybody a free copy on the day when no sun shines within the city's purlieus, and in the last thirteen years this enterprising paper has given away seventy-two editions. This, translated into the argot of the day, means that the sun fails to shine in St. Petersburg—familiarly known as St. Pete, by the way, to all its residents—only about five days out of each year, on the average.

The residents of St. Pete are the greatest climate fiends in the world. They are not content with saying that the St. Pete climate is remarkable or unusual. They unequivocally state that the climate of the peninsula on which the city is built—Pinellas Peninsula—is the absolute cream of the 18,000,000 brands of climate known to exist in the world. In proof of their contention they produce an essay written in 1885 by Dr. W. C. Van Bibber, of Baltimore, for the Journal of the American Medical Association; and since St. Petersburg in 1885 was nothing but a large and undeveloped tract of farmland, Doctor Van Bibber cannot be suspected of being on the pay roll of the chamber of commerce or anything like that. At any rate, what Doctor Van Bibber says about the climate of Pinellas Peninsula—which means St. Petersburg—is a great plenty. He nonchalantly disposes of most of the other health resorts in the world with an airy wave of his hand.

"We have all heard," writes Doctor Van Bibber enthusiastically, "of Pau, Pisa, Mentone, Monaco, Cannes and other European resorts, and may be familiar with what has been said concerning the banks of the Nile, or Mexico, and Southern and Lower California; but none of these, it may be said without fear of contradiction, can compare with Florida as a peninsula climate, or as a land having peculiar attractions as a winter residence."

The Friendly City of St. Pete

Incidentally, it may be said without fear of contradiction that Doctor Van Bibber didn't know much about the disposition of the residents of California if he thought that they weren't going to rush to the front with a wholesale and categorical denial of any and all remarks tending to imply that the California climate is inferior to anything, anywhere.

However, he then goes on to argue that since the winds of Pinellas Peninsula are warmed by the Gulf on one hand and tempered by Tampa Bay on the other, and generally cooled, heated and aërated by the peninsula's location, to say nothing of the water being changed every day by the obliging tide so that its temperature will remain constant, its temperature is sufficiently potent to cure almost everything except decapitation and electrocution.

Armed with this talk about the climate and a certain energy which may come from the climate or from youth, the residents of St. Pete are always on the warpath to gain converts and put in a deft wallop for their fair city. They tell you it is the world's greatest opportunity for investment. They say the town is only where Miami was six years before all the Miamians began to make fortunes. They point to their $6,000,000 worth of fine new hotels, freshly opened in 1923 and 1924; and then they take you over to the chamber of commerce and let you see the lodging bureau digging up private rooms in the residences of St. Petersburg's first families because of the mob of tourists who cannot be happy unless they linger indefinitely in St. Pete—and who cannot be accommodated except in the homes of residents.

Subdivisions are being sold up and down the coast. A huge bridge—the longest bridge in the world—is rising to join Tampa and St. Petersburg, cut thirty-three miles from the present distance between the cities and open up an entirely new real-estate world. All the St. Peters are crazy on the subject of real estate. Real-estate dealers lurk behind pillars in the hotels and leap out at newcomers.

St. Petersburg is a friendly city. Its streets are lined with green benches, on which a goodly percentage of the population sits and talks to itself about its real-estate deals and Northern illnesses. Anyone who sits down on one of the benches will, within two minutes, be certain to find someone from New York, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Massachusetts or Indiana to whom he can tell all his troubles.

And in the center of things is Williams Park, named for the founder of the city. Here the band plays. Here the slipper-slappers or horseshoe pitchers exercise

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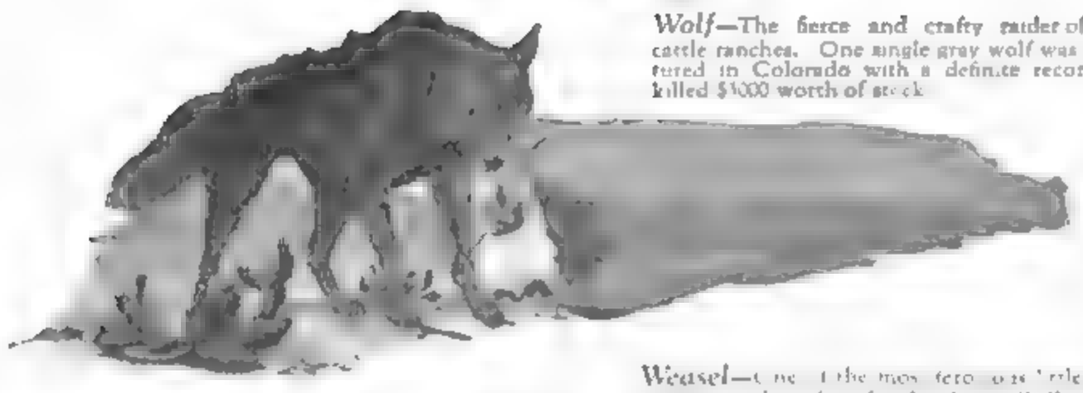


Wolf—The fierce and crafty raider of sheep and cattle ranches. One single gray wolf was recently captured in Colorado with a definite record of having killed $3000 worth of stock

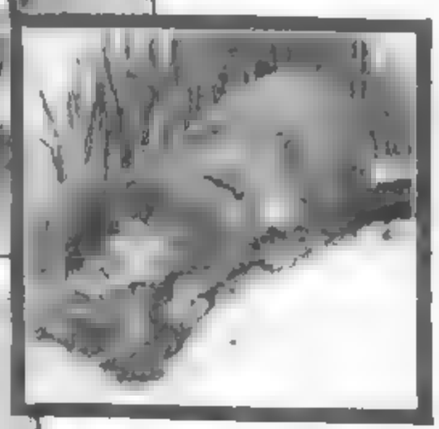
Weasel—One of the most ferocious little beasts alive. Kills from sheer lust for slaughter. Will unhesitatingly attack animals many times its size. Destroys quail, ptarmigan, grouse, rabbits and ducks. Causes appalling devastation among domestic fowl, sometimes killing as many as thirty in a single night.

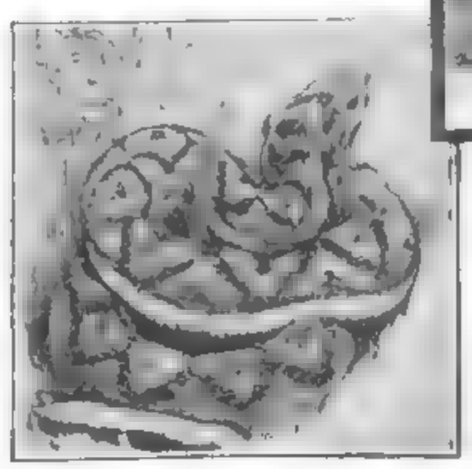
Crow—In addition to his well known habit of pulling corn the common crow robs the nests of valuable song-birds, eating the eggs and young. He also performs some helpful service in destroying insects and therefore should not be killed except when damaging crops or found around the breeding places of birds.

The fish crow, which frequents our Eastern coast from Maine to Florida, is thoroughly pernicious, and should be destroyed everywhere.

Great Horned Owl—The largest of American owls. This night hunter is a confirmed destroyer of ruffed grouse and other game and song-birds—as well as unprotected poultry. These habits have outlawed him all over the country.

Fox—One of the most intelligent and, therefore, one of the hardest pests to get. Foxes of all kinds have always been persistent raiders of poultry yards, where they make nocturnal visits with deadly effect





Poison Snakes—The principal poison snakes in North America are the rattlesnakes, the copper-head and the water moccasin. In addition to menacing human life they eat the eggs and young of beneficial birds. Some non-poisonous snakes such as the black snakes are also harmful and should be destroyed.

Woodchuck—A widespread pest that raises havoc with vegetables in field and garden. Also is a great nuisance because of its habit of feeding on and trampling down grass and grain.

Nature's Rogues

Every year these pests take tremendous toll of property and useful wild life—learn to recognize and hold them in check

LURKING in woods, fields and trees are relentless birds and beasts of prey. These marauders raid the nests of our insect-eating song and game birds, raise havoc with farm crops, devastate gardens, destroy orchards. Sometimes, as in the case of the disease-bearing rat or the poison snake, they even become a menace to man himself.

To help check this destruction of property and ruthless murder of valuable birds and animals is the duty of every citizen. Federal and State authorities, as well as leading naturalists and game lovers, urge unceasing war on such pests as the red squirrel, rat, weasel, or wolf.

For every kind of pest there is a Savage or Stevens firearm from

SAVAGE

Read what leading conservationists and game-lovers have written us about this movement

"Certain species of predacious birds and animals kill far more game than all the hunters combined—hunting day and night throughout the year these pests recognize neither closed seasons nor bag limits."

R. P. HOLLAND, *Vice President,*
American Game Protective Association

"I am heartily in sympathy with this movement to wage war on certain species of birds and animals which have been shown by scientific research to be highly destructive to game and song birds."

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS,
Leader Third Asiatic Expedition of the
American Museum of Natural History, New York City

"I heartily indorse any movement for the extermination of predatory vermin. Relentless warfare is waged against these animals on game preserves and refuges owned by the State of Ohio and all deputy game protectors and sportsmen's clubs in this state are requested to cooperate in this work."

CHARLES V. TRUAX,
Director of Agriculture, State of Ohio.

"Vandals in fur and feather must be destroyed to save and protect our useful game and song birds."

WM. A. BRUETTE, *Editor,*
Forest and Stream.

Among others from whom favorable statements have been received are: Llewellyn Legge, Chief, Fish and Game Division, N.Y. Conservation Commission; Harry L. Tilton, Publisher National Sportsman Magazine; Stewart Edward White, Author and Big Game Hunter; John A. McGuire, Outdoor Life; Elmer F. Warner, Publisher Field and Stream; Dan A. Starkey, Editor Outer's Recreation; C. H. MacKenzie, President, Minn. Game Protective League; Charles Livingston Bull, Animal Painter and Naturalist.

Rat—The common brown rat is by far the greatest scourge of mankind. They [illegible] such as infantile paralysis, rat-bite fever and bubonic plague. [illegible] according to the United States Department of Agriculture [illegible] worth of property. Unless checked rats would outnumber the human population. Only constant warfare will serve to keep down these filthy ravagers.

Red Squirrel—The good looks of this animal are misleading—he is, in fact, one of the most destructive pests known. He preys [illegible] of useful and beautiful birds—[illegible] their young or robbing eggs from [illegible]. It is [illegible] that a single red squirrel murders 200 songbirds in one [illegible].

Hawk—The Goshawk, the Sharp-Shinned Hawk, and Cooper's Hawk are the three most destructive species. They constantly prey on valuable game birds, song birds and poultry. The United States Government naturalists advise that these merciless marauders [illegible] every possible means.

Certain other hawks, such as the little Sparrow Hawk eat many harmful insects, and should be protected.

THE STEVENS No. 107 single barrel shotgun. Case-hardened frame, lasting polish, selected walnut stock, automatic ejector, pistol grip. Made in 12, 16, 20, 28 and .410 gauges. For the remarkable price of $12.00.

THE SAVAGE SPORTER—Bolt action repeating rifle, round blued barrel, genuine American walnut stock, varnish finish, pistol grip, five shot interchangeable magazine

Model 23A	*.22 cal.*	*$19.50*
Model 23B	*.25-20 cal.*	*$23.50*
Model 23C	*.32-20 cal.*	*$23.50*

Gallery

the sharp-shooting .22's to the smashing hi-power rifles—from the trim little .410 gauge shotgun to the hard hitting 12 gauge repeater.

Pick out below the pests in your neighborhood and the rifles and shot-guns that will bring them down—then do your share to protect our crops and game from destruction.

Cooper's Hawk Goshawk Sharp Shinned Hawk Great Horned Owl Snowy Owl Crow English Sparrow Common Rat Prairie Dog Gopher Red Squirrel Woodchuck Fox Weasel Poison Snakes Black Snakes	*At short and medium ranges—* Savage and Stevens .22's Savage Repeating Shotguns, .410 barrel for Model 99 Rifles Stevens Shotguns in .410, 28, 20, 16, or 12 gauge Savage and Stevens Pistols *At long ranges—* Savage .25-20 and .32-20 Sporters Savage .22 Hi-power Rifles Stevens .25 and .32 caliber Rifles
Bay Lynx (Bobcat) Canada Lynx Coyote (Prairie Wolf) Gray Wolf Wolverine	*At short and medium ranges—* Savage .25-20 and .32-20 Sporters Stevens .25 and .32 caliber Rifles *At long ranges—* Savage Hi-power Rifles in .22-250-3000, .30-30, .303 and .300 calibers
Cougar (Mountain Lion, Puma) Jaguar	Savage Hi-power Rifles in .250-3000, .30-30, .303 and .300 calibers

NOTE: There are a number of other animals and birds not listed above which are generally harmless but become pests under certain conditions. Consult carefully the game laws of your state.

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The Savage Sporter shown above combines the precision of the finest military rifles with the grace and lightness of the latest sporting models. The new bolt action has a special speed—half cock on the opening stroke—full cock when you drive it home—just glides along it's so smooth.

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The velvets and velours of Baker are different — more harmonious in design and color. The close woven textures are cool to the touch in midsummer —collect practically no dust—never cling and stick to clothing. The deep lustrous pile is absolutely moth-proof. Luxury wears well!

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Baker Fastex Velvet

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(Continued from Page 129)

themselves with their mules' oxfords. Here rings out the low cry of "That's a good shoe!" as someone wraps the implement around the pin. Here galleries of 300 and 400 persons sit tensely through hair-raising games of roque between the world's greatest exponents of the game, while a keen-eyed roque reporter for the morning paper takes down every move for the edification of the city's roque fans. Here the checker, chess and domino tables, always filled with eager players, emit a hushed clicking and clacking as the contestants settle their ancient grudges. Politicians publish advertisements in the papers, wildly advocating more green benches, horseshoe pitches and roque courts. It is a great place for tourists.

There is a municipal pier, from which large numbers of the 600 or 700 varieties of fish that infest the Gulf can be caught; and when one's interest flags in other matters he can wander out to the end of the pier and watch the pelicans lighting beside the fishermen with sprawling legs and a horrified appearance, and begging with an air of tense suspicion for a bit of bait.

Out along the beaches and up the bayous there are beautiful and expensive homes. Land can be bought close to the water for $10,000 a lot, from which the prices sink to $1500 or $1800 in less-desirable locations. As at Palm Beach and Miami, pretty little stucco houses can be built for $8000 or $10,000 or $12,000, though one of the St Petersburg subdivisions insists on a minimum of $15,000 for every house built on it.

Those who love the city—and all its residents do, and seemingly with good reason—talk one's ear to a ragged shred if given half a chance. Like the boosters for Miami and West Palm Beach, they insist that an income ranging between $2500 and $3000, or a capital of $50,000, is sufficient to enable any man to live well in St. Petersburg. This is probably exaggerated. It will enable him to live well according to the ideas of some people, but it is doubtful whether this would be living well according to the lights of the man who has saved $50,000.

A well-known Eastern architect, a man of culture and refinement and a collector of rare books, came to me to say a few good words for St. Petersburg. A few years before, he had fallen from a building which was being made from his plans and had broken his back. The doctors gave him up, as the saying goes, and said he could live only a few weeks. One of them told his wife that his life might be prolonged a few weeks if he were taken to St. Petersburg. She took him to St. Petersburg.

Our Last Frontier

Eight weeks after arriving in St. Petersburg he was able to walk out on the golf links and handle a golf club one-handed. Today he is one of St. Petersburg's leading citizens. He is also able to get around the links under ninety—still playing one-handed. He says that he owes his life to St. Petersburg and that he is naturally enthusiastic about the place. It might be remarked in passing that about 25,000 St Petersburgers talk as though they owed their lives to it.

"Look here," said this Eastern architect, gesticulating wildly in the general direction of a wall-less public school whose pupils, evidently accustomed to the ravings of their fellow townsmen, cast not a look in our direction—"look here! The children and the workmen down here take no account of holidays, because every day is a holiday. All the workmen finish their work at four o'clock, and there's scarcely a day in the year that they can't step out on the pier or walk a few yards down the shore and get some of the best fishing in the world. Up North people make laborious preparations for Labor Day or Decoration Day or the Fourth of July, and then it rains. Down here all the stores close on Thursday afternoons. The people can walk a block and fish or walk a couple of blocks in the other direction and play golf. A man can make his plans to go anywhere he wants to and know that the weather won't interfere with him. It's always going to be a good day. What's Labor Day or any other holiday in his young life?

"If he wants to he can go out and dig up Indian relics, though there's no telling whether they have been planted by Indians or some development company. Some of the development companies would have found Tutenkhamun's tomb in St. Petersburg if they had known the publicity value of it.

"People don't eat much meat down here. Think of the difference between, say, a bricklayer in the North and a bricklayer down here. Up North he works for seven or eight months a year. He hasn't saved much money, and in the winter he has to walk from job to job to get work, plugging through cold and slush and snow. He's got to provide for his wife and children and feed them well on meat to keep them warm. Down here the bricklayer doesn't need fuel.

"When work is slack he can get stone crabs, clams, fish and vegetables for nothing.

"The head plasterer who worked on my house was always singing. Look at that house, by the way. It's a fine house. It looks like $20,000 at least, and it lives the same way. It cost $8000. Well, this head plasterer was always singing and I asked him about it. He had good reason. He spent seventeen years in Cincinnati and never had anything. He's been in St. Petersburg for seven years and he's got $17,000. Why shouldn't he sing?

"A thirty-one-year-old plumber came to our bank last week to borrow $7000. He wanted it to make his final payment on $230,000 worth of property that he owned free and clear. There's a young doctor down here. He came out of the Army and went back to his home town to discover that a lot of cheap young nonfighters had stolen his practice. He came down here, and the bank advanced him $35,000 on his name. He built a hospital and made $50,000 last year. The banker who loaned him the money peddled pie on the streets of St. Petersburg twenty-five years ago.

"It's a pioneer state—the only frontier state left in America. It's at the beginning of its growth, and we want men—anybody that's right, anybody who'll work. If he hasn't any money we'll show him how to get it. If he's got it we'll take it away from him and give it to someone who hasn't. We don't have foreign cliques down here. Our laborers are negroes, and the whites don't work with them.

"There are hundreds—thousands of retired business men and farmers living here who haven't a cent more than $3000 a year. Think what life holds for them by comparison with a man with the same income in the North! Why, we not only have no state income tax in Florida but the legislature has passed a law that we shall never have one. Think of it! No state income tax! And we have other advantages too."

So Much the Worse for Boston

"There's a man from Boston here, for example, who has exactly $3000 a year. He owns a little house near Boston which he rents for enough to pay the taxes and the upkeep. He has a secondhand automobile that cost him $800 or $900. He comes here from Boston over the road every October and rents a little apartment for $360 a year. For his pleasures he and his wife belong to the New England Society, which meets every week; and for his sport he takes up roque, for which one needs to purchase only a mallet and a ball. A Chautauqua ticket gives him a course of lectures. When real-estate companies hold auction sales at distant beaches he takes advantage of the free ride. The ocean is free and the fishing is wonderful. If he wants to meet people he only needs to run over to the chamber of commerce, where he can find a score of substantial citizens of Northern states anxious to breathe their life histories into his shell-like ear. He stays here until mid-June, and then cruises back to New York and stays with his married daughter for a month. He putters around his own home for a couple of weeks, visits friends in Maine and on Cape Cod for a few weeks more—and then it's time to oil up the old bus and take the road back to St. Pete again. Think of the pleasure that he gets out of life!

"Life used to be hell for me in Boston. We had a butler, a cook, an upstairs maid, a second maid, a gardener and a chauffeur to bother with all the time. If we had a cook the maid was gone; if we had a chauffeur the cook was gone. It was fuss, fuss, fuss, all day long. Down here we have one girl—a cook. She comes at seven in the morning and goes at seven in the evening. She does the laundry. We pay her twelve dollars a week. It's like heaven.

"There are people here who spend $20,000, $25,000, $50,000 a year. Most of the people live very simply and reasonably. Will you tell me why Northerners who can quit their Northern jobs and come down here with $3000 or $5000 or $8000 a year don't do it?"

Since his question permitted no satisfactory reply, it went unanswered.

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Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Take Stone's Straws along!

Green fields and fresh air, and a basket picnic-packed! Take Stone's Straws along, and the clear, cold drinks you serve will seem even more refreshing.

Add Stone's Straws to every cold drink you serve. Dainty, delicate, golden-tinted, they are really appetizing. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk to children. Straws prevent gulping. Your druggist or grocer has them in handy, 10c Home Packages—several weeks' supply. Take home a Home Package today.

Druggists: For fountain use the round, spill-proof box of 500 Stone's Straws assures *full count* and guarantees perfection.

The Stone Straw Co

GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C

HARDTACK AND WALLY

(Continued from Page 13)

Fawy looked hard-boiled, and as his appraising glance rested on me the lid of his good eye drooped in sinister fashion.

"Well, we can't stand here all night," exclaimed Hardtack. "It's almost dark now. Ain't you got a place for us to sleep, Fawy—and some chow?"

"Sure," assented the sheik. "You stay here with me tonight and we fix everything up good."

We followed him through a labyrinth of huts and tiny yards fenced high with maize stalks. What I had mistaken for tall chimneys on the roofs were adobe cotes for the pigeons. Scores of children trailed at our heels. Fawy bellowed at them to go back and they slunk away, only to sneak after us again the instant he had turned. Then he started to swear and hurl stones at the youngsters.

The village covered a considerable area and darkness had fallen before we reached the sheik's abode. Grunts and murmurs and the smoke of fires in the huts indicated that the village was settling down for the night. A couple of women were wrangling somewhere, and the babel growing louder, Fawy Bayoumi yelled a command and it stopped.

"Their man," he explained, "he is at work in the field. It is his turn to irrigate, so they fight."

We caught a glimpse of the domestic arrangements of one family—a low mud hut of one room with a sort of alcove. No windows and not a stick of furniture. On the ground were a couple of torn mats, and a woman crouched over a fire. I counted five children and two dogs and a donkey in that household. After they had eaten the evening meal and the place had been warmed with smoke, a sack would be let down over the door and the family would curl up and sleep comfortably in the reek until daybreak, with their livestock bedded down beside them in the alcove.

"Oh, well," said Hardtack, "why not? A donkey ain't particular."

The sheik's home was larger than its neighbors, and had a courtyard containing a well and some truly noble date palms. A high mud wall surrounded it and a gorgeous purple bougainvillea covered one corner. The house was of adobe and one story in height, and evidently consisted of several rooms; but that was conjecture, because we never saw them. Bayoumi received us in a sort of reception room which jutted out from the house proper. Its walls were bare, with two windows cut high up near the ceiling, and in these windows pigeon boxes had been set. On the floor was a mat, and against two sides of the wall, benches with cushions.

Here the sheik was accustomed to receive visitors and transact business, his real home remaining a sanctuary into which acquaintances never penetrated. Not once did we glimpse any of the women of his household, nor did we hear any sign of life from their quarters.

"Say, you're sittin' pretty here, Fawy," was Hardtack's comment, and the sheik beamed pridefully.

Presently a boy brought in coffee and native bread, buffalo cheese and some boiled eggs. It takes better teeth than mine to bite into their round stony lumps of corn bread, and after one taste of the acrid, pungent cheese, Hardtack slid his into his pocket, and I could tell that he thought less of buffalo cows than ever. But we made a fair meal on eggs and raw onions and coffee, and leaned back to enjoy our cigarettes.

"Say, Bayoumi," demanded Hardtack, "how many wives you got?"

The sheik did not seem to resent the question.

"One," he said. "A wise man have only one. Yes, very nice then. For if you have more, you see, they fight and make trouble, and you have no peace. No, nobody except a poor man have more than one; and he have three or four maybe, because he is poor and sense he hasn't got."

"How does he keep 'em all up?"

"They work. A poor man, he make five piasters a day maybe"—twenty-five cents—"or somebody pay him four pound a year and his food. It is enough."

"Don't the rich keep more'n one wife?"

"Some—because he can have one, two or three houses—as many as he like. Very nice. But it is gen'rally the poor man what has much wives. Yes."

Before we got through dickering with Bayoumi it was easy to understand why his house was so much larger than the others. All of us had traded with Egyptians before and expected a lot of haggling and retreat on prices, for the average native, glibly demanding thirty piasters for an article, will end up by chasing you a mile to sell it for two piasters. "It cost me more. By my eyes, I am telling you, shentleman." And when you still shake your head, he thrusts several of them into your hand with "Here, give me what you like. Two for one piaster." This sliding-scale system, so dear to the Oriental heart, results in the loss of much business for the simple reason that Joe Hicks holds off lest he pay more than Tom May says he paid. Bayoumi knew this and had studied Western psychology. He named his price and stuck to it.

"But that ain't what you agreed on with me and Wally here," protested Hardtack.

"No; but you bring a shentleman with you," retorted the sheik oilily. "And was that agreed on?"

The bargain called for four work camels at eighteen piasters a day each, which price covered wages of the camel boys and their keep, also. Our own food and Fawy's services as dragoman were extra. It meant a total outlay of seven dollars and sixty cents a day in American money.

Hardtack, whose original bargain had contemplated only two dollars a day, remarked, "Your father should sure be proud of his son, Fawy."

"But he would have paid nothing for wages. No, not," replied the sheik regretfully, referring to the fact that his sire had been a slave dealer, raiding as far as Algiers. He heaved a sigh. "If only my father had not borned twenty-seven children, you see, I would have been very reech and not have to work so hard. But what he do? Why, he leave even some land to Achmed, son of a slave, because he fear his sons maybe not divide with him any. Was that nice?"

"Well, would they have divided?"

"No, not," said Bayoumi.

Before we spread our blankets on the floor of the reception room, it was agreed that the start should be made at seven sharp. We got away at half past nine—the best of the natives consider a couple of hours' leeway fair promptitude. But at last the tumult and the shouting died and we were ready.

The edge of the desert was not half a mile from the village. We moved at a steady walk, the camels' feet making a crisp crunch on the fine gravelly surface. While there are frequent stretches of loose sand in the Libyan, the most of it is covered with minute pebbles and large areas of flint of curious and wonderful patterns. When the noon sun shines on these rolling expanses, they gleam like oxidized silver.

To our left rose a range of buttes and scarred sandstone hills. Ahead lay what looked like the ruins of a Roman city—great mushroom blocks of sandstone resembling the base of pillars. They seemed to follow some sort of plan, but ——

"That's Nature," declared Bayoumi. "The desert is full of 'em."

We did not get out of sight of the irrigated lands the first day, but skirted them, heading north. Hardtack was riding the big grown bull camel of the sweet disposition, which he had chosen because Fawy told him it was the strongest. The beast's tail was snubbed up, and the boy kept close to his head, because every time he got a chance the camel turned around and tried to nip his rider's leg. Far from resenting this enterprise, Hardtack seemed to derive a certain zest from it. Personally, I took a prejudice against the animal, with his horrible lolling tongue and savage eyes and constant furious rumblings.

"Very strong, that camel," said Bayoumi proudly; "he carry fourteen hundred pound. And he will not eat. No, not."

"The hell you say!"

"Sometimes a camel not eat in the winter, if he very strong, unless you make him. He go thirty day without food before he is died. But the boy, he make him eat. You watch tonight."

We eyed the sheik dubiously.

"It is the truth. And neither does he drink water when he is eating clover in the winter. He does not need it for a long time."

In the afternoon we sighted three natives squatting on the sand, who signaled us. Fawy seemed reluctant to have anything to do with them, but one of the camel boys ran to find out what they wanted. It developed that they had trapped a jackal and a wolf and would fain sell the creatures to the pasha.

"Alive?"

"Sure."

"What for?"

"He say," explained Bayoumi, "that you can tell your friends you keeled them yourself."

"No, not," I replied.

One of the three trappers made some remark and they resignedly tied up their struggling captives in the sacks again.

"He say," continued the sheik, "that it is all right. He can sell same to Prince Boulos, who is shooting in these parts."

We ran into the prince's outfit an hour later, making for a new camp. He had six camels loaded with sleeping tent and dining tent and all sorts of paraphernalia. Two saddle donkeys led the procession and H. H. himself rode in a sedan chair carried by four bearers. A dozen others for the relief followed behind the caravan.

Just as they passed us, one of the prince's camels reached far out and tore a mouthful from the leg of Hardtack's trousers before he could dodge. Not since the Armistice have I heard such picturesque profanity. He called that camel every name in the doughboy's vocabulary, and when its driver merely grinned, transferred his attentions to him, and from him to the prince, who sat smiling in his chair.

"Hush! You must not!" cried Bayoumi in great alarm.

"What do I care for that bird?"

"Careful, Hardtack. He probably speaks English," I warned.

"What if he does? There you go!" fumed Hardtack. "That's the way with Americans every time. A little bitty title has 'em all buffaloed."

"Don't be a fool."

"It's the truth. A brewer back home is just a guy from Milwaukee," he continued as we moved along; "or he was until he sunk to makin' sody pop; but they make earls of 'em in England, and then you ought to see Americans kotow. Look what that camel of his went and done! Might have bit my laig clean off! No, sir; an American will get fussed over a four per cent count whose ancestral acres wouldn't make good grazin' for a Texas farmer's milch cows."

"But the prince is of royal familee!" expostulated Fawy.

"What's that to me?"

"He is reech—worth three million pounds."

Hardtack looked stunned.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" he complained. "Do you reckon he heard me?"

Our camel boys padded behind us in bare feet, most of the time holding to the beasts' tails. Hour after hour they jogged along without drawing a deep breath. One day we made twenty-four miles, and yet that night they staged a dervish dance. Each received ninety cents a day for this work and his camel, and I discovered later that my boy owned twelve acres of irrigated land worth nine thousand dollars.

We pitched camp the first night on the edge of the farm lands. The sun went down in a glorious riot of gold and pink, with graceful wisps of cloud gleaming like golden veils. In the east the afterglow brought a deep, deep blue in the lower sky, and above, a heavenly pink. The farm lands below us smoked with mist clinging close to the ground, the villages and clumps of trees showing through it like islands on a foggy bay.

Fawy Bayoumi didn't put on any dog in his arrangements. He was being paid for rough fare and that was what he provided. We had no tents, but spread our blankets on the sand; and for supper he served coffee and native bread, onions and buffalo cheese. I had seen him buy the balls of cheese, and the recollection of the loving way it was patted and passed from hand to hand during the bargaining robbed me of any ambition. But we had our canned stuff and fared pretty well. As for the camel boys, they pulled bread and cheese out of the folds of their robes and seemed well content.

Just as we were turning in, a high soprano voice took up a song somewhere in the farm land. It came nearer—an indescribably sad lament that always died away on the same note.

"What is he saying?" I demanded of Fawy.

"He say that God never gave him a chance. No, not. He is very poor, but he would very much like to do some time what he want. Yes. So when will God give him a chance?"

"Go fetch him," said Hardtack.

Grumbling, the dragoman departed. The song continued for a while, growing clearer as the singer approached through the glowing velvety night. Then it stopped, and presently Bayoumi returned with a small boy on a donkey.

"What's his name?"

"Suliman El Halwa. He say his father very poor and he work very hard."

"Ask him if he wants to come with us."

"He say, 'Sure, by all means.' But first he must ask his father."

"Shucks, why don't he run away?"

"No, not," said Bayoumi emphatically. "He must go back and ask, and also return the donkey. Yes."

"Send somebody with him," I suggested, "or his father won't let him come. Here, boy, give your father this."

The dragoman bestowed on me a look of contempt. "Now he will never return," he opined.

But he was wrong. We sent a camel boy with Suliman and they were both back within two hours. Wally wanted to accompany them to the village, but both Hardtack and Fawy protested.

"You know your weakness," admonished Hardtack. "Yes, I seen you this morning! If a woman so much as looks sideways, you got to swell up like a gobbler. You'd best make up your mind to cut that out, Wally. These guys'd just as lief stick a knife into you as wink."

"Yes, very quick," agreed Fawy.

We kept on along the irrigated land two days more, and then Fawy announced that we would strike straight west across the desert for a distance of forty-eight hours. For this trip we would have to carry water on our camels; as for them, they could do without until our return.

Our start was early. Dawn had not broken when the grunts and snarling protests of the camels woke me. The boys were already loading up.

"Long way, long way," Fawy kept repeating. "We must hurry."

He seemed very nervous. Shortly after we started there was nothing but bare desert as far as the eye could see. Presently three figures appeared on the sky line and soon we made out native soldiers on dromedaries. After stopping to watch us awhile they paid no further attention, but swung away toward the south, dangling their long whips, rifles slung from their shoulders.

"What's the matter?" I demanded, for the sight of these desert police seemed to scare Fawy.

"Nothing. Hurry! I no like this wind!"

It was blowing strong from the northwest, and he pretended to believe it might bring a sandstorm, but the suspicion was growing in me that our copper-colored friend had fears wholly apart from weather conditions or the hazards of travel.

Two days of steady going almost due west. A gust of rain—no more than a few drops—quelled the biting wind. The desert was as bare as an egg of vegetation, except at long intervals when a sparse patch of a stubby, thorny weed would surprise us and tempt the camels. On the second night we halted not far from a low hill.

"Here it is," whispered Fawy, as though somebody might be listening.

While they were unloading the camels, I walked over toward the hill. Parts of a narrow-gauge railroad showed through the sand, winding among piles of débris. There were openings in the face of the sandstone cliffs, and here and there were deep holes in the ground where the diggers had made tests. No remains of human habitation, nor sign of life. Evidently the work of excavation had been abandoned many years previously, and the drifting sands of the desert were obliterating its traces.

A shout, and I turned to see Bayoumi waving at me to return.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"Just taking a look."

"Looks no good," he retorted, eying me suspiciously. "We go all together and I show you everything what is to be seen."

"Oh, all right."

(Continued on Page 139)

The wise man knows

Interwoven Toe and Heel Socks

It protects millions

A Health Beauty talk by the Health Doctor

I WANT to talk about two things:

Why children need protection.

How Lifebuoy Health Soap protects their health and good looks.

If you could watch average healthy children throughout an entire day, you would be horrified, about once every ten minutes, at the germ-covered things they touch and the dirt dangers to which they are exposed.

Thank goodness their robust, splendidly nourished little bodies can fight off the germ menace most of the time. Otherwise they could not live.

But the *danger* is always there. Science knows but one real every-day protection—perfect cleanliness. Your children have a good chance of never being sick if you can only train them to *purify* hands and faces frequently with Lifebuoy.

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Let me tell you about Lifebuoy. In the first place, it is absolutely *pure* soap. It contains no substance which could irritate the most sensitive skin. Its constant use promotes skin health and brings the lovely underglow of a radiant complexion.

The gentle antiseptic released in the creamy, copious lather is just

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# of children

what your skin needs to keep it splendidly *alive*—stimulated. It drives away sallowness and blemishes, leaving the skin soft, smooth and healthfully beautiful.

You soon become fond of the *odor* of this antiseptic; it gives you such a comfortable feeling of being genuinely, safely *clean*. This odor disappears almost instantly.

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THE JELL-O COMPANY INC.
Le Roy, New York

(Continued from Page 134

We ate supper, and then Fawy got out picks and shovels and baskets and a crowbar from one of the camel packs. These he distributed among our boys, and just as dusk shut down led the way toward the hill.

Arrived at an opening, we entered. The sheik went first, carrying a lighted candle. Then came Hardtack, followed by the boy Suliman and Wally. I came next and behind me the camel boys. The tunnel was high and wide. It was very dark in spite of Bayoumi's candle, but I did not produce my flashlight. Acting on impulse, I kept its possession a secret, reserving it for a time when it might prove of value.

The tunnel ran straight into the hillside, with a pronounced downward slope. When we had crept along it about fifty feet, Bayoumi stopped to provide us each with a candle, and as he held his light aloft, suddenly weird figures seemed to leap at us from the rocky walls. There was a hawk-headed god and a great royal figure with upraised arm lashing a writhing group of pygmy enemies. I glimpsed a warrior in a chariot, drawn by horses galloping all in in the same step, shooting with a huge bow and arrow. A lion stood upright beside him, and in front, half a dozen chariots in tumbled positions told clearly what the royal champion had done to those devils.

Then Fawy changed position and the ancient figures vanished into obscurity as abruptly as they had emerged. I recognized that we were in an outer chamber of some stripped tomb; and the dragoman's voice, hushed and anxious, said, "Be very careful here. Yes. It is dengerous."

"What's he whispering for?" inquired Hardtack in a muffled bass. "There ain't a soul within forty mile."

"Shut up!" hissed Wally. "You want to crab everything, you big lummox?"

The sheik turned his head as though to reprove this wrangling in the home of royal dead, but thought better of it and led on. The descent grew steeper. He halted until we were gathered close behind him, and then cautioned, "Now we cross a sort of bridge. Yes. Watch how you go. A big hole and very deep. One behind the other and no looking down. No, not."

Here a chasm yawned at our feet. The Pharaoh had dug this great pit in the path to his tomb to mislead and baffle the robbers who might seek his resting place. Poor, pathetic mankind, forever building and striving to make all things secure, only to have their utmost precautions swept away like chaff!

A narrow bridge of rock had been flung over the chasm by the excavators, without any railing to it. It didn't appear any too secure, either; but Fawy stepped out without hesitation and we followed. From the other side, a tall and wide passage led at right angles downward, and groping our way along this, we arrived at the inner chamber of the tomb. It was empty—stripped clean—but our candles brought into startling relief the faded figures with which its walls were decorated.

"Nothing doing here," said Hardtack, who was perspiring from the climb down and the close air.

"Wait."

The sheik turned through an opening which had escaped our notice, and bent almost double, went along another passage. When we joined him we found a bare cavern filled with piles of dirt.

"Here," he said, giving an order to the camel boys, "dig here."

We went at it hard, something of Bayoumi's feverishness communicating itself to us. At the end of an hour we had dug quite a hole, Hardtack and Wally and I plying the pick and shovels, while the camel boys lugged the dirt away in baskets. Still no sign of any treasure, and as we paused for breath and a drink of water, we were startled by a muffled quake which shook the cavern and left our ears ringing.

A yell, and one of the natives broke and fled; we could hear him scurrying along the dark passage, crying out entreaties to the spirits we had offended. But the others held their ground, staring at us. We waited listening for a repetition. None came, and after a while I found sufficient voice to inquire of Fawy, "What was that?"

"I don't know," he whispered back, and there was terror in his eyes.

"Well," remarked Hardtack, spitting on his hands, "he's quit, whoever done it. So here goes. I never pay ghosts any mind."

Down came his pick again. After a minute, during which they held back as though expectant of some dreadful vengeance upon his impious head, the natives turned to and work went forward. Only then did I discover that the boy Suliman was not among us.

"Maybe he run," opined Bayoumi with a careless shrug.

I could not accept that theory. The boy had not run when the crash came, nor did he appear to me unduly frightened. Yet a moment later he had disappeared.

We labored until we were gasping for breath and the perspiration dripped from us. All the time Fawy Bayoumi held a candle and directed operations; not once did he hit a lick, and dislike of him was growing. Then Hardtack's pick unearthed a hard substance. He grabbed it and scraped the dirt off, and we beheld a bronze statuette of Isis about a foot in height.

"Go on, go on," the sheik urged, as though he didn't want any delay or questioning. "There is more here."

Finds came fast after that. Two hours of sweating toil brought up enough objects to stock an antique shop. Scores of bronzes of every kind of god and goddess, bits of ancient jewelry, scarabs by the peck, amber beads, amulets and quaint talismans, anklets and bracelets of beautiful workmanship in an inlaid box which crumpled away in our hands, three alabaster vases of chaste design, and wrapped in what looked like charred rubber but had probably been leather, several lovely ornaments of gold and *faience*. We dug up enough to load two camels to capacity and were fain to pause for rest.

Everybody looked excited, but somehow the sight of this treasure left me curiously unthrilled. All the antiques of dead civilizations might be laid before my eyes and I would remain more interested in tomorrow—in the patient fellah at the plow and his progress upward.

"What," I inquired of Bayoumi, as I wiped my brow, "do you propose to do with this junk?"

"Junk?" he screamed. "Antiques of the eighteenth dynasty, and he calls them junk! I will tell you what we do. Yes. We sell them. Here is more than a thousand—three thousand pounds—and us, we get the money. Is not that nice?"

It might be so, but somehow I didn't like the business. However, as I was not a partner in the enterprise, it was none of my concern, and I set to with the shovel once more.

"That is all," announced Bayoumi, after we had prodded around unavailingly for some time. "Maybe we find more some other day. We go now."

It required a dozen trips, each of us loaded with a full basket and moving with the utmost caution, to transport to the outer air the treasures we had found. Not until then did it occur to us that neither the camel boy who had fled nor Suliman had reappeared. We made this discovery just as we crossed the bridge over the chasm on our final journey to the surface. Bayoumi stopped.

"That is so. They are not here. No, not."

While he stood with the candle above his head, peering uncertainly at us as though to ask what ought to be done, Suliman glided out of the shadows. He was covered with dust and dirt and his terrified eyes seemed to burn in his pale face.

"Where have you been?" snarled the sheik.

The boy pointed to the black pit. Bayoumi let out a low cry and ran to its edge, trying to make the feeble rays of his candle light up the depths.

"He say Achmed is down here!" he cried. "Yes. His candle blew out, and he fell."

We lay flat on our bellies and peered down, but could see nothing but the bare rock walls.

"We must get ropes and lower a man."

"No, not!" exclaimed Bayoumi in terror.

"If you don't, I will."

"Then you do it. Not me," he wailed.

Wally tossed a stone into the pit. It went tumbling down and down, bounding from side to side of the rock walls, and we never heard it strike bottom. Only faint echoes of its progress came up, dying away in whispers. I shuddered. Ropes? Any man who fell into that abyss was beyond all human help.

Nothing would keep Bayoumi there a moment longer, and his camel boys were just as frenzied to be gone. They fairly bolted from the tomb chambers, panting and stumbling and uttering prayers for protection.

The three of us were sick at heart. Nobody said a word while the loot was being stored for the night, and we spread our blankets in the same doleful silence.

"We go lay-break," announced the sheik. "Only everybody tired, we go now."

Sleep seemed out of the question, but I soon heard some of our party snoring.

To me crept Suliman at midnight, whispering. He got hold of my hand and I rose and followed him.

We penetrated into the hill, down the steep slope of the tunnel that led to the Pharaoh's tomb. I had my flashlight and Suliman led the way. Arrived at the bottomless pit, he hesitated and glanced up at me. Then he stepped from the tunnel onto a narrow ledge above the pit, which I had not seen. It was scarcely a foot in width, and any other time I would absolutely have refused to contemplate putting a foot on it; but the boy stood there beckoning and I was shamed to the feat.

Clinging prayerfully to the juttings of the rock wall, I moved along the ledge inch by inch, my senses swimming every time I thought of the abyss which lay below. And then suddenly my feet touched soft earth and I opened my eyes to see Suliman stretching out a hand, and there in front of me the slope of a mound. Next instant we were sitting safely atop it and my flashlight was revealing an immense hole in the rock

The opening was ragged and I discerned that here the wall was not of solid rock, but constructed of blocks of stone, some of which teetered on perilous support just above our heads. The boy gave an impatient jerk at my hand and started ahead through the aperture. There was nothing to do but follow him.

We crawled a few yards and then dropped down onto a solid stone floor. I raised my flashlight. Gods of all time, what a sight! Mighty statues of the Pharaoh towered above us, their stone eyes seeming to blink in the light. Twelve of them lined each side of the vast hypostyle hall we were in, and from the walls stared brilliantly colored figures in blue and yellow and red and white.

Suliman raised a whimper and pointed. The ray had picked up a colossal figure of the god Amon-Ra in an inner shrine black and glistening, a threat in his dreadful calm. In front of him stood a stone altar. To what blood of slaughtered captives had it reeked? And then we saw monster after monster start from the gloom; the vulture-headed Mut, and huge sacred bulls in granite; lesser figures of crocodiles and wolves and cats. Ptah was there and Hathor, goddess of the sky. Glowing on the walls were marvelous bas-reliefs of the sacred boat and processions of the people making offerings and sacrifices.

Here was a great rock temple of antiquity, and in it were gathered all manner of local deities. But what was it doing here, hundreds of feet below the surface? By what convulsion of Nature had it been buried?

Twice I stumbled over skeletons, and suddenly the thought struck me that possibly these men had perished where they lay, cut off from the world by some cataclysm. An earthquake, perhaps—a quick yet steady settling of a large section of the earth's crust, which let down the entire hill and its rock-hewn temple to a lower level without wrecking the handiwork of its sculptors. For untold centuries it had remained a sealed and air-tight tomb, while Pharaohs had risen and passed into oblivion, and alien civilizations had come and pillaged and gone. A king who chiseled into the mountainside for his tomb had missed the entrance of this temple by a scant five yards, but a cave-in of the earth revealed it to a poor, ragged boy! That was the noise we had heard.

"Suliman," I said in awed tones, "you will win great honor in the land of your fathers."

He did not understand the words, but he probably knew that God had given him his chance.

Thanks to the hours which had elapsed since the cave-in, the air was fairly pure. We did not dare explore far and so could not determine the size of the temple; but my flashlight showed passage after passage leading off from the hypostyle hall. I went a few yards along one of them, the boy clinging to my coat. An exclamation, and he pulled me to a stop.

"What's the matter?"

A grimy forefinger directed my gaze upward, and there I beheld something which seemed to raise the hair on my scalp—a great golden cow was staring at us from a hole in the wall.

Continued on Page 141

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For Dress—*Shur-on Amber Eyeglasses*

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A most noticeable factor in appearance—

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SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES

You really don't *need* a guest room

"TING-A-LING," goes the telephone—just as you have nodded over your book, and Charles Augustus has yawned sleepily for the seventh time.

"It's Sally Brown!" you whisper, excitedly. "Oh, my dear, where *did* you come from—and how long will you be here? Only over night? Then jump right into a taxi and come up here."

"You can't! . . . Why? . . . Mother said we had no guest room? . . . My child, no one has a guest room these days. It simply isn't done. But don't let that alarm you. I assure you that you won't have to sit up all night."

"Now," you say, "the time has come for the proud Kroehler to appear in its new role." So you whisk about hurriedly, with sheets and blankets and certain mysterious unfoldings of the davenport.

Then the doorbell rings and Sally arrives. Much breathless chatter. "How utterly adorable," she says of your living room—and you quite agree. "What a gorgeous davenport this is! I could sink miles deep in it. And chairs to match! You are positively regal."

And much more of the same sort—until time to convey Sally to your own pretty room and tuck her into bed.

"How perfectly simple it is," you remark to Charles Augustus, as you open the davenport, revealing your own temporary bed, made up and ready to be slipped into. "But you really must get up five minutes early, so that I can have the room in order the first thing."

"Nothing doing," he cordially agrees. "This bed is too blamed comfortable."

Thousands of homeowners are managing most comfortably with one less bedroom than usual. They have, instead, a Kroehler Davenport Bed with matching chairs, in one of the many handsome overstuffed and period styles, richly upholstered in silk damask, tapestry, mohair, Chase Velmo or Baker Cut Pattern Velour, in leather or in Chase Leatherwove. Prices meet any requirement. Leading furniture dealers everywhere sell them for cash or on easy payments. Look for the name plate on the back. Mail coupon for booklet and dealer's name.

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KROEHLER

Davenport Bed

KROEHLER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet and the name of the nearest dealer

Name _____ *Street* _____

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(Continued from Page 139)

It took a full minute to assimilate this mystery. Then we perceived that a portion of a rock-slab door had cracked and slid away, and the cow stood on a heap of things in what had been a sealed chamber. I thrust the flashlight through the aperture.

Never had Ali Baba, nor any Crœsus of legend, gazed on such a hoard as this. It would have beggared an ancient kingdom to contribute the half. Here was no treasure of a single puny Pharaoh, but the accumulation of centuries of organized, greedy superstition. In this deep rock chamber the treasures of the priesthood of Amon-Ra were piled to the roof. And how many more such vaults might there be, bursting with riches coined from the blood and tears of generations?

"Come on," I told Suliman, seized with a fit of trembling, "let's get out of this."

We ran to the exit. How we recrossed the ledge I don't remember, but when we saw again the blessed canopy of sky, gleaming with myriads of stars, my hands were torn and bleeding.

Fawy Bayoumi was prowling up and down the camp, cursing the watchman, who had fallen asleep.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, murder in his tones.

"We left a man behind, back there," I reminded him, and his suspicions seemed to be allayed.

We were late getting under way, as usual, because the sheik tried to load a camel too heavily—it seemed that he wanted all the loot in one lot for some reason or other. The beast gave plenty of warning, groaning and bellowing and even shedding tears, but he kept adding to its burden until it refused to get up. Then he gradually lightened the load until the camel responded.

"This," he said, "we will take to Cairo. And there you can sell it and we will divide."

"Why don't you sell it yourself?"

"Me?" he exclaimed. "Impossible! They would say it not genuine, or maybe ask where we got him. For an Egyptian to do it, no, not. But for an American, everything is easy. Besides, it was a bargain."

That was true enough, and we rode along in silence. I said nothing to Hardtack or Wally of the night's developments. Staunch souls though they were, I knew those hombres well enough to feel certain they would no more consider reporting the discovery to the proper authorities than they would think of turning over a cache of prewar gin to the prohibition agents back home.

"Once," said Bayoumi, in tender memory, "it was not so difficult. Then the gover'ment, he let a man keep what he find. Lots of Engleesh and Americans and French they dig. And all we had to do was take a few friends and knock the guard on the head maybe, and in one night discover more antiques than what me and my cousin could sell in a whole season. Very nice."

On the fringe of the farm lands we ran into an Englishman on a donkey, followed by a native carrying a couple of shotguns.

"Hello!" he said, scrutinizing us in surprise.

We gave him civil greeting.

"I say, you've been digging!"

"What's that to you?" inquired Hardtack.

"You have a permit, of course?"

"None of your dog-goned business! You limeys ain't runnin' this country no more."

"Well, cheerio," he said.

When we had lost sight of him, Fawy remarked solemnly, "That man, he make trouble for us—you see."

"Shucks, what can he do?"

"I no like it," replied the sheik anxiously.

When we reached Cairo he gave us minute instructions about the disposition of our find and we separated. As I was paying him off for the caravan, he said, "My daughter, she marry and I am poor man. What we got here is worth more than three thousand pound. You give me my share now?"

"I'm not in this deal at all."

"But your friends you will give for them?"

"You're crazy."

"A hundred pounds then. I have much—much to buy. A fine big brass bed, sir, and a gold necklace and ——"

"Nothing doing."

"Give him fifty pounds," put in Hardtack, who was now thinking in big figures, "and I'll pay you out of mine."

"Seventy-five," begged Bayoumi.

"Here's twenty pounds. That's a hundred dollars and it's every cent you get out of me."

The sheik grabbed it and disappeared like a flash.

I did not accompany Hardtack and Wally on their round of the dealers in antiquities to dispose of their treasures.

They were gone most of the day, and when they returned to the hotel both looked as though the bottom had dropped out of the world.

"Let's go find that crook!" cried Wally.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Every last one of 'em a forgery! Bayoumi planted 'em there."

"What for?"

"He used to do quite a trade in these imitations, but it seems like the dealers all got onto his stuff, and he had to get rid of the stock somehow."

We piled into a cab and drove to the address the sheik had given us. Hardtack was first out, and by the time I reached the door was preparing to turn away.

"Isn't he there?"

"No, not," he said.

On top of this misfortune came another. All three of us received notice to quit Egypt within forty-eight hours.

"It's that Englishman we met up with," declared Hardtack. "Well, I won't go. What's more, I aim to go round and tell that limey he can't run any free-born American out of nowheres."

"You don't know where to find him. Besides, you'll only get into fresh trouble."

"I know where their barracks is—you bet I'll find him."

"If you take my advice, you'll forget him. I think I can fix this business up O. K."

"How?"

"I've got a card up my sleeve. Suliman and I, we have an appointment with the Minister of Public Works."

The pair gaped at me.

"Suliman is going to receive an education, and later he is going to work for the government and become a pasha."

"That don't help me none," retorted Hardtack. "Twice in one week is too much. First Fawy, then this Englishman, gives me dirt. No, sir-ree, I'm a-going round and have it out with these limeys."

Off he went, while Wally escorted the boy and me to the ministry. We did not see Hardtack again until nightfall, but as we sat on the hotel terrace dallying with the dinner-hour cocktail, here he came in a cab.

"Pay him," he said, stepping out with elaborate caution.

"He's sure enough met the English," opined Wally. On Hardtack's face was a silly, pleased smile which would not come off.

"Well, did you get even?"

"They're good guys, them limeys," he murmured sleepily, subsiding into a chair. And then we saw that somebody had decorated his back. Probably a Tommy had executed the placard. At any rate, pinned between the shoulders of Hardtack's coat was a large square of cardboard bearing the words:

THIS SIDE UP. HANDLE WITH CARE.

Motor Re-conditioning

"that's what your car needs"

"It'll make your motor good as new! Go to one of the repair shops, cylinder regrinders, re-conditioning stations, service stations or dealers who specialize in this work. You can find them everywhere. You'll see a McQuay - Norris Motor Re-conditioning sign in many of the best ones.

"Have them true up your cylinders and replace your worn piston rings, pistons and piston pins with genuine McQuay-Norris replacement parts.

"Then your motor will run like new. Be sure to insist on genuine McQuay-Norris parts—poor replacement parts can ruin a good mechanical job."

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"I'm going to buy a new hose"

"JOHN bought this hose last summer and never takes care of it. Leaves it on the hydrant, out in all weathers, yanks it over the cinders and cement, gets kinks in it and now it leaks in half a dozen places. Now we must buy a new one, just because of his neglect."

Yes, we all treat hose badly—and even ELECTRIC Hose will last longer if you take care of it. But ELECTRIC never kinks, and it stands more punishment than any hose you ever saw. Kinking breaks garden hose and ruins it. ELECTRIC Hose cannot kink. It outwears two ordinary hose, and costs only a trifle more than one of the cheapest kind.

ELECTRIC Hose is built like a rugged cord tire. Seamless rubber tubing is covered with stout braided cord jackets, layer upon layer. Vulcanized with heavy pressure applied from the inside, rubber and cord are driven together into one inseparable tube. It is flexible—you can tie knots in ELECTRIC Hose—but it never kinks.

There is plenty of new, tough, elastic Ceylon rubber in ELECTRIC Hose—that means longer life. It is the cheapest hose you can buy, service considered.

Your hardware dealer or seedsman sells ELECTRIC or can get it for you.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO., Wilmington, Del.

ELECTRIC
GARDEN HOSE
It cannot kink

USE 5/8-inch HOSE

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ⅝" hose as ¾" hose. It throws the stream farther. This ⅝ size is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement and cinders.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE HARPOONED

(Continued from Page 4)

where we were last night," said the veteran president of the Pink Pencil Club, advancing a somewhat wavering hand toward the tall hard-faced gentleman in the checked clothes. "And here, doctor," continued the president, introducing his second fellow officer, the smaller man with the polka-dot necktie and the soothing manner, "is our secretary—of both enterprises—Billy Finch."

"Delighted, doctor," said the secretary of the Pink Pencil Club and the Business Builders' Biographies, stepping forward and shaking hands most warmly.

He had scarcely done so when their caller spoke up, with the haste and impetuosity of youth, addressing himself first to the venerable Major Hake, his first acquaintance, and then to the others.

"Have you decided, gentlemen?" he asked, glancing with eager interest from face to face.

"Decided what?" asked the formal and English-voiced treasurer, watching him guardedly.

"Whether you will give me my opportunity? Whether you will allow me to come in and work my way up into your enterprise, your National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc.?" asked the young man in spectacles, and stopped with breathless interest, awaiting their reply.

"You have the money with you?" asked Major Hake, with a tone of formality in his rich hoarse voice.

"Oh, by all means, yes!" said Doctor Browne. "I will write you my check now!"

"That'll be fine—fine!" said the secretary, Mr. Finch, promptly, and led him solicitously by the arm to the plain desk on the farther wall of the bare small room. "Make it out to the National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc.," he said, as Mr. Browne sat down, "if you will." He then returned to the other corner of the small room, where he talked with his associates in a low voice, to avoid interference with the young investor's writing.

"Fine. Fine!" said the easy-mannered secretary, when it was done. "And your stock will be issued to you tomorrow."

Looking at the check, he passed it, after a slight reluctance, to the hard business-faced treasurer, who, glancing at it distrustfully, placed it in his upper left-hand vest pocket.

"And now I tell you," said Mr. Finch, the secretary of the Pink Pencil Club and of the National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc., after some moments of conversation, "we've got a previous appointment, I regret to say; an important business engagement for the Pink Pencil Club."

"Oh, yes, I know," said young Doctor Browne, with a measured wink and a smile of understanding at the veteran president of the two enterprises.

"And meanwhile I'll take you in and introduce you to our librarian, Miss Judd," said the soothing and intimate-mannered secretary, again taking the young investor confidentially by his arm, "who runs our morgue. We have the best morgue of millionaires in this country, you know," he said, with his intimate glance.

"In the newspaper parlance, you mean," said the young student of journalism in his youthful academic speech. "In other words, biographical material, filed in envelopes!"

"Exactly. I see you know!" said Mr. Finch, smiling flatteringly.

Leading him out of the inner office of the National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc., as they talked, his guide had now brought the young investor into the narrow waiting room between the offices. Across from him, on the opposite door, he read again the inscription "Telegraphic Tell-tales, Inc." which he had observed while waiting.

Mr. Finch did not, however, guide him into this door, but into the one behind the soiled office boy and opposite the main entrance, which was lettered Library. Entering this they found themselves in a comparatively small room lighted entirely by artificial light and completely surrounded by pigeonholes filled with brown envelopes and extending to the ceiling.

"Our morgue of millionaires," said Mr. Finch, waving a light, brilliantly manicured hand. "The best in the country!"

Young Mr. Browne gazed at the thronged pigeonholes with unfeigned interest.

"Business builders, captains of industry, millionaires!" said Mr. Finch, explaining. "Over three thousand!"

"How interesting. How very interesting!" said the young newcomer.

"And this is Miss Judd, who's responsible for it all," went on the confidentially talking Mr. Finch, retaking Mr. Browne familiarly by the arm.

The smooth brown head of the woman with the scissors at the central desk turned upward and displayed its glasses over its newspaper.

"Doctor Browne," said Mr. Finch, introducing the newcomer to the seated librarian, "who is about to join us in our enterprises here." The librarian still remained seated, with no welcoming emotion upon her pale plain straight-haired face. "We want to start him right on his work. And we've got to go ourselves now to an appointment; so we are going to leave him, in our absence, to your good graces, Miss Judd."

"Very well," said Miss Judd, warming almost not at all to his cordiality. "I will tell him anything he requires to know."

"Thank you. Thank you so much!" said the secretary of the Pink Pencil Club and the Business Builders' Biographies warmly. "And you'll understand, won't you," he said, turning now to the new member of the staff, "that we couldn't help this going out, all three together, like this?"

"Oh, yes. I understand perfectly," said Mr. Browne, reassuring him.

"We wouldn't do it, but we had this engagement," the other said, still apologizing warmly—"this previous engagement ——"

"—— to go out and harpoon another business builder!" Mr. Browne completed the sentence with the bright, quick, friendly smile of youth.

"Yes. Yes. Exactly!" said the smoothly mannered Mr. Finch, with a quickly ready smile.

But the two others, who were waiting for the latter just outside the library door in the anteroom, flinched slightly as they heard it.

Mr. Finch joining them, the three now walked together out of the waiting room into the corridor.

"What did you tell him last night?" asked the hard-faced treasurer of the Pink Pencil Club harshly of its veteran president as the three stood waiting. "All you knew?"

"Oh, that's all right, Chis. That's all right!" said the dean of journalists, his forefinger and thumb, however, twiddling somewhat nervously.

"Drunk, as usual!" said the severe-voiced Mr. G. Chisholm Coutts-Chaney bitterly.

A car arriving, the three went down the elevator in silence. In silence they passed out and started on their way to upper Fifth Avenue—to the home of the empire builder whom they were about to harpoon.

III

"NOW what can I do for you?" asked the keeper of the millionaire's morgue, Miss Julia K. Judd, in a formal voice. She was a spare woman, her visitor saw, with brown tortoise-shell glasses and straight-brushed glossy brown hair, and a brown dress—all brown, in harmony with the countless brown envelopes containing the lives of millionaires, which, in their myriad pigeonholes, covered the three walls of the so-called morgue of the millionaires.

"Would you—could you—tell me the details of your work?" asked the young journalist, with a mixture of enthusiasm and respect.

He saw then—or thought he saw—the glance behind the tortoise-shell glasses before him soften very slightly.

"What is there to say?" the librarian asked. "I simply sit here with these scissors and these piles of newspapers, as you see, clipping out the salient facts concerning the lives of millionaires—big business men."

"In their most intimate details, I suppose," said Mr. Browne.

"Often too intimate!" said the small brown woman with the scissors, her tone apparently blocking further extension of that line of inquiry.

(Continued on Page 145)

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(Continued from Page 142)

"How interesting! How very interesting!" said young Doctor Browne, and paused while he looked at the paraphernalia of her profession, the desk covered with clippings; the piles of newspapers on her right—her raw material; the piles of slashed papers, her waste, in the basket to her left. "And these," he continued, waving his hands about the walls, "are your biographies, your millionaires'"

"Yes," said the librarian of the millionaires unresponsively.

And yet he saw again that he was making some headway with her attention; that there was something on his person—he did not yet know what—that attracted her in some way.

"Very, very interesting!" he said, taking advantage of this. "And how many subjects have you?"

"Three thousand, two hundred and sixteen," she said precisely.

"All millionaires'"

"Practically all. Or leaders in great millionaires' enterprises."

"How really interesting," said young Doctor Browne.

"Do you think so?" she said. And he could hear her voice grow more favorable—or less relentless—though even yet he had not located the cause, beyond the fact that she looked at him with a grave definite gaze, which seemed to focus somewhere in the middle of his vest.

"It is very, very interesting," he repeated to prevent a definite pause. And spoke on, for he saw now what it was on him that had held her attention. "And it will be pleasant for me," he said, "to be with you in your work—to know that I am working with a woman of education, who evidently has intellectual rather than material interests."

"You are a Phi Beta Kappa man yourself!" said Miss Judd abruptly, flushing with a warmth of emotion that he would not have said was there; and looking still with absorbed and softened eyes at the golden key—the shining trophy of his mind.

"Oh, yes," he said, and threw back the mop of black hair above his glasses with his hand, with the collegiate gesture he had when embarrassed. "Yes, and I knew—was sure you had similar interests, immediately I saw you. I am glad, very glad, to know that we are about to become parts of the same enterprise," he said, bowing gravely.

The eyes of the brown librarian raised themselves to his, from where she sat rigidly before her desk. She hesitated, and then went on, with the air of one taking a sudden and irrevocable step.

"May I, in turn, ask you a question?" she said.

"By all means do"

"Have they asked you to put any money into this enterprise?" she inquired in a firm but somewhat lowered voice, now looking toward the door.

"Yes. Why?" asked young Doctor Browne.

"Because - Don't! Don't!" exclaimed the hard voice of the suddenly agitated librarian of the millionaires.

"Why not?" asked the young beginner in journalism, now seating himself informally above her, upon her flat-topped desk.

"Have you ever heard or known of characters called We Boys?" asked Miss Judd, the flush of resolve now set permanently upon her face.

"In a way, yes. I think so," said Doctor Browne, "in my course in journalism. They are men—are they not?—who prey upon the richer portion of the public in various ways, representing, rightly or wrongly, that they are journalists, and so control certain powers of the press—of publicity or withholding of publicity; their peculiar name arising, I have been told, from their custom of approaching their victims with the formula: 'We newspaper boys are trying to do so-and-so. Will you, if you feel inclined, help us?'"

He saw by her eyes that he had given a correct answer to her question.

"Yes," she said hurriedly. "Yes. And this enterprise is along that line. These are We Boys of the worst type. They are, in fact, even worse than that. They are—just what, I won't say! Only don't, don't put any money in, I beg of you. Don't, don't put all your little money in here—as I did," she said with a slight break in her voice.

"But—but I have done so already!" said young Doctor Browne.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Julia K. Judd, the little brown librarian, and looked down suddenly, hiding her round glasses from him.

Young Mr. Browne, after tossing back his profuse hair with the collegiate gesture which marked embarrassment, sat still in his informal position upon her desk, until her emotions became more settled.

"May I ask you something more?" he said at length.

"Yes."

"Will you tell me in detail your knowledge of this enterprise into which you and I have been inveigled? I think it will be entirely safe. They will not be back for some time."

"It makes no difference to me if they are," responded Miss Judd, a fixed and rebellious determination now set upon her plain features.

She told him then in detail her knowledge of the enterprise—the plan for the pursuit of millionaires in which they were mutually involved—and its three parts.

Young Mr. Browne listened gravely, weighing every word. "They have three ways of working," he summed up, "if I understand you—one through the life membership of the Pink Pencil Club?"

"Of which they are the only officers."

"Yes. And one through the National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc. And then a third gouge—rawer still—with the Telegraphic Telltales, Inc.?"

"Yes," said Miss Judd, "working always according to the situation of those attacked—according to their need."

"Which is what they mean by harpooning—throwing the javelin into a millionaire, in their parlance!" suggested the young investigator.

"Yes," said the librarian, in a low voice.

"In other words, it is essentially blackmail of millionaires in need?" said the grave young investor, staring very seriously at her through his glasses.

"Oh, if you only knew about these men—what I know now—since coming here!"

"Tell me that too," directed her companion.

"Very well, I will," said Miss Judd, and told him that in detail also.

"Indictments, you say!" exclaimed Mr. Browne excitedly. "Against all of them? Held back by political pull?"

Miss Judd nodded and was silent. Her companion sat silent also, considering.

"It is too bad; too bad for both of us," said the librarian finally. "For my part I should never have gained large pay, the emolument of the trained librarian is not great. But I little expected two years ago to be now chasing millionaires with scissors for the benefit of these rogues, and paying myself with my own scant savings for the privilege."

Her fellow investor waited for her mild emotion to spend itself. "It seems," he observed then, "that you and I are in very much the same boat."

"Very much," said Miss Judd, lowering her handkerchief.

"But we shall not stand passively about, letting matters take their course," said her companion suddenly; and with a burst of action stood now upon his feet. "Are you willing that I should act in this matter—for both of us?" he asked, and again vigorously, with a firm free gesture, swept back the dark hair from his forehead. The small brown librarian gazed at him, surprised to silence by the abrupt and violent transformation in his manner. "If you are in doubt about me," he said, looking down with an intense earnestness into her eyes—"if you do not trust me, you can easily call up by this desk telephone and secure references from my professors. Only you must act quickly!"

"I trust you," said the librarian of the millionaires, looking again at his Greek-letter key, "without that. Besides, I am desperate—a desperate woman!"

"Very well," said her fellow investor, with the air of finality of an executive who has put one step in his plan behind him, and gone on to another.

"Now I have decided upon a plan of action," he told her—"action which at first blush may seem drastic, but is perfectly ethical and entirely legal. I know that, because I have studied a certain amount of commercial law in my journalistic course," he exclaimed.

"Yes," said the expert on the lives of great executives, watching him fixedly.

"These clippings, all this material," he said, waving his hand, "has been gathered by you, on your own time, at your own expense, with no pay from them. Am I right?"

"Yes."

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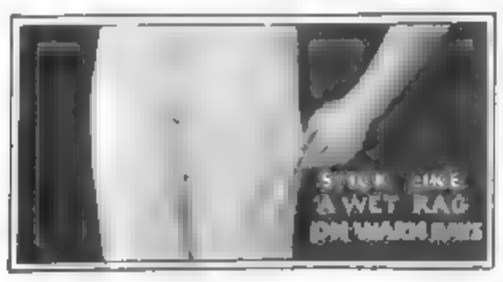

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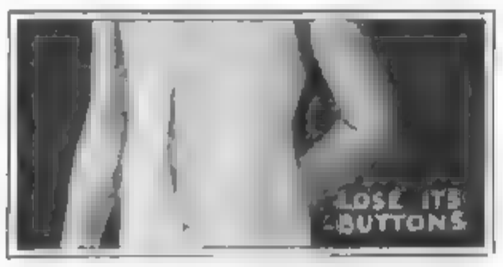

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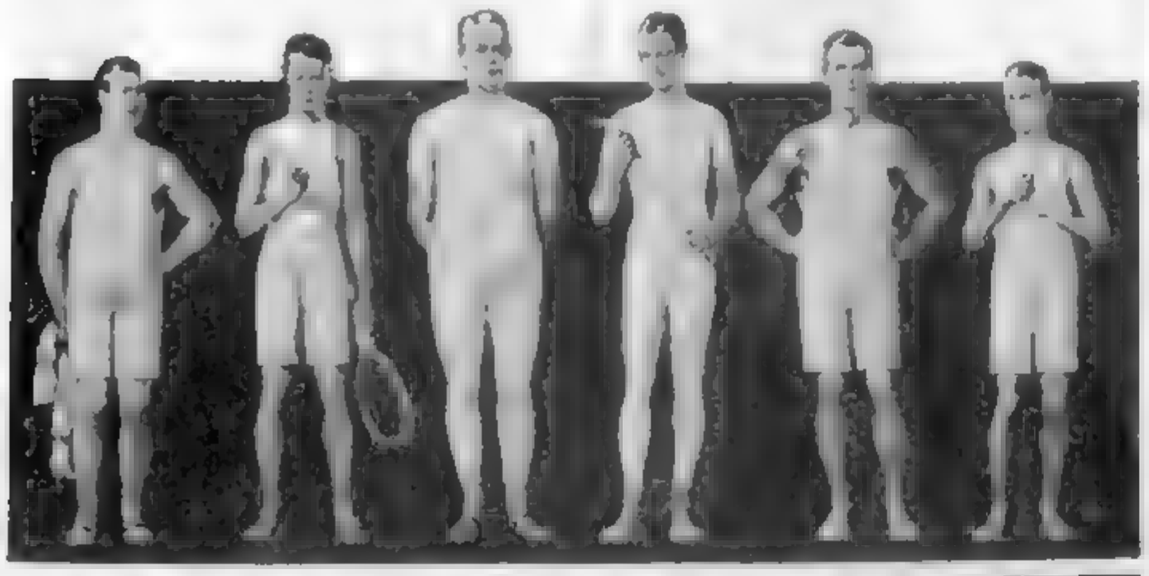

LAWRENCE
Tailored Knit
UNDERWEAR

"We will seize them!" said Marcus Aurelius Browne harshly.

"But ——" said the collector of the clippings.

"It is the only way. I know my ground perfectly. It is perfectly ethical, perfectly legal in every way," her adviser asserted with harsh positiveness.

"But ——" she attempted again.

"They are yours," he rushed on, "and you must simply take them. Possession—as you know, is nine points of the law."

"But—but what is it you are preparing to do?" asked the surprised historian of great business leaders.

"We will move them out of here—at once, without longer hesitation!" said her new leader, waving his hand at the filed business builders.

"But how—where?"

"Leave it to me," he said firmly.

Miss Julia K. Judd looked up from his key of scholarship to his face, with an expression of mingled apprehension and awe. He had, it seemed to her, undergone in the past few moments an entire and perfect change. From a mild scholarly looking youth in round glasses he had suddenly become the embodiment of energy, the born business leader, carrying out a fully matured plan. His eyes gleamed with a firm determination which spoke also in his voice. The brown librarian, looking up and then down, was silent and submissive, listening to his further orders.

"You have a copy of that detailed plan—which you say you made of their plan for this expedition they are out on now—this harpooning, so-called, of this Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king?"

"Yes."

"Let me have it!"

She did so.

"You have already told me all the facts you know about the indictments hanging over these three men?"

"I have the clippings here," replied the small brown librarian, "which, at the time, I took pains to secure for my own use."

"Fine! Wonderful!" said her leader enthusiastically; and taking both papers and clippings he thrust them into an inside pocket. "And now," he said, "while I am gone you will get in the office boy, and tie as many as possible of these envelopes into packages."

"But where—where are you going?" cried his hearer uneasily.

"I am going to get a moving van."

"But where—where—how?" exclaimed Miss Judd—and stopped there, for he was already gone, out in the corridor.

With apprehensive hands the collector of data upon millionaires—with the aid of her young assistant, the office boy—took down and tied into bundles the brown envelopes, looking anxiously out the half-opened door into the waiting room—wondering who would open the front door of the office next.

It was not long before it was thrown back—by her new leader. He entered vigorously and briskly, followed by a gigantic figure with heavy hands and hairy throat. Both were carrying armfuls of burlap bags.

"What's the big idea?" asked the office boy, now becoming somewhat suspicious.

"I'll tell you—in just a minute," said young Doctor Browne, waiting until the hairy-throated truckman had gone down with his first four bags of the envelopes of millionaires.

"Step in here, will you?" he said then to the office boy; and pointing to the door marked Telegraphic Telltales, Inc., he nodded to Miss Judd to follow them.

Once in there, placing his hand swiftly over the mouth of the youth, young Doctor Browne deftly and quickly gagged, hogtied and left the unusually soiled office boy upon the top of the flat desk of the empty office of Telegraphic Telltales, Inc. Reclosing the door he then waited with Miss Judd the reappearance of the truckman.

In a very short time indeed the biographies of the three thousand two hundred and sixteen millionaires in the burlap bags were down the elevator in the moving van situated at the rear of the office building; and young Doctor Browne and Miss Judd, the two associates in this new enterprise, were standing by the vehicle.

To Miss Judd, accustomed to the long silences and inaction of the morgue of the millionaires, the last half hour seemed like a striking dream—and more and more so every moment now.

"What are we to do now?" she was asking, clinging to her new leader. "Where are we going to take this?"

"That's it," said her leader.

"What is?" she asked him, jumping slightly.

"That's what I'll have to ask you to take charge of now. I'm sorry, but it was unavoidable. I have as yet made no provision for that."

"But we must move from here—at once!" cried Miss Judd sharply, her brown spectacle bows standing out in sharp relief against her pale face. "They may find us, and arrest us—for having stolen goods!"

"That's it," he whispered back to her, where they stood in earnest talk at the side of the moving van. "That is why I shall have to ask you to take the next step."

"What is that?" asked Miss Judd, the dilation of her eyes magnified to a really startling degree by her glasses.

To this her companion responded promptly and definitely. "I must ask you to guard this material we have taken, yourself. And for this reason: I myself must go on now, at once—following these three men in their operations—before it is too late. And someone must be with this. So I have arranged with this man—this gentleman here—to have you go with him, if you will, upon his van."

Miss Judd, saying nothing, looked up at the gigantic truckman.

"I'm awfully sorry. But it will be all right, I assure you," her new leader continued, now taking her by her arm and directing her toward the step which went up to the high seat of the moving van. "You see yourself it is impossible for us to retrace our steps now. And you would not wish to take the chance of losing this, our library, our only asset in our new enterprise. And you will be perfectly concealed here, as you see, under the hood of this van. I saw to that!"

And now he turned, calling to the gigantic driver with the hairy throat. "If you'll assist Miss Judd to the seat beside yours?" he said, with his characteristic politeness; and together they started doing so.

Miss Judd, propelled by strong hands on either elbow, mounted to the high seat of the moving van.

"He has his instructions," called up her impulsive young leader, indicating the driver. "It seems that he must keep moving, on the streets, most of the time. And I shall be busy, probably, for the next hour and a half. So you will be driving about for that time. But at five o'clock exactly I shall meet you at the northeast corner of Seventy-fifth Street and Second Avenue. At five o'clock—at the northeast corner!" said young Doctor Browne again to Miss Judd. "And here's your first ten dollars on account," he said to the hairy-throated driver, who now ascended to the seat on the other side of Miss Judd.

"I'm awfully sorry. I'm awfully sorry," said the pink-faced but serious-eyed young man with the glasses, from the curbing, looking up at his new assistant, the librarian of millionaires, "that I have to ask you to do this. But it was unavoidable. It was the only thing I could arrange in the circumstances."

Saying this, with an encouraging glance at her through his spectacles, he turned and ran rapidly away.

The collector of the achievements of millionaires looked down anxiously and uncertainly from her high seat at the disappearing back of her preserver, thinking feverishly, but unable to move. She saw again the frank and candid qualities of his smile and eyes; the intellectual quality of his face; the shining Phi Beta Kappa key, which had been his first recommendation and guaranty to her. She recalled again the logic of his appeal, and then its sudden and unexpected termination—the sudden transition of the youth of apparently abstract thought into a man of intense action.

Never in her experience—in all her extended reading in the acts of the master minds of the millionaires in the most critical points of their careers—had she seen the exact parallel of the past half hour—the transformation of the spectacled and studious-appearing young man into this sudden demon of executive action.

After all, the sharp doubt caught her, what was he? Who was he? Where was he from? Just how had it come about that, beginning with the impression of the Phi Beta Kappa key, she had allowed herself, step by step, to be whirled along into her present situation?

"Gat-up," the hairy-throated driver was saying to his span.

(Continued on Page 149)

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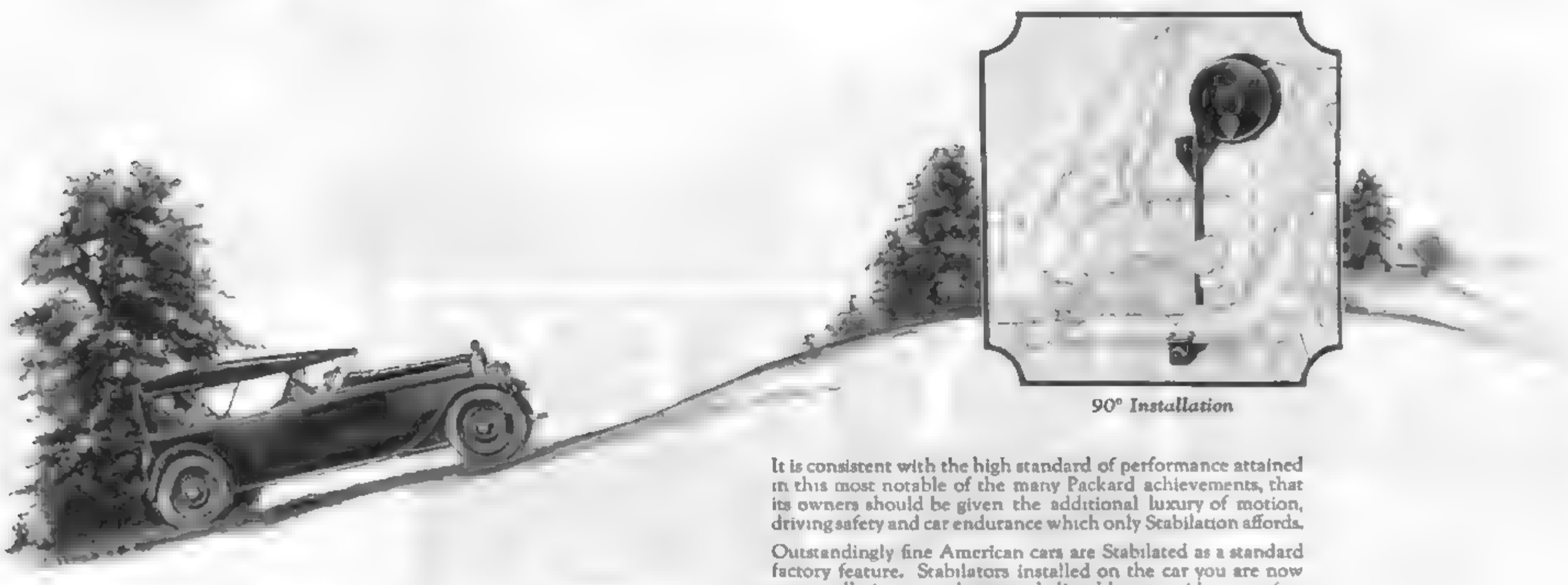

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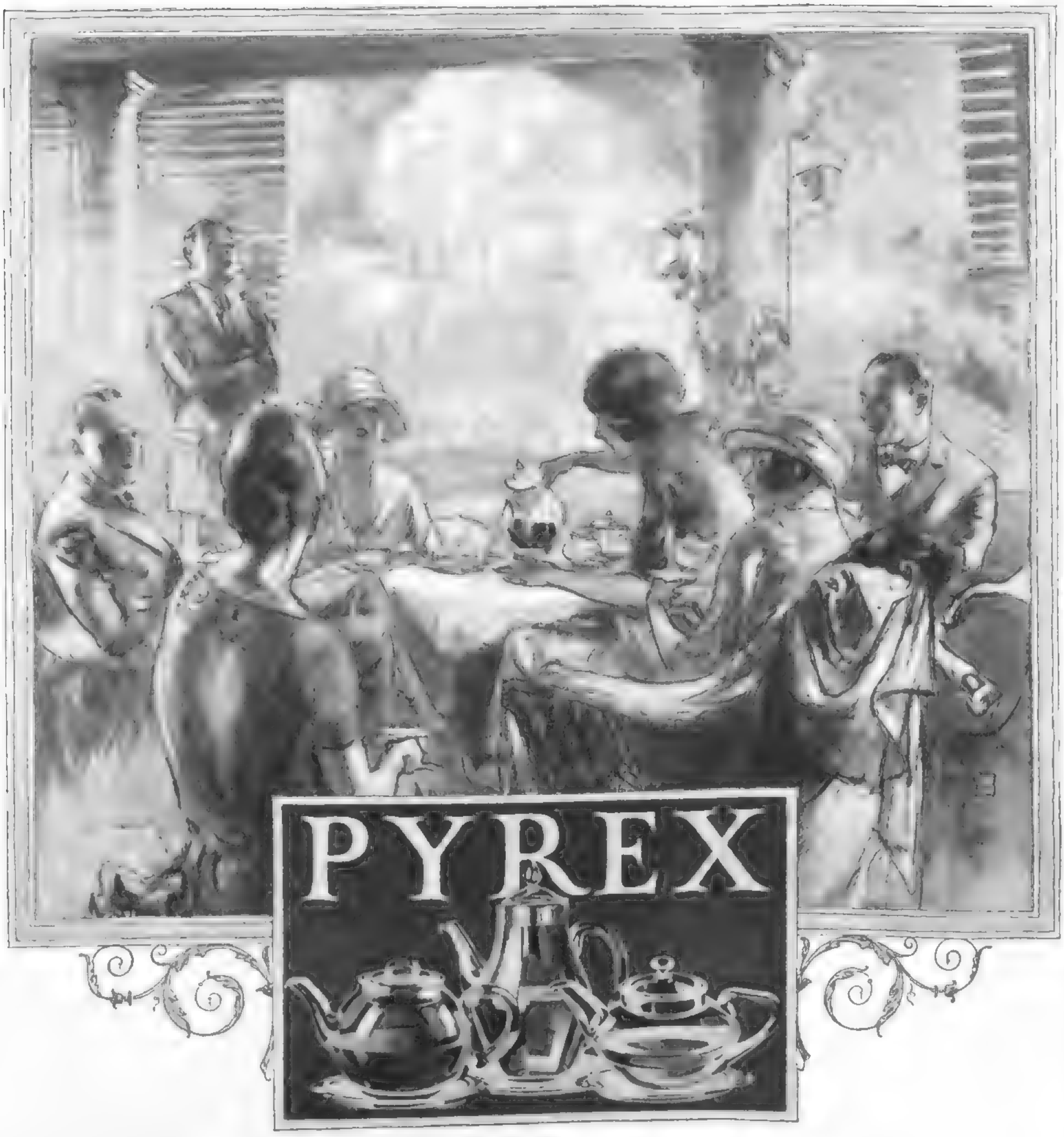

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(Continued from Page 146

And Miss Judd, the brown librarian, started upon her hour-and-a-half cruise of Manhattan, sitting unobserved but extremely stiff, on the high seat above the burlap bags full of the stolen envelopes of the biographies of the millionaires.

"After all," she said to herself, looking out the corner of her glasses at the monstrous figure beside her, "if worse comes to worst—if he should refuse to stop I am still in the open street. I could call out!"

And then the thought came to her: Could she? Could she call—make a disturbance, invite investigation in any way, with this cargo of practically stolen goods?

Thinking these thoughts Miss Judd, the serious-faced little brown librarian, passed slowly through the tangle of traffic—by darkened streets that she had never dreamed of, seated silent beside the gigantic truckman with the hairy throat, carrying on and on the bags full of the seized or possibly stolen biographies of the millionaires, hidden in the high cavern of the covered van, which yawned behind and below her.

IV

CYRUS SOCOWAY, the public-utilities king, sat in the costly boudoir of his beautiful brand-new wife in his residence on upper Fifth Avenue, watching her superintend the packing of all her gowns for her unexpected European sailing the next day.

"If we get away," she cried, "it will be all right. But if you are captured and brought before that grand jury, it's all over between us! I will not—I will not live with a man who has a court record!" said Mr. Socoway's beautiful and temperamental new wife, who had previously been a celebrated opera singer. "How would I feel? That's what you never think of!" she said accusingly, sitting heavily down upon a gilded chaise longue. "How would I feel if you were arrested and sent to jail for life? How would I feel? But you never think of that!" she said and wept bitterly on the seven hundred and fifty dollar orchid-and-cerise morning wrap she had been holding in her hands.

"What can I do more than I am doing now—fix it up to get out of the country on the first steamer?" asked Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king, who was extremely anxious to please his beautiful young wife in every way.

"It's all right, if you do!" she told him, hurling the orchid-and-cerise wrap at her maid. "But if you don't ——"

And at just that moment the announcement of Mr. Socoway's callers came up.

"What is it?" asked Wilda, his anxious bride. "Not the court officers! Not the summons!"

"No. No. Not quite so bad," said her husband, reassuring her—but in a hoarse and anxious voice.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Oh, just some blackmailers," he replied, and was gone.

Hurrying with nervous steps down his marble stairs, Cyrus Socoway, the hunted public-utilities king, strode among the high vases of his front hall into his gold-and-scarlet reception room.

As he did so the three officers of the Pink Pencil Club arose as one, from the delicate-legged furniture, each with his hat in his left hand.

"Mr. Socoway," said the older man with the cream-colored mustache and the silk hat, "let me introduce myself. I am Major Hake, of the Morning Earth, the president of the Pink Pencil Club of America—the one who has been in touch with you by telephone concerning your election."

"I am delighted to meet you," said Cyrus Socoway, watching all three intently with his keen alert cold eyes.

"And this is our treasurer, Mr. G. Chisholm Coutts-Chaney, the financial editor of the Daily Informer."

"Exactly," said Mr. Socoway, shaking hands.

"And our secretary, Mr. William Finch," said the venerable president, indicating the carefully dressed young man with the polka-dot tie, "the chief police reporter of the Mess."

"Won't you sit down?" asked the great captain of public-service industries.

Major Hake, the veteran journalist, doing so, brought out the documents he had been fumbling for with twiddling fingers in the inside pocket of his elderly frock coat.

"The little matter we have been in telephonic communication about," he explained, as he leaned forward and handed to his host the finely engraved certificate.

"A life membership—to the Pink Pencil Club?" inquired the magnate, opening it with every evidence of pleasure.

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," responded Major Hake hoarsely, after clearing his throat. "We boys in the newspaper profession are not in possession of large means financially, but we are fortunate in having, in our business, friends and acquaintances who are; and who are glad to step forward in times of necessity, like this drive for our new clubhouse, and respond royally. Royal good fellows, who respond right royally!" said the venerable president, concluding his hoarse but complimentary address.

"And will enjoy with us the privileges of our new clubhouse—our hundred and fifty thousand dollar building, when completed," added the secretary, the young man with the polka-dot tie and the soothing voice, on the other side of the financial leader.

The man with the waxed mustache and deeply engraved face, across from Mr. Socoway, did not yet speak.

"I understand. Fine!" said the multimillionaire cordially. "And what do I do? What is my move? What are the dues?"

"Merely nominal," said the president of the Pink Pencil Club gruffly. "A mere bagatelle to you—what you pay for annual dues in most clubs—one thousand dollars!"

"For life membership," explained the secretary, and chief police reporter of the Daily Mess.

"With all its privileges," added the gruff old president, Major Hake.

"And at the same time all the privacy of club life," said the younger man with the soothing voice.

"Precisely," said the treasurer of the club, speaking now in a clear English voice, which rang out of his previous silence with the deep significance of a clear-toned bell.

"As fellow members of our club," said the smooth-voiced secretary, following him at once.

"For instance," went on the venerable president with the cream-colored mustache, with all the gruff manly directness of the seasoned journalist, "we may know now personally, as individuals—as we do—of your natural desire, your arrangements to leave the city for Europe tomorrow—before this grand-jury investigation."

"Precisely," said the clear significant English voice.

"And naturally, as newspapermen," the president went on, pointing, "he as police reporter of the Mess; this gentleman, our treasurer, as financial editor of the Informer; I myself as editorial manager of the Earth, would be compelled by the rules and ethics of good journalism to use this fact in our journals."

"Precisely," said the still-faced treasurer, again lifting and letting fall his waxed mustaches over his teeth.

"But as fellow members of the club, naturally, of course, we would not feel that we could use our personal confidential knowledge to the harm or detriment of a fellow member," Major Hake was going on.

"Precisely," said Mr. Coutts-Chaney again.

"You can see of course," added Mr. Finch.

"A thousand dollars, you say?" said Cyrus Socoway, extracting his personal check book from his pocket.

"Merely nominal."

"Precisely!"

The hard clear-seeing eyes of Cyrus Socoway passed from one keen expectant face to the other as he blew upon his hastily written check.

"Good. Fine," he said heartily. "I'm honored, greatly honored. I'm mighty glad that you have so honored me."

The silent treasurer, stepping forward, now took the narrow green paper from his hand with extreme formality. The two other officers of the Pink Pencil Club arose as one body, hat in hand.

"We know you are in a hurry."

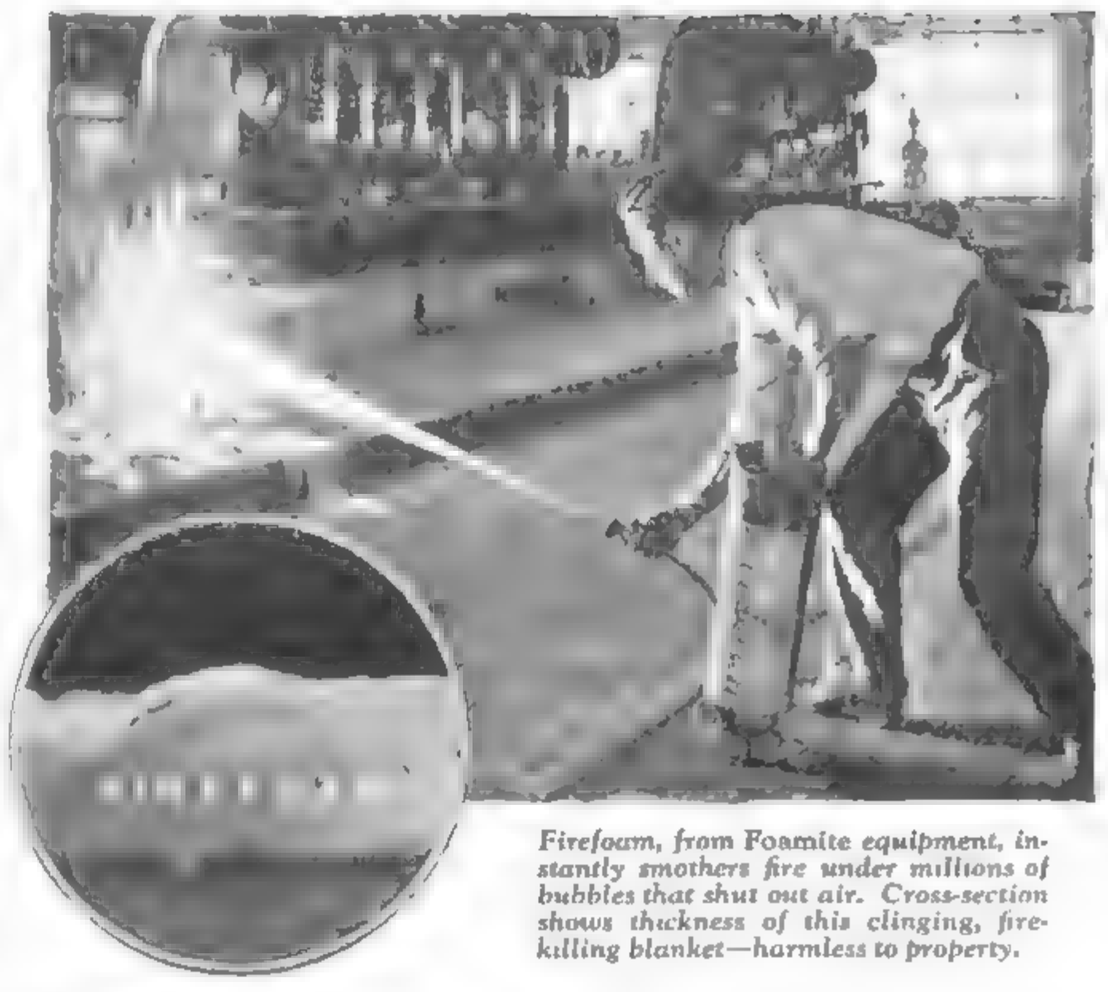
"With your preparations."

"To go abroad."

"Precisely. Yes."

"And you must come around to the old club—to the weekly pi-eyed sessions, over the convivial bowl. We boys will be disappointed if you don't come around and be a part of us when you come back—when this local flurry of fake reform is blown over, and you have returned with Mrs. Socoway from Europe," said Major Hake, the venerable head of the Pink Pencil Club, shaking hands cordially with the new life member. "We boys will certainly be glad to see you."

The other fellow members, bowing formally and shaking hands, followed their



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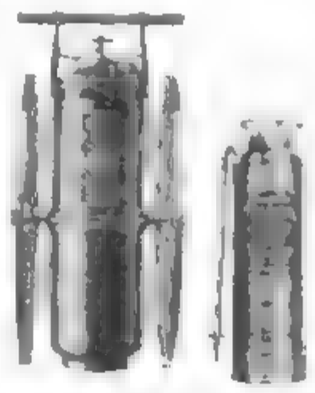

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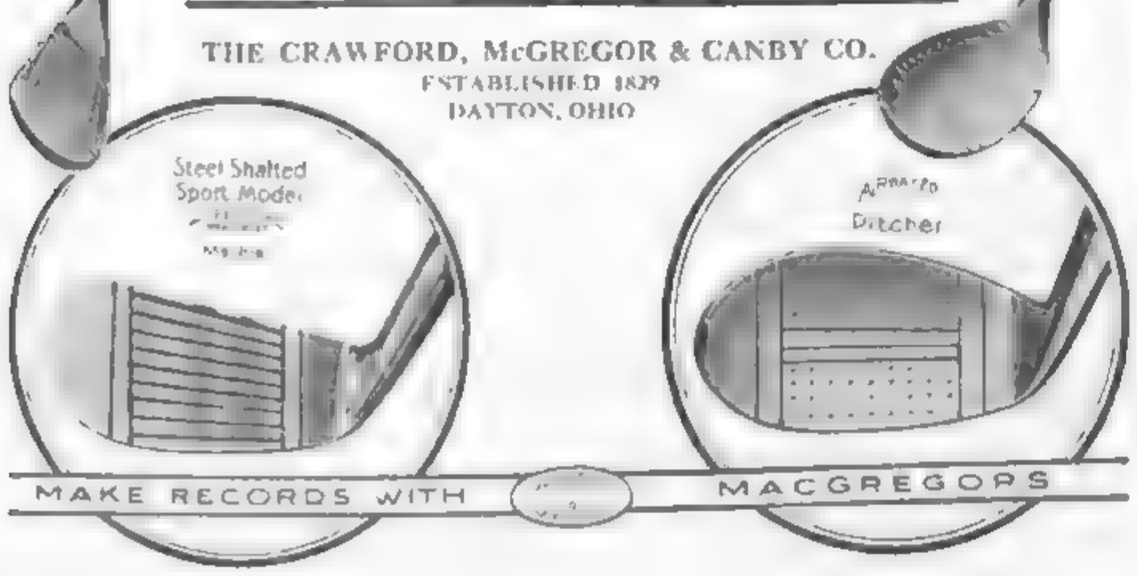

MAKE RECORDS WITH MACGREGORS

venerable leader, hat in hand, and leaving their new associate in his heavily vased hall, passed into Fifth Avenue.

The heavy outside door had scarcely closed after them before Cyrus Socoway was passing up his elevator to his young wife's boudoir, still holding in his hand the finely engraved membership certificate of the Pink Pencil Club.

"Well?" cried his spirited young wife.

"It's all right, dear," said the public-utilities king, casting the costly membership certificate upon the floor. "I've bought them off."

"You'd better," said the indignant young wife, the white circles around her distended irises still showing quite noticeably.

The saddened and discouraged multimillionaire seated himself wearily upon the low gilded stool before her golden-mirrored dressing table. But hardly had he done so before a second message came.

"This here gentleman is here," explained the houseman in the hall rather hazily, "from these here other gentlemen who were just here."

"What, once more! Again!" exclaimed the embittered multimillionaire.

"Yes, sir—stating that a mistake and error has been made, which must be rectified at once, sir. Or serious results will result—for yourself and others also, sir."

"What are you going to do now?" asked the excited new wife, snatching open the door into her boudoir, behind which she had been listening.

"What can I do—but go down? They've got me," said the deeply discouraged public-utilities king.

Arriving once more in his gold-and-scarlet reception room he saw, suddenly rising to his feet, a new and to him unusual figure to take a principal part in the affairs of big business.

"Mr. Socoway, I believe!" said the young man with glasses and low-hanging front hair, who stood with heels together, stiffly bowing.

"Yes, sir," said the master builder of public utilities.

"Who was just visited by a so-called Major Hake and two others?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize, sir," said the pink-faced young man with the glasses, moving toward him and speaking eagerly, in a somewhat academic voice, "that you have just been harpooned, as they would term it, by We Boys—so called?"

"I have just been what?" asked the master mind of the public-utilities field, recoiling sharply.

"Harpooned. For a thousand dollars. By We Boys," said his unknown long-haired young caller, nervously but distinctly.

"Harpooned—by We Boys!" repeated Mr. Socoway with difficulty

"Yes, sir," said his young caller, very positively.

"No, sir," said Cyrus Socoway, standing very erect. "I do not realize it!"

"Then look at this," requested his visitor, sweeping back his hair from his glasses, with a swift collegiate gesture, and passing him a neatly written paper.

"Sit down, won't you?" now said the multimillionaire, impressed by his eager, candid and convincing manner. For he seemed to know what he was talking about, although the terms he used were entirely novel. "Explain yourself," said Mr. Socoway. "What are you talking about?"

His attention was held by the clear definite although somewhat scholarly explanation given him by his unknown informant—this young man with the glasses who sat upon the extreme forward end of his thin-legged chair.

"Not one of them on any newspaper. Just three impostors, with three separate schemes—and all for blackmail. And this," asserted his still unidentified benefactor, pointing to the neatly drawn-up paper in the great financier's hands—"this is a brief outline of what they are going to do to you—before you sail tomorrow. If you do sail! If they don't tip you off to the papers anyhow! After they have trimmed you all three ways!"

At that moment there was a stir in the great hallway, and the new bride of the great public-utilities king, who had apparently been listening outside, came rapidly in with the graceful pantherlike movements which had always distinguished her upon the operatic stage.

"What, what shall we do?" Wilda Socoway was asking the newcomer with distended eyes.

"What is there to do, my dear?" asked Cyrus Socoway in a desperate voice.

Both started, from where they stood together, and looked at their visitor, the young man with the glasses and long hair, who now stood stiffly facing them, trembling with eagerness and confidence.

"Will you put this matter in my charge?" he was asking them. "If I can guarantee you results?"

"By all means. Yes, yes!" cried Wilda Socoway without hesitation.

And the multimillionaire, though less confident than she, nodded his assent to her insistence.

"Where is the telephone?" asked the studious-looking young man, without more delay; and being shown the nearest instrument he called sharply for the number of the National Business Builders' Biographies, Inc.

"This is Marcus Aurelius Browne, Ph.D.," he said to the one answering, with a hard quick metallic ring in his voice. "Speaking for Mr. Cyrus Socoway. To notify you that Mr. Socoway is in possession of all the information concerning you—your companies, your situation, and the indictments now hanging over you. It will be only necessary for Mr. Socoway to be interfered with in any manner before his sailing for Europe to have -through his political and business connections all those criminal proceedings against you brought to life again. Do you understand? Also," he said, after waiting for and at last receiving the hoarse answer, "do not present the check for one thousand dollars which Mr. Socoway has just given you. It will be useless. Payment will be refused by the bank—as will also be the case with my own check for a thousand dollars! Do you understand?"

"Yes. Yes, sir," replied the thick hoarse voice upon the telephone. "Yes," said Major Hake, with a strangled cry, and, when he had shut down the telephone, fell back limply in his chair.

"What—what was it?" cried the other officers of the Pink Pencil Club, crowding about him.

They had only recently come in—to the hog-tied office boy, the plundered morgue of the millionaires. Up to now they had only conjectured, dimly.

"What—what the hell?" they demanded in alarm.

"Marcus Aurelius Browne! The indictments! The police!" ejaculated the hard-breathing president of their mutual enterprises, and stopped.

It was nearly fifteen minutes before consecutive and logical speech came forth again from the dark and vacant opening below the cream-colored mustache of the veteran journalist, Major Hake.

v

MISS JULIA K. JUDD, the ex-keeper of the morgue of the millionaires, sat after her long cruise with her bagged envelopes through the unknown jangling streets of Manhattan—staring eagerly from beside the silent driver with hairy throat, upon the high front seat of the covered van at the northeast corner of Seventy-fifth Street and Second Avenue. It was now practically five o'clock. Never in her life had she scanned the faces of the passers-by upon the street with such intensity and eagerness.

"What if ——" she said to herself, and glanced across her thin shoulder at the slowly moving jaws of the gigantic and tobacco-chewing van driver.

And at just that moment—upon the stroke of five—she saw the figure she was so eagerly expecting, approaching hastily across the avenue.

Never in her life had she seen with such gratitude and relief any sight as when, with its approaching nearer, she could surely identify the glasses and Phi Beta Kappa key of Marcus Aurelius Browne, her new leader, shining through the dull-colored ordinary uneducated throng like a Phœbus Apollo of the intellect.

"We have won! We have won!" he cried out to her, and raised exultantly the palm of his right hand.

"In the fashion of the ancient Romans!" Miss Judd remembered, watching him.

"We have won!" he cried again, now standing below her.

"Won?" she asked eagerly, looking down upon him from her seat.

"Will you accept a salary of fifty dollars a week," he was asking her from below, "with me?"

(Continued on Page 153)

WEAR is the first essential in a suit or overcoat lining. After that comes good looks. Skinner's Satin combines both of these qualities to such a degree that it has been recognized as the leading lining satin since 1848. If you have never had a Skinner lining, order it in your next suit or overcoat. It will give you a new standard by which to judge silk linings.

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Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

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(Continued from Page 150)

"What—what have you done?" asked Miss Julia K. Judd, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of relief and admiration.

"I have secured the position of public-relations counsel for Cyrus Socoway," he told her.

She could scarcely restrain her joy—especially remembering her recent past.

"Let me up," said her eager rescuer, and placed his foot upon the iron step of the van. "I will explain it all to you."

"Will you move over, please?" Miss Judd asked the gigantic van driver with the hairy throat, who somewhat grudgingly did so.

Once seated beside her, young Doctor Browne started without delay his explanation—his account of his last hour—the story of his life dream.

"But was this all planned?" Miss Judd broke in eagerly. "All part of a preconceived purpose?"

"Oh, yes," said her new leader; "for months—years!"

And now he went on to describe in detail his early hopes for interesting and connecting himself in some way directly with the great masters of business—the great American millionaires. "I was poor, diffident, somewhat pedantic in my manner—as you see. And you know yourself how much chance there is offered in American journalism today!"

"I know," said the brown librarian sympathetically.

"Even the places of employment—the newspapers—were limited in number," continued young Mr. Browne. "Whereas millionaires exist now in this country in great numbers—by thousands."

"At least ten thousand," said Miss Judd with authority.

"Yes. Men of shrewdness, great force, often fine native intellectual qualities! But untutored often, unconnected with public affairs, inarticulate, untrained in expression, dumb! Avoiding public opinion if possible!"

"I know the type exactly," said Miss Judd, perhaps the best read authority on the American millionaire.

The speaker beside her was going on enthusiastically, "Suddenly they encounter these investigations, these unearthings of the past few years! Suddenly the whole pack was on them—muckrakers, investigators, deep-jowled political patriots, We Boys, harpooners—in full cry! Dumb, bewildered, terrified, they stand at bay in their own tracks. Innocent or guilty, they have no voice, no knowledge of mass psychology, no way of appeal to public opinion!"

"Millionaires!" said Miss Judd understandingly.

"Yes," he answered hastily, and talked on. "What must they have? At once? It was obvious, was it not? A spokesman, a counselor for public relations—a press agent, if you wish to call it so! Actors have them; actresses, circuses, beauty parlors. Then why not millionaires, multimillionaires, big business? Imagine it!" cried the young speaker, with the enthusiasm of one revealing the great main vision of his life. "Ten thousand millionaires—their more than ten thousand great enterprises—crying aloud for a counselor, an expert in mass psychology, a guide in public relations!"

"Yes—yes, I know!" said Miss Judd, and was aware for the first time of the impatient and uncomfortable movement of the hairy-throated driver whom she was pressing back into his corner.

"You see," her companion was saying eagerly, throwing back his heavy hair from his eyes, "I studied feverishly, day after day, always hurrying for fear it would be too late. Journalism, advertising, mass psychology, both theoretical and practical politics. Everything. In fierce haste. I was an expert in my line. I could deliver the goods, as the saying goes, to any millionaire. But how—how to meet my millionaire!"

Again as she waited, following him with parted lips, Miss Judd felt the gigantic bulk of the van driver starting as if to heave behind her.

"But you saw how I achieved that—with these We Boys. I need not go into that," said Mr. Browne with lowering voice. "And now I have this contract with Cyrus Socoway as his publicity expert, his public-relations counselor, in his varied present troubles. And you—if you will—are coming with me!"

"Oh!" cried Miss Julia K. Judd, and could say no more. For now a new voice succeeded theirs.

"Say, where is this stuff going?" asked the hairy-throated driver, pushing outward from his corner of the seat.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I am very sorry," said the young man on the other end of the high well-polished leather seat from him.

"I am very sorry. I'd forgotten everything. And Mr. Socoway will be waiting," he exclaimed to Miss Judd, drawing back now to give them both more room

"Where'd you say you're goin'?" asked once more the hoarse-voiced driver, dashing the remains of his tobacco impatiently upon the ground below him.

"To upper Fifth Avenue," Marcus Aurelius Browne directed him; and gave him the number. "Oh, no; you must come with me," he explained to the reluctant Miss Judd. "Mrs. Socoway will be expecting you. You see," he said confidentially as they started on, "for the present—while Mr. and Mrs. Socoway are abroad—we shall have our headquarters in their library, their famous Italian hand-carved library. After that," he continued, "we will take larger quarters. For a more general business—with other millionaires—other great enterprises—whose publicity we may hope, with great certainty, to secure, through our service to and acquaintance with Mr. Socoway. For I am a very ambitious man," said Miss Judd's young associate with a sudden and revealing smile. "This is but a start. We shall go on together, from here—I hope—very far!"

Talking eagerly of their future plans they were soon on upper Fifth Avenue, the residence street of the great millionaires, and before the great metal entrance of the residence of Cyrus Socoway, the public-utilities king.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of short stories by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue.

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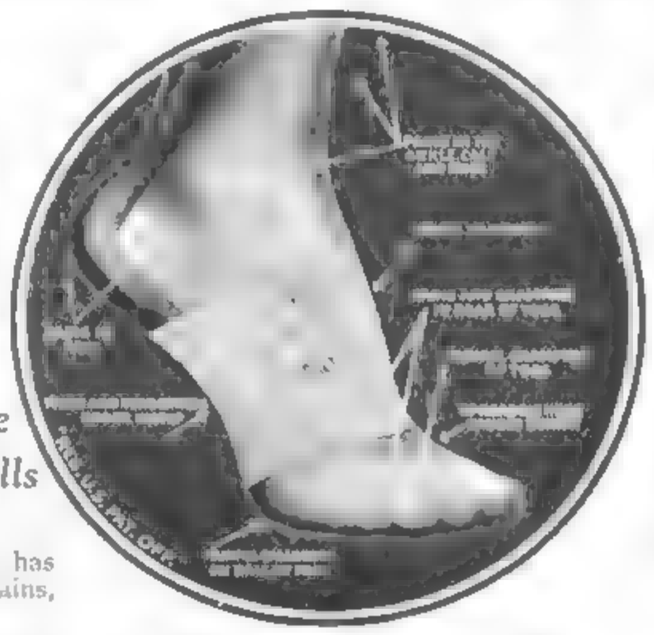

A new scientific discovery which has revolutionized the methods of correcting foot ills

A new scientific fact about feet has saved a million foot sufferers from pains, aches and troubles.

We learned of this new scientific discovery. We worked five years perfecting a new method of correcting foot ailments.

Today we can say to you, if this method does not relieve you of foot and leg pains it will cost you nothing. So in fairness to yourself, make the test

A million delighted users

When we demonstrated our new method, chiropodists and physicians recognized its scientific correctness. They recommended it. Now over a million foot sufferers are happy. They have been freed forever of this trouble

We learned that a group of muscles in the front of the foot bind the forward arch between the little and big toes. Overstrain due to too much walking, standing, dancing, etc., causes weakening of this set of muscles. The arch collapses. The nerves, no longer protected by the arch, are crushed by the bones. Pain results. The falling of this arch causes the bones of the foot to spread, the long arch breaks down, pains come in the instep, heel and ankle. Muscles and tendons in the leg are stretched and become painful. So aches develop in the calf, knee and thigh

The simple new foot saver

The old-fashioned theory was to prop up the arch with stiff metal plates, arch props, pads. This gives temporary relief but deadens the muscles. Like having your arm in a splint—the muscles grow weaker every day

We planned to take the extra strain off the muscles, bring the arch gently back into place and function, and give nature a chance to rebuild the strength and elasticity of the foot.

A five year development

So we devised a band of super-elastic webbing that grips the foot around the instep like a flexible bandage.

We labored and experimented for five years in getting it right. The secret is in the stretch and tension, the contour and design of the band

This is the Jung Arch Brace

And it relieves almost instantly, for the moment the arch is restored to its place the bone pressure on the nerve ends, and the pain stops. Like magic. Often instantly. It is easy to wear. Slips on or off like a garter—actually makes your foot smaller. So you can wear fashionable, stylish shoes *smaller sizes*—and enjoy complete comfort. You can dance, walk, run, jump, and never a pain or discomfort to mar your pleasure.

Today doctors and chiropodists everywhere are recommending the Jung Arch Brace to their patients. It is growing in popularity every day as more people learn of the almost unbelievable relief it gives.

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Corrects arch weakness

This method relieves fallen arches, broken arches, flat feet. These constitute the great majority of foot and leg troubles and cause most of the sufferings. But there may be other causes of foot troubles and leg pains. So to be fair we say to you *make this test without risk*

If Jung Arch Braces don't relieve you the test costs you nothing. Our dealers make refunds on return of the appliance. If you order from us direct and the brace doesn't help you send it back and we return your money—in full.

Test it without risk

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Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurements

——— Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair
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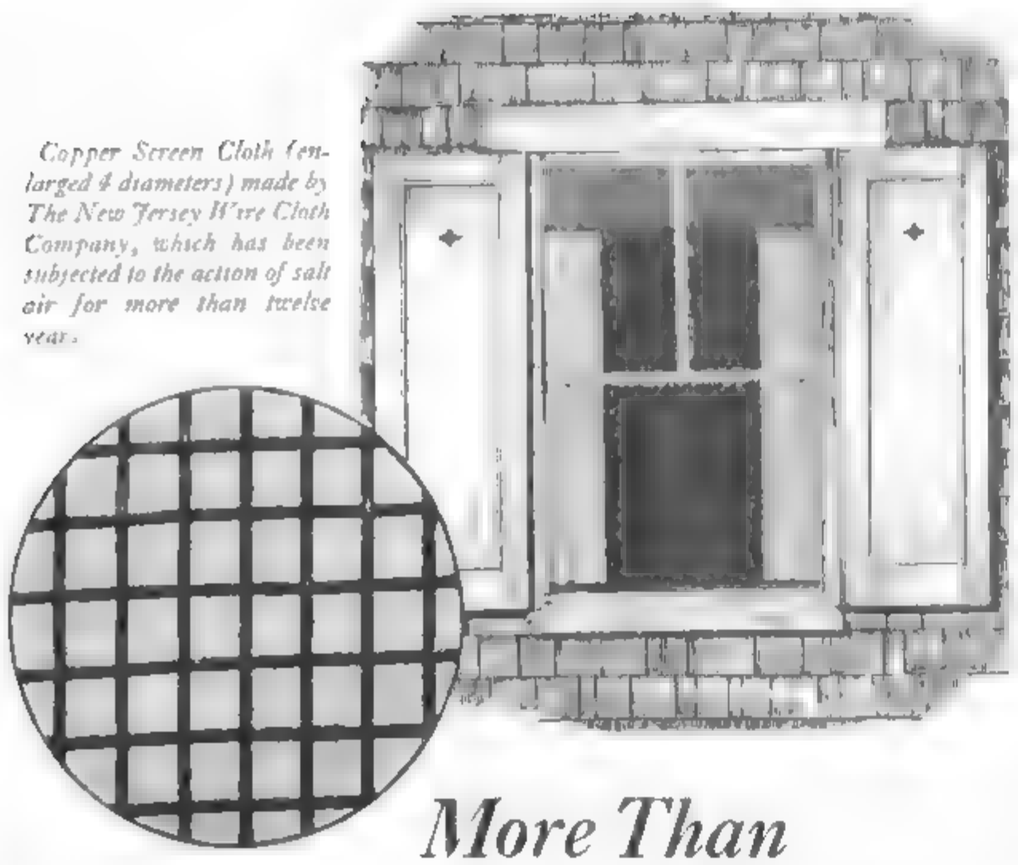
Name ...
Address ...
City ... State ...
I wear size ... shoe ... width of last ...
My dealer is ...



Copper Screen Cloth (enlarged 4 diameters) made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than twelve years.

More Than a Mile of Wire

A full size window screen contains more than a mile of wire. Every fraction of an inch of that wire must be perfect and remain perfect in order to afford the protection to which you are entitled when you buy insect screen cloth.

The wire used in Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth is made of unalloyed copper 99.8% pure — the most durable metal in common use. Jersey does not depend for its durability upon a thin protective coating as does steel cloth, metal-coated, nor upon a perfect mechanical mixture of metals as do "bronze" cloths, and so, whether you take one inch or five thousand miles of wire in Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, it is uniform in composition.

Another unique quality of Jersey, second only to its superior durability, is its stiffness and strength. This is made possible by a special Roebling process through which the wire passes. It is an exclusive feature of Jersey Copper Screen Cloth and gives it stiffness and strength comparable to that of steel.

Talk to your hardware merchant or custom-made screen manufacturer. If he does not have it write us and we will send you a sample, also an interesting booklet, and tell you how you can get it.

If the wire used to make an average size window screen were stretched vertically in a single strand it would reach to a height

Seven times that of the Woolworth Building.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
636 South Broad Street
Trenton New Jersey

JERSEY MARK
Copper Screen Cloth
Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

ART AND ARTFUL ART

(Continued from Page 25)

high as one-third, on all sales they originated and helped to make. Naturally they didn't work against their own interests. Local dealers were few and far between. Usually there was a picture man in the larger towns, and the department stores of the chief places also had nondescript collections of art works in charge of men and women of more or less experience. In some cases these people were not really familiar with the French landscapers, in others they could easily be bluffed. Sometimes they tried to make trouble for us. But here a fundamental fact interfered in our behalf.

It is always dangerous to give an adverse opinion on a picture, even in confidence, for such trusts are seldom kept. Unless a fake is raw almost beyond belief, it becomes a very difficult matter to prove it to a jury, as countless trials have shown. The man whose picture you condemn may be thoroughly sincere, and you may in many cases be thoroughly mistaken. If he sues for damages one must defend oneself before a jury to whom every detail of connoisseurship is Sanskrit and whose sympathy is almost certain to repose with the under dog, the man who claims to have been maligned. Thus it is no easy matter to get men to criticize paintings, and the collector is usually left to his own devices.

The Bargain Hunter

It is not to be assumed that we went into larger American cities with nothing but our stock of homemade Barbisons. At first we reënforced our own efforts with a number of very excellent reproductions made in France. Later we acquired a number of works by pupils of the Fontainebleau masters and by lesser luminaries of the forest school. Before the end, we also owned a few minor works by the leaders themselves. These we held at colossal prices and tried not to sell. The presence of genuine and near-genuine works among our imitations, some of which were highly proficient, naturally contributed to the public confidence in us and to the difficulties of the semi-informed judge.

This period of my adventuring may be passed over without more attention. A single anecdote will show the kind of thing that was constantly happening.

We were exhibiting our wares in one of the chief Middle Western cities about the year 1900, when a man came in and spent the better part of an afternoon inspecting our goods. He went over the more interesting pieces with a glass, turned the pictures over to examine the canvas, and even made furtive dabs at the signatures with the inevitable bit of cotton wool saturated in alcohol and turpentine, one of the oldest and vainest tricks of the fellow who thinks he knows something. Naturally we spotted him and took the trouble to find out who he was. A local investigator with whom we had made an arrangement was summoned while the man was in the shop, and unobtrusively followed our visitor to his home. He turned out to be a wealthy lawyer who had a reputation as a bargain hunter. This very common type of man is, to be sure, the sucker par excellence of the art game. There are no bargains in recognized works of art. Whoever has the slightest notion of collecting had better realize it in the beginning. A painting by a popular master has its price, which is almost as definitely fixed as that of a new motor car. Any man who owns such works knows where he can sell them at their true worth. He will not be found offering them in shops, studios and auctions where infatuated amateurs may come and pick them up for a tenth of their value.

Naturally, we decided to make our client buy. When he did not come back at once, we sent a local expert to him with instructions to mention our exhibition casually and say that we had some real things whose value we apparently didn't know. The lawyer came back before the sun was down and spent several hours more going over and over our pictures. But he would not buy. At length I backed him into a corner and asked what would interest him. He was evasive and cautious. Finally it developed that he was fascinated by the reputation of Corot. He wanted, more than anything else, to own a fine large example of that painter's work. But he was far from willing to pay for it. He considered the prices current in the New York auctions outrageous. How could any mere painter's work be worth such sums? Why, these artists wanted as much for a picture as a first-class lawyer would ask as a fee!

I told this indignant gentleman that I had several examples of Corot's work, and pointed out to him a choice and absolutely genuine small piece I then owned and later sold to a museum. He was furious at the price and contemptuous of the size of the thing. What he wanted was an important work.

What did he think he ought to pay? Well, even that was a crime, but he might bring himself to part with a thousand dollars for a really representative specimen. I managed to keep my face straight and said I'd try to locate something. It is never either wise or safe to let such a man know how great a fool he is. I hadn't the least intention of bothering further with him, but his parting remark put an idea into my head

"Mind you, young man," he puffed at the door, "I don't want anything but an important picture, and it must be in the Corot catalogue. Everything else is fake."

There were two ways of filling such an order. One was to go to New York and look for a picture copied at the museum. Such things are common enough—or were in those days. Usually they were tolerably bad imitations, but I had an idea this man would not go beyond an examination of the canvas and the signature, the easiest details to falsify. The other way was to make such a Corot to order. My facile partner was with me and counseled the latter method. We looked through the catalogue, decided on one of the big pictures gracing a European collection, procured a pseudo-French canvas of the requisite dimensions and painted the picture in the course of the next three mornings.

A Corot to Order

For colors we used a collection of small cans of patent house paint of a well-known make, which we bought in the basement of a department store for a few cents. This paint contains earths and dryers, with the result that it hardens in a few days and gives a surface which the fresh amateur cannot tell from work fifty or a hundred years old. When the work had been finished and allowed to dry, it was toned with a film of varnish into which a little color had been diluted, the signature having been affixed previously when the whole picture was wet. Finally, the work was recoated with shellac and then with a very thin film of glue. These substances dry very hard and, what is equally to the point, shrink unequally in drying, with the result that the whole surface of the painting is covered with a network of cracks, such as normally appear in old varnishes. This is, to be sure, one of many ways of producing what is called crackle, one of the distinguishing marks of old art objects of many kinds.

At the end of two weeks we sent for our captious friend and informed him that we had found a picture of the kind he had specified. By rare chance a woman from a near-by smaller town had brought us the work for appraisal, not knowing its value, and we had bought it from her at an advantageous price. Yes, we stood ready to produce the woman, but we must, of course, insist that she be not informed of the advantage we had taken of her ignorance. If he would respect this confidence he might ask her any questions he liked. She would tell him the same story she had told us, no doubt. But what she might say was of secondary importance. The fact was that the picture was in the catalogue.

My partner's wife was accordingly located in the neighboring town, where she had been conveniently put away. Our client went to see her behind our backs, and she acted out the comedy to the letter. He came back convinced, and began to haggle as to price. We insisted that the picture had cost us more than he was willing to pay, and demanded two thousand dollars for the work, knowing that we would probably get, in the end, about half of whatever our first price might be.

When negotiations had reached what seemed to be an impasse, we brought in a rival buyer and permitted our prospect to encounter him by accident. Within an hour the deal had been closed with the greedy

(Continued on Page 157)

An entirely new way to treat the Hair and Scalp

Removes the cause of most falling, listless hair—Stimulates new hair-health and vigor

This is to offer you a new kind of treatment for the hair. One which combines a massage and an approved tonic in one.

Before offering it to the public it was tested on 100 cases of falling, listless hair. Out of the 100 cases treated, 91 reported new life to their hair, new health and lustre. After this test, the tonic was submitted to foremost dermatologists in America. They said the ingredients were basically the same as they used in expensive private treatments. We paid as high as $500.00 for their consultations.

Since then over 400,000 men and 300,000 women have tried the Van Ess treatment under an agreement of satisfaction or money refunded.

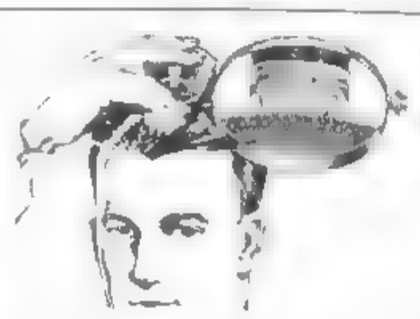
Please note:—We do not claim Van Ess brings results in every case. But we know from experience, that Van Ess will stop falling hair, improve scalp health, add new life and lustre for so great a percentage of people who try it, that we unconditionally guarantee to refund your purchase price if you are not satisfied with results of a 90-day treatment. There is no red tape. We accept your word as to results obtained, and trust you to treat us fairly.

For two and one-half years Van Ess has been offered to the public under a 90-day guarantee. And in that time, less than two per cent have asked for a refund.

A Minute a Day

Van Ess is easy to use. One minute each day is enough. (Less time than it takes to clean your teeth.)

The Van Ess bottle is covered with a rubber massaging cap as shown above. The center nipples are hollow. The lotion feeds through them directly to the hair follicles, while the rubber nipples are massaging your scalp. Used a minute each day a bottle of Van Ess lasts 30 days. It usually takes 90 days to show definite results. That is why we ask you to purchase 3 bottles to obtain the money refund warrant which your drug or department store gives you.



Note This New Way

It Massages the Treatment Directly to the Follicles of the Hair

The Cause of Most Hair Troubles

There are several things which may make your hair fall out, or become thin and lifeless. Worry or ill health may do it. Fever or influenza. But this we've learned—most all hair troubles come from infected Sebum.

Sebum is an oil that forms at the roots of the hair. Its natural function is to lubricate the hair. But often it becomes infected. Cakes on the scalp, clogs the hair follicles and plugs them. Too, it turns slightly acid, irritating the hair roots, often causing itching. Soon hair becomes listless—loses its life and color and begins to fall out.

You can see this trouble-making Sebum on your scalp, in the form of an oily excretion. Oft, when mixed with other particles, as dandruff.

But note this fact and mark it well—the infected Sebum may kill the *hair*, but rarely the *hair roots!*

Hair roots have a most remarkable underlying vitality. They often retain life for years. They become dormant, but they are usually ready and able to grow again once they are properly stimulated and nourished.

You Must Combat the Infected Sebum

For years we experimented to combat infected Sebum. Finally we found in Van Ess what appears a 90% effective treatment.

It is applied a new way, as the illustration here shows. It penetrates to the follicles of the hair. It combats the infected Sebum, as it removes it, allowing the stifled hair roots to breathe and function again.

Results are marked. They are quick. In 30 days usually hair stops falling, takes on new life, shine and sparkle.

Go today to any drug or department store. Obtain the Van Ess 3-bottle treatment. Or by mail if your dealer cannot supply you. ($1.50 for a single bottle, or $4.50 for 3 bottles with which you get the written money-back guarantee.)

Let Your Mirror Show You

Then note the results yourself. Mark the improvement in scalp-health. Observe the new life in your hair. The new shine and sparkle. *Let your own mirror tell you!* If you are not more than delighted with the results you see, your money will be returned to you upon receipt of evidence of a three bottle purchase. Absolutely no questions asked.

Do not enclose money with the coupon. We will supply you by parcel post, collect. Orders from outside the U. S. and Canada, however, must be accompanied by postal money order. VAN ESS LABORATORIES, INC., 103 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

VAN ESS
Liquid Scalp Massage

VAN ESS LABORATORIES, Inc.,
103 E. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send.....bottles Van Ess Liquid Scalp Massage. I enclose no money, but agree to pay postman on delivery.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

"Now we can invite our friends"

ANOTHER bathroom—and it makes all the difference in the world! The friends whom one has long wanted to see may be invited at last; without embarrassment or apology. The daily complications and conflicts which have divided a peaceful household are smoothed away.

What other investment can match the dividends of satisfaction that are paid to everyone when the inflexible old rule of "one house, one bathroom" yields to the logic of "*enough* bathrooms," the modern ideal in building new houses or remodeling old ones?

Happily, the solution of the problem of enough bathrooms is usually quite simple. A little space and a correspondingly modest investment will produce an admirable result.

A corner scarcely larger than a good-sized closet will make a delightful bathroom. And if you choose Kohler fixtures you will have the best that money can purchase, at a cost that is really very moderate—much less than you might expect from the high reputation of the half-century-old institution that makes them.

Ask your plumbing dealer for his advice. He can tell you about Kohler Ware and the unique mark that identifies Kohler quality—the name "Kohler," unobtrusively fused into the deep, beautiful, snow-white enamel. . . . . Let us send you the Kohler booklet. It will interest you.

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wisconsin • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wisconsin
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

(Continued from Page 154)

bargain hunter. He paid a little less than fourteen hundred dollars for his important example of the work of Corot. The original could certainly not have been got for fourteen times that amount.

Such experiences naturally brought about our gradual and profound education in the peculiar psychology of the green picture buyer. One thing has always puzzled me about the man who buys fakes masking as originals and wants to pay prices which could not possibly command even the works of third and fourth rate painters. Is it possible that these collectors—and their number is almost unlimited—really believe they are buying bargains? Can men who are among the most astute in their professions or in other lines of business suddenly lose all sense and caution, once they have stepped into a gallery or auction room? If not, then how does it happen that the broker who has just been selling stocks at strict market prices drives up the Avenue and tries to buy art in defiance of the market? The only other explanation is that such men are themselves deceivers. I suppose I court the suspicion of wanting to make my victims out as bad as myself by such an interpretation, yet a hundred incidents from my experience point to it as the fact.

An Embarrassed Expert

Perhaps it is only natural for a man who has bought a fake and discovered that fact to pretend to his friends that he has really found a gem. His vanity and his pecuniary interest prompt him to such a course. No one likes to be fooled, far less to confess it. Again, if a man has paid too much for a fraudulent or doubtful picture he is faced with the problem of disposing of it and getting his money back. Naturally, he does not confess his error. But this does not explain the original buying of paintings at preposterous prices. I got an insight into this peculiarity of the collector's conduct in a Southern metropolis early in my travels.

This town boasted of a promoter and real-estate operator who had built himself a fine house and fairly crowded it with pictures and other art goods. To my considerable astonishment he came to my shop when I opened in his town and promptly bought three pictures, one of them genuine and the two others false. Their prices should have indicated their nature to any man of the least experience. The whole thing puzzled me.

I was doing considerable advertising at the time, and often arranged to deliver lectures in local museums and before the art clubs which were then as now common to every city. Naturally, it was to my advantage to pose as a great connoisseur and authority on all manner of art works. As things turned out, I lectured several times in the city and got to be conspicuous. I did not at first connect this fact with the visit of my customer and his purchases. But I was to learn.

One morning Mr. White, as we may as well call him, dropped in to see me and to talk art. He had done some reading and handled the patois of the studios, which falls so readily from the tongue of the amateur, with a good deal of success. Finally he came to the point and asked me if I would come to his house on the following night but one, to give him an opinion of his paintings. He had bought them here and there, from time to time, but he had never had them expertized. If I could guarantee to give him an absolutely honest opinion on his various paintings he would be glad to pay me any price I might name for my trouble.

Well, I went at the appointed hour, expecting to do my job and be paid. I had not yet learned some items of wisdom. To my surprise I found the house full of people in evening clothes. My employer had them gathered in his big library, which was crowded with his pictures, arranged in the most barbaric manner under regular gallery lights. One glance at the motley of ill-assorted, inharmonious and tasteless mess was enough. The one picture I have already mentioned seemed to be the only real thing in the room.

My course would have been apparent enough had it not been for several of Mr. White's guests. One was the local picture dealer. Another was a most cultivated Italian professor of music who, as I had reason to know, was something of an art expert. They had, I saw at once, been summoned to be treated to my opinion. Had they been absent I should simply have praised all the works, agreed that they were absolutely authentic, declined any pay for my services and gone my way. But I could not deliver myself of any such bold falsehoods before two men who were obviously invited to be discomfited by my judgments. I more than suspected that they had probably given unfavorable opinions in the past and were there to be chastened.

It took a good deal of tact and dodging to meet the situation. Wherever possible, I said that I was not an expert on that particular artist. Of others I gave noncommittal but pleasant opinions. I took refuge in such generalities as "beautifully done" or "excellent taste." But my man was not to be appeased with such evasions. He tried to pin me down, and I decided just as firmly that I wasn't going to be made a fool of.

Finally he led me over to one of the most obvious samples of Hoboken-painted Salvator Rosa that ever burned a respectable faker's heart, and demanded, "Is this picture genuine or false, Mr. Atchison? I want your honest opinion."

"I'm sorry, Mr. White," I said, "but I'm not qualified to give an opinion on Italian work of that period."

He glared at me like an angry tiger and apparently had some difficulty restraining his wrath. I took my leave without further ceremony and burst out of the place between mirth and fury, and it was well I did. The servant had my hat and coat ready to hand in the hall.

The next day the local picture dealer gave me the explanation. The opulent Mr. White was under no illusions as to his collection. He had bought the better part of it with his eyes open, knowing that genuine works could not be had at such prices as he paid, but aware also that he didn't need to pay high prices for things sufficiently good to impress his townsmen. A few days later my disappointed collector showed his anger by trying to make trouble for me over my lease. He failed and I remained in the town till I had covered the field. When I was ready to move on I called on Mr. White and told him that I would be happy to give him a private or public opinion and appraisal of his goods free. He declined my generosity without thanks.

Tricks of the Fakers

After about three years of such rough-and-ready work with my art circus, as I came to call it, I decided that I had learned enough about the business to try my hand in New York. So I went back East and soon afterward opened art rooms in one of the side streets not too far from Fifth Avenue. At this and other locations which I chose from time to time as the center moved slowly uptown, I spent most of the next twenty years, supplying customers from all parts of the country with everything from frescoes to brass candlesticks as times and fashions dictated. From this experience most of my remaining confessions have been drawn.

The reader will understand that comparatively few of the works of artful art handled by the average dealer originate with him. He may change them, reattribute them, alter the signatures and even work them over, but for the most part he does not create the fakes that pass through his hands to the public. The various legitimate processes to which pictures are subjected and out of which much faking grows also need to be realized. Many pictures need to be cleaned, repaired, restored, revarnished, toned, harmonized, retouched, and the like. Many treatises have been written on the technic of these various near-arts, so that I need do no more than mention them here, with the observation that it is sometimes very hard to say just where ethical practice ends and faking begins. Taking an old, misused, dirty and clouded picture, for instance. Where does the process of restoring and reconditioning end and where does falsification begin? It usually takes a judge and jury to decide, and generally they are wrong.

It seems to me these dark arts of the picture and antique world cannot be discussed without instructing and encouraging fresh fakers. Again, I think the public can get more profit from an account of the various popular methods of disposing of fake works.

One of the ancient and enduring tricks is to build up false histories for paintings and all manner of *objets de vertu*. In every country under the sun that has any art to offer this is done in various ways. In Europe it is a common practice to hang pictures

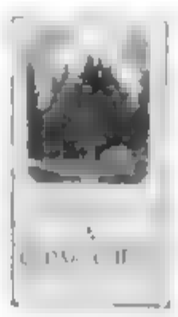
LANE

CEDAR CHEST WEEK

May 19th to May 24th

DURING LANE Cedar Chest Week, stores everywhere will put especially attractive prices on these beautiful, fragrant chests. The LANE should be in every home. It is moth-proof, dust-proof, damp-proof—but aside from providing safe and timely storage for furs, woolens and other apparel, it is a finely decorative piece of furniture that may be tastefully used as a window seat or dressing lounge at the foot of the bed.

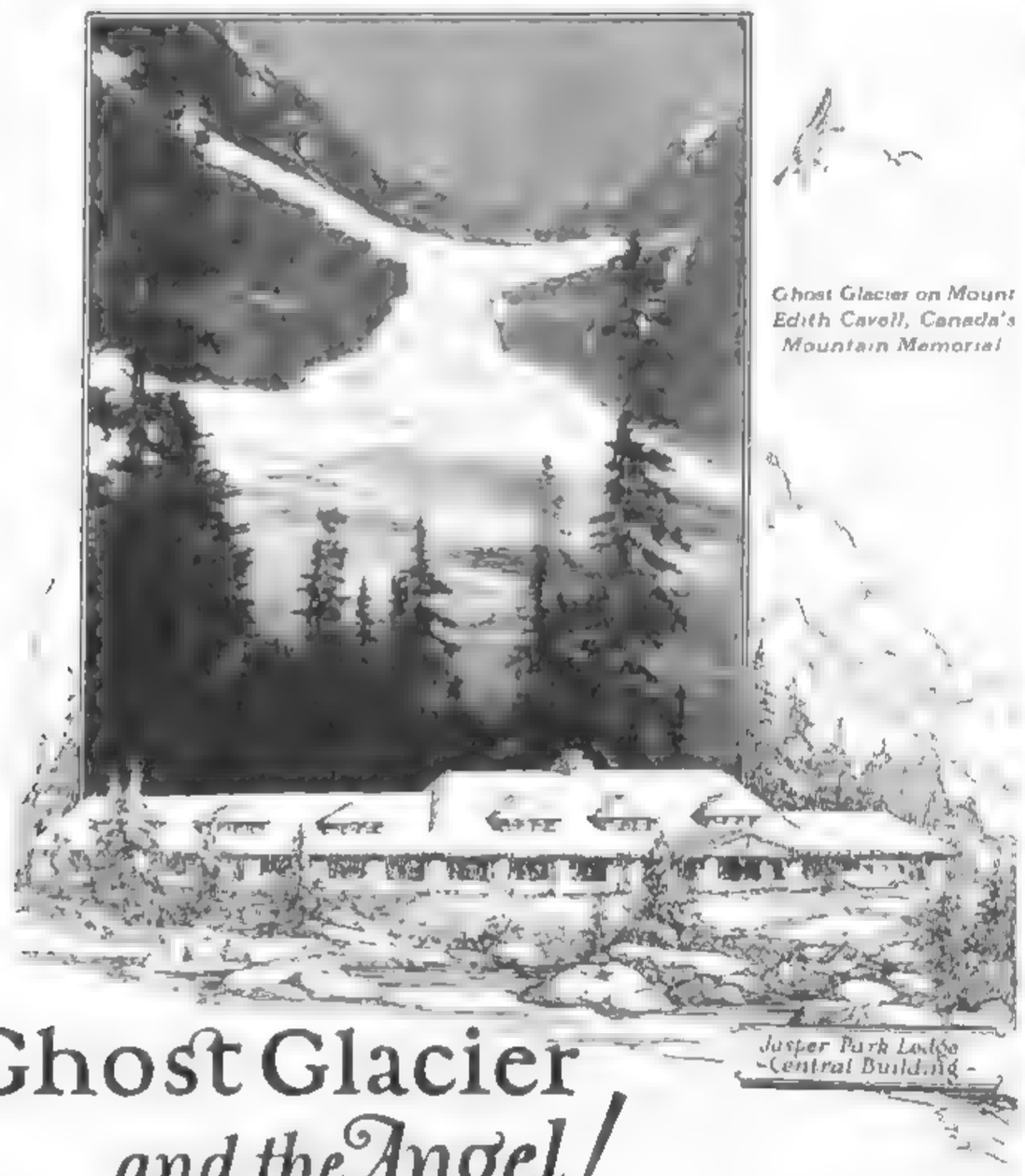
Few gifts could be more appropriate, and possibly none so lasting, for the June bride or girl graduate. And there is a suggestion and an opportunity here for young men as well as fathers and mothers. Remember that every LANE, either in all-cedar or in cedar finished with walnut and mahogany, is built to serve for generations. Panels are inseparably joined, corners ingeniously interlocked. Each has double plated hardware and Yale lock. Be sure to select your LANE Cedar Chest next week.



THE LANE COMPANY, INC.
Altavista, Virginia

If your furniture or department store cannot show you the genuine LANE, drop us a post card for name of nearby dealer who can, and our interesting little pamphlet, "Selecting a Cedar Chest." Look also for special dealer announcements in your local newspapers during LANE Cedar Chest Week.

The name LANE is inside the lid



Ghost Glacier on Mount Edith Cavell, Canada's Mountain Memorial

Jasper Park Lodge —Central Building—

Ghost Glacier *and the Angel!*

IN Jasper National Park, where the Canadian Rockies rise to snowy heights, you may visit majestic Ghost Glacier.

Flowers bloom along its borders. In its blue ice-wall, mirrored in an alpine lake, Nature has chiseled an heroic figure whose sweeping wings are branching glaciers, folded in protection on the slopes of Mt. Edith Cavell.

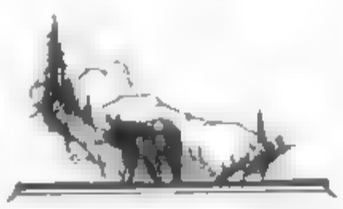
This is "The Angel with Outstretched Wings"—the world's most glorious natural sculpture—on the route of the Canadian National Railways Transcontinental line.

Jasper National Park, 4,400 square miles of supreme beauty, is the largest national park in America. Visit it this year, and see the sunrise silver a hundred snowy peaks. See Mt. Robson, highest of all the Canadian Rockies. Hike, camp, climb, canoe, play tennis and dance—rest. Jasper Park Lodge (altitude only 3,469 feet), provides every comfort for 350 guests. Rates are $6.00 and up, American plan.

Then take the Triangle Tour of British Columbia—by rail from Jasper National Park down the valley of the mystic Skeena to Prince Rupert. Thence by steamer through 550 miles of sheltered scenic seas of the Inside Passage to Vancouver, returning to Jasper National Park along the roaring gorges of the Fraser River.

This great Canadian National Railways tour is not expensive. Your local ticket agent can tell you the exact fares from your city. Write today to our nearest office for complete information. Ask for illustrated Booklet.

No passports required



Offices

Boston—[illegible] Washington St
Buffalo—11 So. Division Street
Chicago—108 West Adams St
Cincinnati—406 Traction Bldg
Cleveland—948 Union Trust Building
Detroit—[illegible] Griswold Street
Duluth—430 West Superior St.
Kansas City—334-335 Railway Exchange Building
Los Angeles—503 So. Spring St.
Minneapolis—518 Second Ave South
New York—1270 Broadway, Cor 33rd Street
Philadelphia—401 Franklin Trust Building
Pittsburgh—905 Park Bldg.
Portland, Me.—Grand Trunk Railway Station
Portland, Ore.—126½ Third St
St. Louis—305 Merchants Laclede Building
St. Paul—Cor 4th and Jackson Streets
San Francisco—689 Market St
Seattle—[illegible] Second Ave

The Triangle Tour

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

The Largest Railway System in the World

of doubtful authenticity in the castles, châteaux and town houses of aristocratic gentlemen who are not above accepting a fee for this service. Such pictures soon appear in auctions or in the galleries of dealers with the legend—"From the collection of the Marquess of Blank" or "Lately owned and sold by the Duc du Chat Noir." Such works are often accompanied by letters and romantic traditions. The amusing adventures through which many of them have passed would fill a library.

In America this trick is performed in various ways, some of which will be explained in my articles on furniture and other art goods. One of the common practices is to hang pictures in private homes and then guide the lambs to these discoveries. Letters and documents are provided and usually bolstered up with stories, told by the alleged owner of the pictures, some of which bear the stamp of fictive genius.

Another favorite trick of the faker is the planting of pictures. This device is often used to help the sale of genuine as well as dubious works. One classic tale needs to be recounted.

A well-known New York collector of primitives was looking over some recent importations of Chinese vases in the shop of one of the great dealers when he was casually shown the photograph of a wonderful portrait by Jan van Eyck. He was immediately enthusiastic and wanted to know where the original was. The dealer told him that there was a report that it was on the market, but that he himself would have to make a search. The collector begged his tempter to lose no time and spare no effort. A little time was allowed to elapse before the collector was told that the painting was in France, probably in the possession of a nobleman, whose name was vaguely given.

A Venetian Swindler Exposed

Witness now, please, that the purchaser is not always more honest than we. This man decided that he could probably get a better price by going abroad and cutting out the profit of the dealer. Happily, my confrère knew his man well enough to have anticipated just this move. Indeed, the dealer owned the picture all the time, but he understood the peculiarities of his customer well enough to know that a sale could be made only if the stage were properly set. So the collector went abroad and visited several dealers' galleries in Paris. At one of these, to which he was certain to go, he met, apparently by accident, a gentleman dealer who promptly asked whether he could interest the American in a fine Flemish primitive. It soon developed that the work in question was the Van Eyck portrait. The collector was once more full of eagerness, but he soon damped when he found that no bargain was to be had. The nobleman who owned the picture knew its value only too well. Indeed, he was asking more than it was worth. But the gentleman dealer had hopes of making the owner listen to reason.

The negotiations proceeded. They had not gone very far when a representative of the Fifth Avenue dealer arrived on the scene and gently reproached the collector for his duplicity. The rich man took it all in good nature, laughed it off, and said he was prepared to buy from the man who could get him the best price. There followed months of jockeying and maneuvering, both dealers pretending to be in the field to get the commission, even at a loss. Eventually the picture was bought for a price said to have been about a quarter of a million dollars. The collector was eminently satisfied and certain that he had got it at the lowest possible price. He did not find out till some time afterward that the gentleman dealer was also an agent of the New York house and that he had been made to pay exactly the price my friend had originally placed on his primitive.

This picture was, to be sure, genuine and well worth the price paid, but such devices are most commonly used by fakers. It will be seen that the reputable picture merchant sometimes has to descend to the faker's tactics to sell his wares.

Perhaps the most appalling story of downright art swindling that has come to light in recent years has to do with a painting by Tintoretto in the possession of a dealer in Venice.

Mr. Blue, an American millionaire, walked into the place one day and was shown the painting in a magnificent frame. He asked the price and found it attractively low, considerably less than a work of the size might have been expected to command. Blue was cautious and summoned from the Uffizi Gallery an expert of the highest standing and integrity, a man whose reputation is international.

The expert looked at the painting, smiled and said:

"Oh, yes; I know this painting well. It is an authentic Tintoretto, and a good one. Do I advise you to buy it? Certainly, if you think you can get it out of the country."

The American bought the picture, had it most carefully packed, took every precaution against substitution, and finally got his prize safely to the United States. It was shortly hung in his drawing-room and he summoned one of his friends to have a look at it.

Mr. Green, as we may call the other collector, walked into his friend's room, took one look at the painting and burst out laughing.

"Man, you've been swindled," he chortled. "Come over to my place and I'll show you the original."

A comparison of notes showed that both men had bought their copies from the same dealer, but that they had been expertized by different men. An investigation revealed that both experts had been honest and efficient. The dealer in Venice had the real Tintoretto still in his frame and had sold two very fine copies to his American clients. He was, in fact, ready for another coup, for when the investigators walked into his place and pulled his frame down from the wall it was found that he had two canvases in the frame, a fake behind the original. This trick is, of course, not better or more original than the common switch of the green-goods swindler.

The humor of picture faking is one of the compensations of the game. Absurdities crop up every day. A few years ago a young man from Australia came to me with a huge landscape which he insisted on calling a Claude Lorrain. It was, in fact, a copy with variations of one of the well-known works by this great early master, of the kind turned out by the score in Paris fifty or sixty years ago. Somehow it had found its way to the antipodes and there been sold to my caller for about fifteen hundred dollars. He had brought it to America and admitted that he had been forced to pay duty on it. Since the law provides for the free admittance of art works more than one hundred years old there could be no doubt about our customs experts' opinion of its age. I called the young man's attention to this fact, also assuring him that a genuine Lorrain of that size and kind would command something much nearer one hundred and fifty thousand than fifteen hundred dollars.

Feminine Fingers Burnt

The Australian persisted in his claim of a find, showed me various letters, which meant less than nothing, since such papers are commonly forged by the low-caste faker who does not hesitate to risk imprisonment for felony, and finally persuaded me to let him hang the picture in my studio. I agreed to show it, but told him I would not offer it as a Lorrain or exhibit his letters. To make a long story short, the thing was eventually sold to a woman collector for two thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars. I breathed a sigh of relief when it was taken away. Two months later I saw it in an auction and noted with satisfaction that it brought thirty-six dollars, less than the cost of the frame.

But this was not the end of this painting's interesting career. About sixteen months later I happened into one of the big Fifth Avenue galleries and found our Lorrain on the wall, strangely changed, aged and translated in values, but still our big buckeye. Years and disillusion have taught me not to show emotion or I must have fainted when its new owner told me that its price was twenty thousand dollars. Not only that, but it disappeared soon afterward, and I have reason for believing that it at present adorns the walls of a Western museum. I should never have had the nerve to attempt such a sale. Perhaps I am not, after all, the worst of men.

The past quarter century has witnessed a dizzy rise of American pictures both in popularity and in price. It does not take a very old man to remember the first time when an American painter—the historically influenced Gilbert Stuart and the expatriate Whistler aside—commanded the staggering

(Continued on Page 161)

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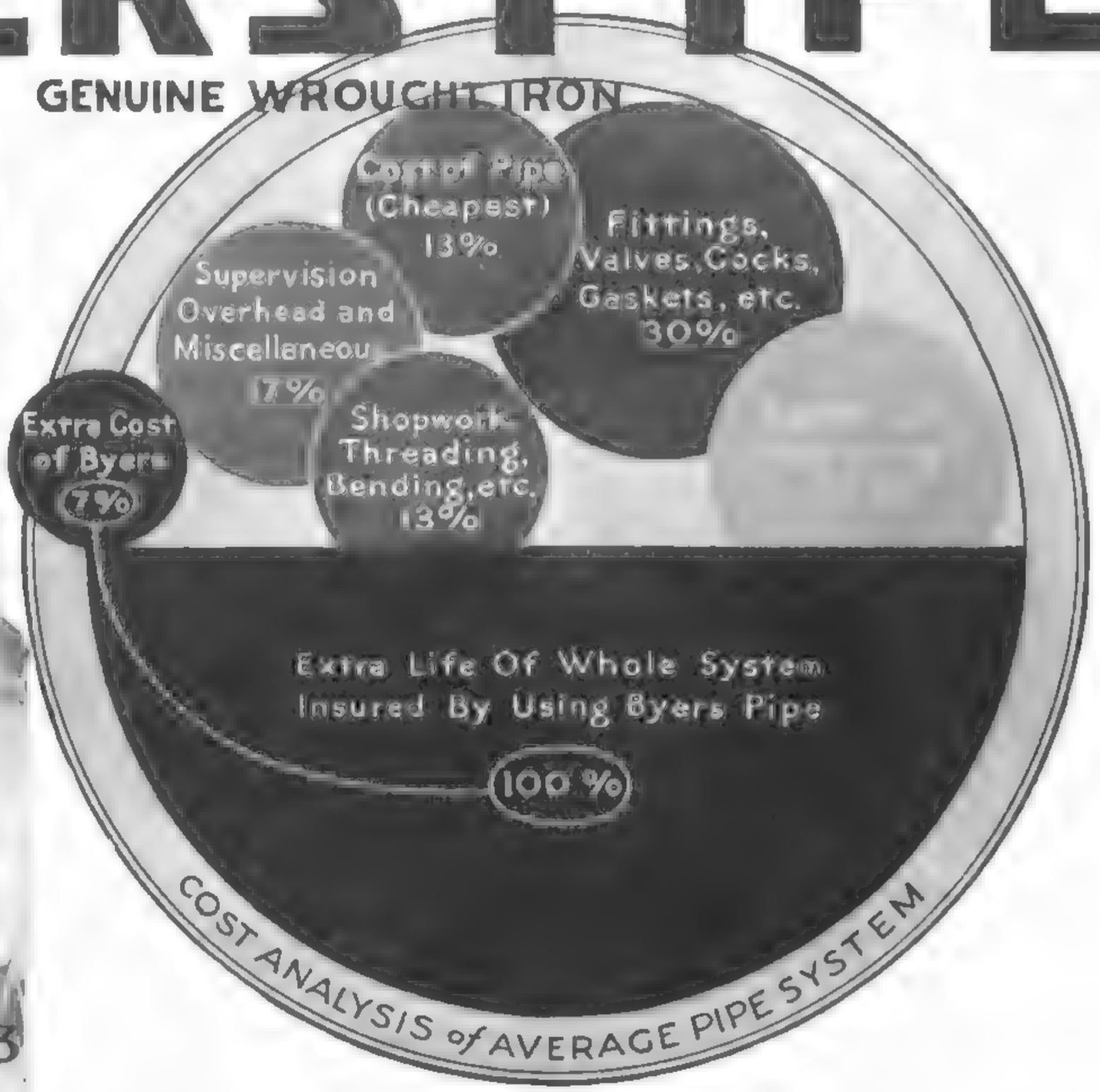
Cost of Pipe (Cheapest) 13%
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Byers Pipe was originally installed in the old buildings shown here; namely, the Masonic Temple (top picture) and the Tacoma Buildings, Chicago; the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo; the Callahan Bank Building and First Presbyterian Church, Dayton, Ohio; the Illinois State Hospital, Kankakee (bottom picture); and in hundreds of other notable buildings erected upwards of 30 and 40 years ago.

Its record is one of practically repair-free service. Everywhere it is found apparently in as good condition as when first put in. Its moderate first cost and superior rust-resistance, so amply proven by years of service, have made it the first choice of architects and engineers, for homes, schools, factories, office buildings, and large buildings of every character.

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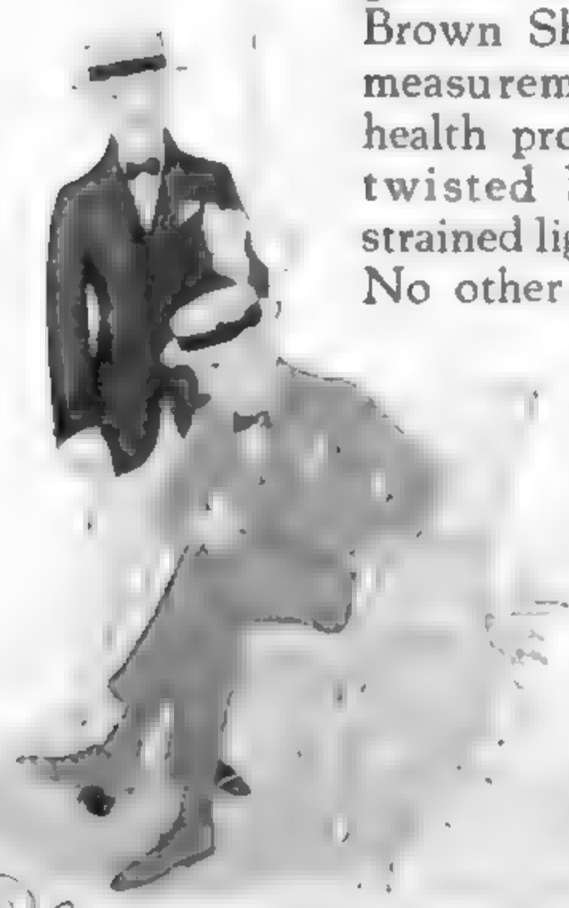

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Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 158)

price of ten thousand dollars. A good many shook their heads with misgiving and said that such things were unnatural and would end in reaction. But a few years saw still further advances. Inness long ago commanded twenty-five thousand dollars, and more recently forty-five thousand dollars; Blakelock sold for the astonishing price of twelve thousand dollars and then fetched twenty thousand dollars at auction; and a Winslow Homer has just been sold for about sixty-five thousand dollars—and this within fifteen years of the artist's death. I wouldn't be humanly cynical if I didn't remark that these prices are in a sense artificially supported, but the fact remains that they follow the general arc of all other American art goods, from a bit of awkward old glass to our distinguished pre-Revolutionary furniture, which has few rivals anywhere for chastity of line and purity of design. Of this tremendous rise in the price of all older native art products I shall have a good deal more to tell. It is enough to know that anyone who had the foresight to begin collecting wisely twenty or even ten years ago must have made his fortune by now. This fact is, of course, one of the chief traps for suckers.

High-Priced Modern Americans

The very high prices commanded by the men I have mentioned and the proportionately lofty figures recently paid for the work of Ryder, Fuller, Wyant, Twachtman and several others have been both the result and the cause of an enormous demand for such works. The temptation to the faker has naturally been extreme. He has seen that the museums of this great country with its many rich cities have all been in the market for the work of these popular men, together with many hundreds of private collectors, belonging to every rank and equipage. Happily or otherwise, none of these men turned out any very large number of first-rate works, and some of them produced even a very small body of pictures of the first water. Again, it would be pleasant to say that the demand is due entirely to the excellence of the men whose prices have soared to such elevations. The knower of pictures, however, must face the facts that some of these leaders were not among our best men and that many of their works which have brought big money are even so far below the best of their output as to rank as densest mediocrities.

With the demand so preposterous and the quality of the work so variable it has naturally been easy to introduce almost numberless fakes. These are of all ranks. Some are early or inferior works, retouched, redated and palmed off as products of the best period. The next in rank are the works of pupils which the master's brush may or may not have refined. Then come the thousands of falsely attributed works of contemporaries and imitators. Of these I myself have handled a good many, I dare confess.

Usually these pictures come to be assigned to the popular masters in about the same way. Someone like myself sees a painting put up at auction or offered in some obscure shop which in some way or some part resembles the work of one of the leaders. He sees, for instance, that the handling of some trees in a landscape looks very much like the work of Inness or that the treatment of the sea in another picture by some unsung painter might pass for a Homer with those not too expert in the matter. Again, as has happened countless times, a member of the happy brotherhood sees a picture with a mottled sky such as is characteristic of certain Blakelock paintings. I and many more subtle than myself have bought such pothouse masterpieces for a few dollars each and turned them over to our—let me be polite!—restorers. A change in the foreground of the one, a little repainting of the sky and a little filming to make the treatment of the leaves more vague and poetic. Lo! What have we here?

A consultation of the books reveals that the reclaimed buckeye looks like Inness in his later period. My restorer turns to another handy compendium where the signatures of all the price getters may be studied. He copies the name, affixes a date, covers the whole with one or several of the finishing materials known to his craft, and there is a new *chef d'œuvre* in the field.

Blakelock is even more readily faked than any of his contemporaries. His drawing is always crude and vague, his method of finishing patent and easily imitated. One paints a fragmentary Indian village under one of his mottled skies or daubs a gibbous moon among romantic arrangements of nocturnal leaves with white and orange. Next, one soups the whole picture over with varnish and bitumen, to give it low key and characteristic tone. The materials used harden in short order. The result may then be treated with shellac and glue to give the crackle, or the whole work may be tapped on the back till its surface shows the characteristic lines and cracks. If this work is done with sufficient care by a man of real skill it will come very near defying most experts.

Indeed, the falsification of these most popular men long ago reached such proportions that qualified experts have established themselves, with the support of the more careful dealers and organizations of artists and collectors, to whom all works of certain masters must be submitted for opinion before they can be sold in the regular market. Thus most of the works of Inness, Blakelock, Ryder, Homer, Fuller and several others are now sold almost exclusively on the certificates of these recognized experts. In this way a good deal of the major faking has been brought under control, but a vast amount still goes on.

There is today and has been for some years a perfect stream of cheaper fakes flowing from various downright factories. For several seasons Blakelock has been the worst sufferer, though other men of his day run him closely for this dubious honor. One of the most prolific of the Blakelock factories is located at an address which I might give and then be forced to prove. Another such art foundry operated until two years ago in an obscure part of Oklahoma under the guidance of some unknown impresario. For all I know, it may still be grinding out its melancholy product.

These pictures do not, of course, deceive any expert or even any tolerably informed amateur. None the less, they have their broad and constant market. There seems to be a very large class of picture buyers all over the country whose members are always ready to pay from two to ten hundred dollars for any sort of fairly agreeable picture which pretends to be an Inness, a Blakelock, a Twachtman or something of the sort. A great many such insufferable pictures are palmed off at the inferior auctions in all parts of the country and handled by dealers, mostly in the smaller cities of the West and South. It makes me shiver to try to compute the number of them that must adorn homes and perhaps even a museum here and there. You doubt this latter? Here is a bit of my own experience.

The Spurious Blakelock

About four years ago I came into the possession of a large brownish landscape with an Indian tepee and a few dimly outlined redskins in the right foreground. It bore the Blakelock signature, was brought to me with what read like a plausible history, and was, everything considered, not too bad an imitation for most consumers. I bought it for almost nothing, fully understanding that it must be spurious. It knocked about my place for months while I wondered just where it might be placed.

One morning an imposing and energetic gentleman walked in, announced his name, shook me by the hand and demanded Blakelocks. I showed him what I had. At sight of the big brown picture his brows lifted.

"A piece for a museum," said he. "How much?"

Well, I have always believed in asking plenty. It leaves room for orderly retreat.

"Ten thousand," I answered with a grin that might have meant everything or nothing.

To my deep and glad astoundment, my caller was nowise daunted.

"Worth every cent of it!" he exploded. "Every cent! But getting it's another question. Have you had it passed on?"

"No," I told him truthfully enough; "I believe in letting the purchaser have such things expertized at the time of sale. It does away with any question."

My caller nodded agreement, put a match to a cigarette and turned on me.

"Make you a proposition," he said crisply. "I think I can place the picture. If I do I'll get it passed by a satisfactory expert. I suppose you have its history? Good. Consign it to me at ten thousand and write me to that effect. If I sell it you get seven thousand and I get three. Done?"

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"It cost me more than that," said I.

"Well, think it over," commanded the imperious one. "I'll drop in tomorrow."

He came as promised. I asked eight thousand and compromised on seventy-five hundred. Before he had appeared on the horizon I'd have sold for seven hundred and fifty, murmuring thanks and prayers the while.

The picture was shipped to my new associate, who turned out to be a professional man of high standing in one of the largest cities. He kept the picture two months before I heard. Then the museum in his city applied to me for the history of the painting, and I forwarded the letters and affidavits which had come with it when I bought. Naturally, I expected to get the picture back with the politest possible excuses. Imagine my astonishment and puzzlement when a check for seven thousand, five hundred dollars, minus trifling deductions, came from my correspondent. He had sold the painting to the museum without trouble.

The outcome of the incident pricked my curiosity to the point of investigation. It developed that the gentleman in question was recognized in his own town as a collector and connoisseur, that he was of influence with the museum authorities, and that he had been the means of selling many other pictures to the official local collection. When it became apparent that my picture had been readily approved by recognized authorities there was nothing left but to put myself down as a poor judge of fakes.

Getting hold of good pictures is sometimes as much an art as getting rid of bad ones. Thirty or forty years ago a good many pictures by painters whose works now command high prices were sold to casual buyers at very modest rates. The original owners of the paintings have died and their heirs have here and there retained the art objects or sold them for little or nothing in small-town auctions of household effects. Most of the valuable works have been discovered, it is true, but now and then a painting by a popular master still turns up in a litter of inferior stuff. A few years ago this miracle happened often enough.

Unexpected Finds

The problem is to find such things and to get them at profitable figures. An old curiosity-shop keeper in Maine once fairly implored me to pay him ten dollars for a misused early Winslow Homer, which, cleaned and offered at auction in New York, brought several thousand dollars. Again, a woman living on an arid farm in darkest Massachusetts, where I did a little vagrant sketching one summer, wanted to make me a present of a charming portrait head by George Fuller. Anyone could have bought it of her for ten dollars. I paid her two hundred as a matter of conscience. The piece has since brought in excess of three thousand.

In a certain Western city several years ago I went to see some pictures in an old house at the invitation of their owner, who had inherited them from his father and thought they might bring a few dollars. There were at least forty old daubs not worth their drayage, but there were also three small French landscapes that, cleaned and properly handled by someone who knew the market and the ways of the art world, could be made to bring fair prices. I offered a reasonable sum for the three, knowing that the next man who saw them would probably get them for next to nothing. But my client wouldn't sell unless I took the whole lot and paid fifty dollars apiece. As there was no market at all for the others and the three probably wouldn't bring enough to warrant buying the refuse at such prices, I declined, but made a fresh offer for the desirable works. At this my owner got suspicious and greedy. He would not sell at all until he could summon Professor Garibaldi, a rather toplofty local connoisseur whose airs and prosperity bespoke the downright faker. I knew, of course, that if this man were called in he'd get the pictures and I the laugh, so I went straight from the old house and called on the oily professor.

Signor Garibaldi knew my name and was effusively cordial. On being told that I had referred the owner of some pictures to him and being offered a hundred dollars for his coöperation, he readily consented to act his part in a sour little comedy.

A few days later the picture owner summoned the professor. Purely by accident I happened to be at the house when he called. My impromptu confederate walked in, took one long and withering glance at the three innocent pictures, turned them over contemptuously and said, "I am sorry, but they are not genuine."

With that he stalked grandly out and away, leaving the owner and myself aghast.

After the proper interval I recovered from my feigned consternation.

"Well, I guess that settles it," said I. "Still, I like the pictures. I can make use of them in my house. If you care to hold me to my first offer I'll stick to the bargain."

The owner was only too glad to take what he had spurned a few days before, and I walked off with three valuable pictures, which brought quite handsome prices a little later, after a market had been prepared for them. A scurvy trick, to be sure, if viewed from one side only. Yet the man who owned the pictures could never have got anywhere near their real value out of them, and he probably would have sold them to the next comer for a third of what I gave him.

The Holy Family, by Rubens

One of the things that make it impossible to do away with picture faking is the weakness of connoisseurship or expertizing. Ask an expert and he will tell you that no fake could possibly pass his acient and infallible eye. I don't blame my brothers for taking this attitude, yet experience and defeat force me to a more humble position. I fear there is very little that cannot be successfully faked if the falsifier will but take the required time and trouble and if he has sufficient knowledge. Most frauds are readily detectable because they are the work of careless fellows or ignorant ones. On the other hand, it is an almost notorious fact that really scholarly and artistic fakes have made dunces of the greatest living experts.

Even the artist himself is sometimes deceived. Rodin was confronted with his own La Terre and a beautiful copy. He was in doubt and finally chose the wrong work as his own. Corot, when his friends came to him toward the end of his life with early works or possible fakes, was so much in doubt that he habitually destroyed these things and gave fresh or maturer pieces in their stead. The late J. Francis Murphy whose work brought very high prices during his lifetime, on more than one occasion took back and burned dubious pictures that were brought to him, saying that he could not be sure whether they were early studies or very clever reproductions. One of my friends has an exceptional Murphy which the painter gave him in exchange for such a questionable landscape.

An ironic confusion overtook the unfortunate Blakelock a few years ago after he had been rescued from the asylum to which poverty and defeat had consigned him. His celebrated Moonlight had fetched its twenty thousand dollars, and the faking was in such high flower that there was an inquisition by the New York district attorney. Blakelock, who acted for a short time as his own expert, was summoned to pass on some of the paintings. On one occasion five pictures were submitted to him. He certified three and rejected two as fraudulent. Unfortunately, one of the disowned pieces was genuine beyond doubt, while one of the things he recognized was a none too clever fake. I know the history of the picture intimately and may therefore presume to make such a statement.

Many of the living masters go to great lengths in their precautions against such errors or impostures. Childe Hassam, George Luks, George Bellows and many others keep records of all their work and protect it with special marks of their own devising, thumb prints, inscriptions, and the like. Robert Henri is said to keep a book containing sketches of all his works, with their dates, dimensions and other details, a method perhaps first employed by Claude Lorrain, in the seventeenth century.

The reader may well ask what effective precautions he may take if experts and the artists themselves may occasionally nod and be deceived. The usual thing to say is—go to a reputable dealer. But this is disingenuous counsel. The uninformed picture buyer will have difficulty choosing among dealers. A luxurious establishment may mean little, as lawsuits and countless well-known incidents prove. Again, some of the greatest modern collectors have been imposed upon, though they dealt only with supposedly reliable agents.

It seems to me that if a man insists on buying antique pictures or the work of popular dead artists there is but one course for him. He must forgo the collecting of names and reputations. In other words, he must abandon pretentiousness and snobbery. The man who loves pictures comes soon to understand them and to know the work of the few men he admires most with a sympathetic and unfailing eye. It is a difficult job to put one over on an art collector of this type.

Still surer advice for the many is—buy the work of a living artist from the artist himself or from his authorized dealer. The picture lover who follows this counsel is not only certain of authenticity but he helps to support artistic endeavor. He makes for better painting. Whatever interested dealers or critics may say, it is possible to buy of many living painters of good repute, for as little as two or three hundred dollars each, pictures that are in every way superior to the works of dead men commanding ten times these prices. Moreover, there are at least three or four painters working in the country today whose work is incomparably better than anything ever done by the men of earlier generations. This work will hold its rank long after the pictures which now bring almost fabulous prices have sunk to pitiful forgottenness. 'Tis treason for a dealer to utter such a sentiment, but facts are facts.

A Helpless Buyer

When the art lover and the picture buyer learn the first rudiments of sense, faking will decline. But today there is still little hope, as witness:

The other day I happened to stroll into one of the well-known dealers' galleries. I sat down to wait while the man I had called to see was showing a client about the big room. The client was a long, lank, elderly woman in widow's weeds. Her limousine stood at the curb and her social secretary trod in her footprints. She was evidently buying for a country house.

The performance was a stale and familiar affair to me and I paid little attention beyond noting that one of the usual nondescript English portraits of the late-eighteenth century was being boldly attributed to Gainsborough. Finally, however, the party came directly opposite me and stopped before a big dark floral piece not six feet away. The dealer was talking and I could not fail to hear every word.

"And this one, madame," he was saying. "Ideal for the country place; perfectly ideal. Yes; forty-eight by thirty-six. A flower piece. Bee-eauti-ful velvety dark green vahze in the center against a dahk ground, overflowing with flowers. Mixed flowers, I suppose one would call them – English gahden flowahs. Oh, yes. Constable, to be sure!"

He gave Constable's name so strange and persuasive an inflection that I looked up perforce and pricked my ears.

"What colors, madame? Purple and orange and red, I should say. No, not red exactly. Not quite. Oh, no; not the objectionable red. Surely not, madame. Not in a Constable. Beautiful tone. Not red at all. Magenta, I should say. Yes. Magenta. Most charming and harmonious blend, I assure you. Quite so. Green vahze, dahk background, purple, orange and magenta flowers. Most lovely!"

I fear I stared at the man and his withered patrician with open rudeness. I've heard and seen a good deal in and out of picture galleries, but since when did one have to explain the colors to a buyer? Was the man conducting a kindergarten? Was the lady a half-wit?

Suddenly the unfortunate woman turned about, took a step or two, and stumbled over the carpet.

She was blind! And she was shopping for pictures at fifteen or twenty thousand dollars apiece!

I went away wondering what comfort pictures might afford the sightless, and came to the conclusion that this fabulous woman in the palace of painting was some sort of symbol. Interpret as you will.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles. The next will appear in an early issue.

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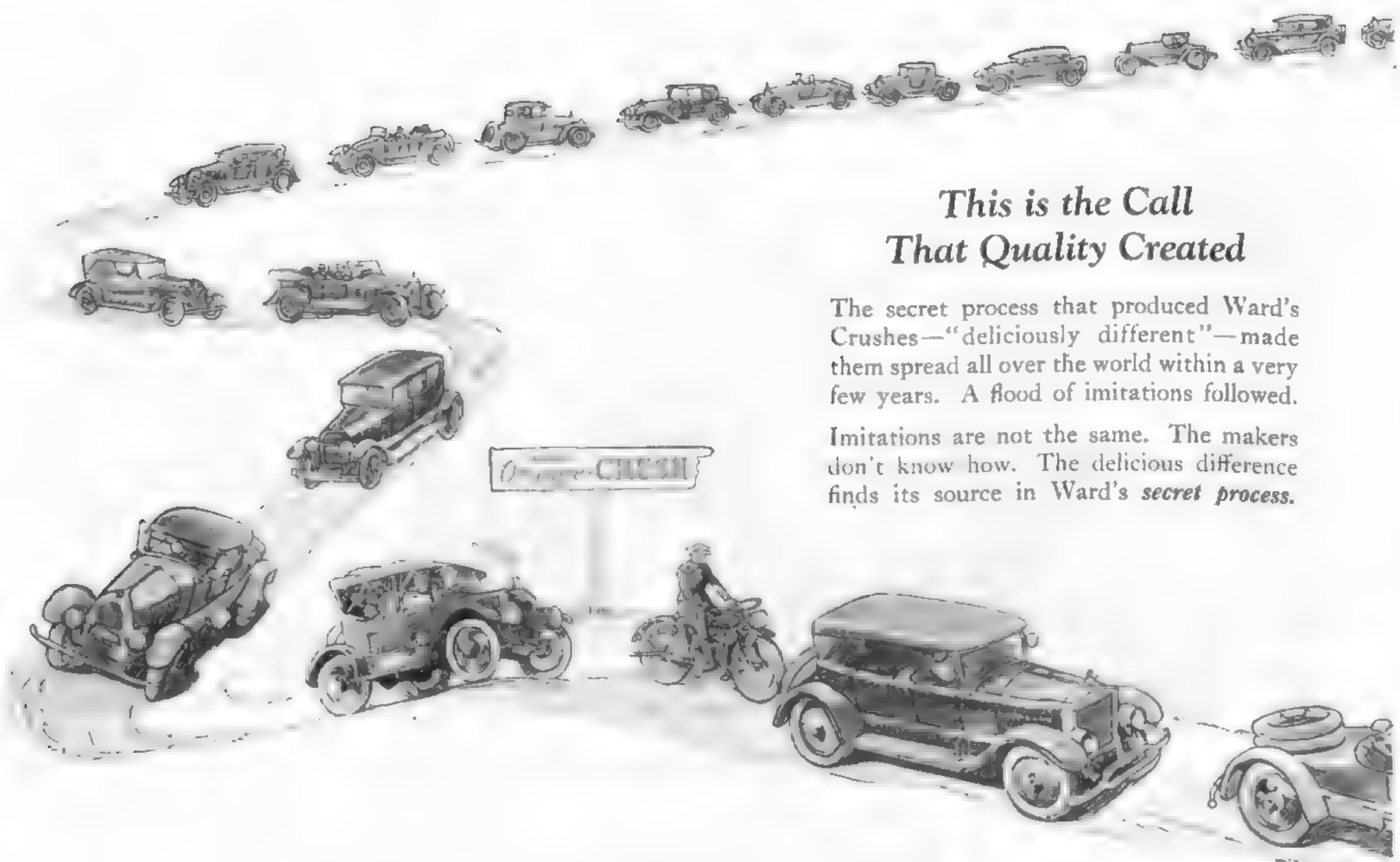

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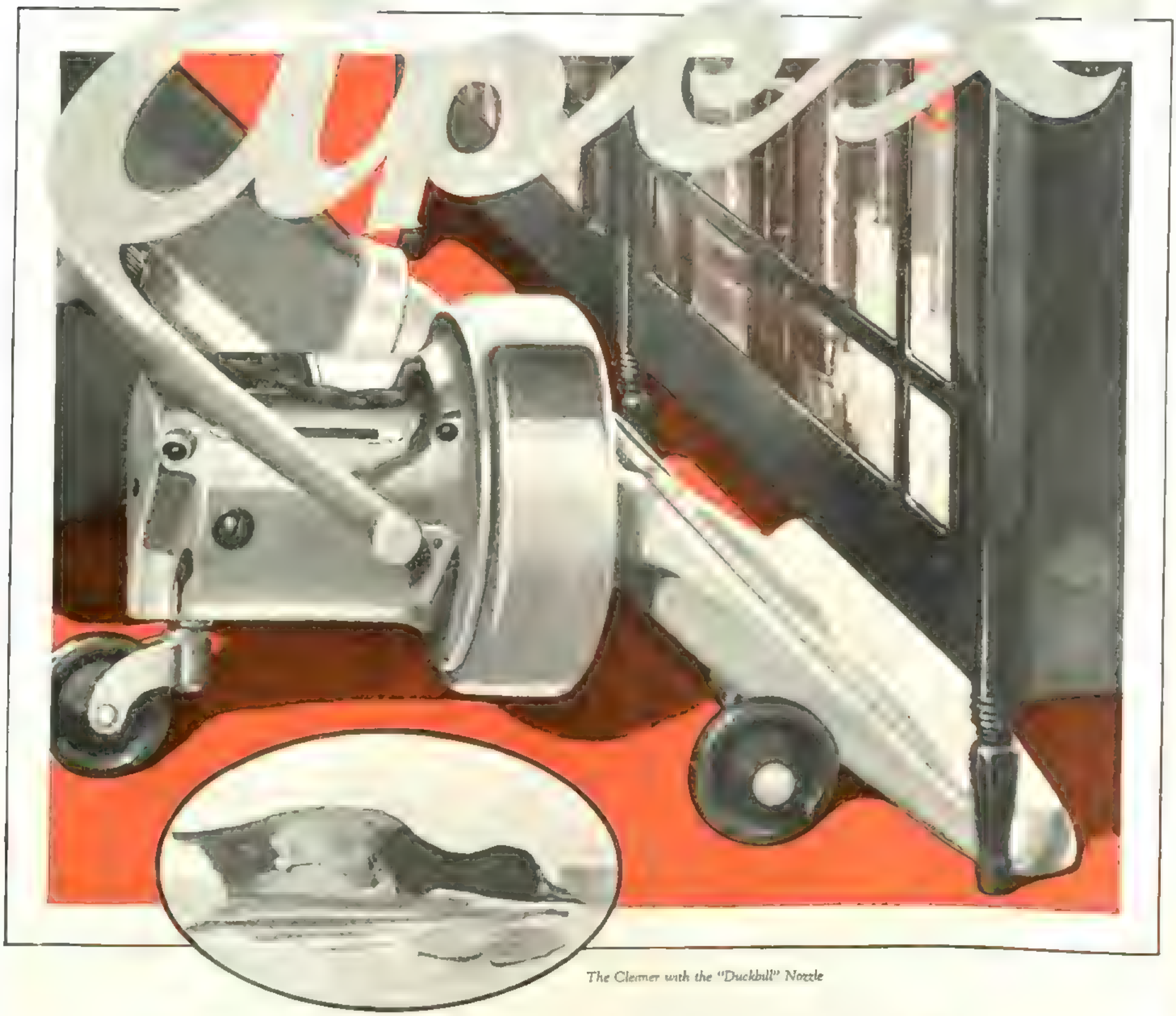

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JUDY'S PUNCH

Continued from Page 9

"Of course you do," Connie said sweetly.

"Humph," said the colonel.

"We were playing bridge, weren't we?" said Steve. "I bid two spades."

At dinner he found that Judy's place had been changed; she sat between Colonel Stubbs and old Hutch, while Connie was placed at Steve's right. Connie claimed him with her lively chatter, and he scarcely looked at the girl down the table, whose bright head and white frock seemed to catch a concentrated gleam from all the candles.

After dinner the colonel, who liked his card game, would have it that Judy wanted to play too.

"I mustn't play, colonel," she demurred. "I'm too unlucky."

"Bosh! You admitted you like to play you're going to play! That's all there is to it."

"I'd better not, colonel," she insisted. though her eyes seemed a little wistful.

It was not the colonel, but Connie Seabury, who swung the issue.

Connie said slyly, "Perhaps Miss Brown has found a better game, colonel. Why not let her follow her preferences?"

"Humph," said the colonel.

The two women, the chic little one and the cheerful big one, matched glances a second. The big girl's expression did not alter, her air was as unruffled as ever, but she said "I'll play," and she moved toward the table.

It was the colonel's turn to demur. "Now don't let yourself be coerced; don't play if you don't want to, Miss Brown!"

But she smiled her smile at him and shook her head. "I love to play, colonel; the hard thing's to hold myself out of the game."

And it would seem her words were true: Steve noted the way her fingers handled the cards, her expression as she took them up. Yes, the girl liked cards.

He had voted himself out of the game. This meant he said himself open to a long tiresome duet carried on by old Hutch and young William—the subject, Miss Judy Brown.

Finally leaving them to their rhapsodies he ran into Pat, who was dummy, and Pat, at sight of him, grinned a mischievous grin and greeted, "Hello, there—Lorenzo!"

"Where d'you get that Lorenzo stuff?"

"Because you're so magnificent. I heard a young lady say that 'd be a good name for you; you are pretty magnificent at times, you know."

Pat chuckled like a gleeful Puck. Steve said nothing, put on his expression of an imperturbable graven image; but he was furious. This was a fine sample of sweetness and sincerity and generosity—of all the sterling virtues!

He had no doubt as to who had dubbed him with the sobriquet—a lady who seemed to have a mania for appropriate names.

In the drawing-room he saw the household guest more objectionable than ever. She was absorbed in her game. Was it fancy or had that supreme serenity of hers deserted her a trifle? There was a flush on her cheeks and in her attitude a tenseness, an effect of strain. Steve wandered to the table and, under pretext of looking at Connie's hand, glanced at the score. Yes, the big girl was in the hole.

When the game broke up Judy was out sixty-odd dollars. Steve wished it might have been even more. She said she would give a check, but, going upstairs to get her check book, she discovered she had forgotten to bring it; just like a woman, albeit so sterling! She had to borrow a blank check from Vi. Steve had reason to remember the little incident later.

Connie took the check with an air of satisfaction.

One remarkable, inexplicable and curiously obnoxious happening marked the close of Steve's not too agreeable day. Someone had started the phonograph again, and Steve asked Judy to dance; after all, she was his sister's guest.

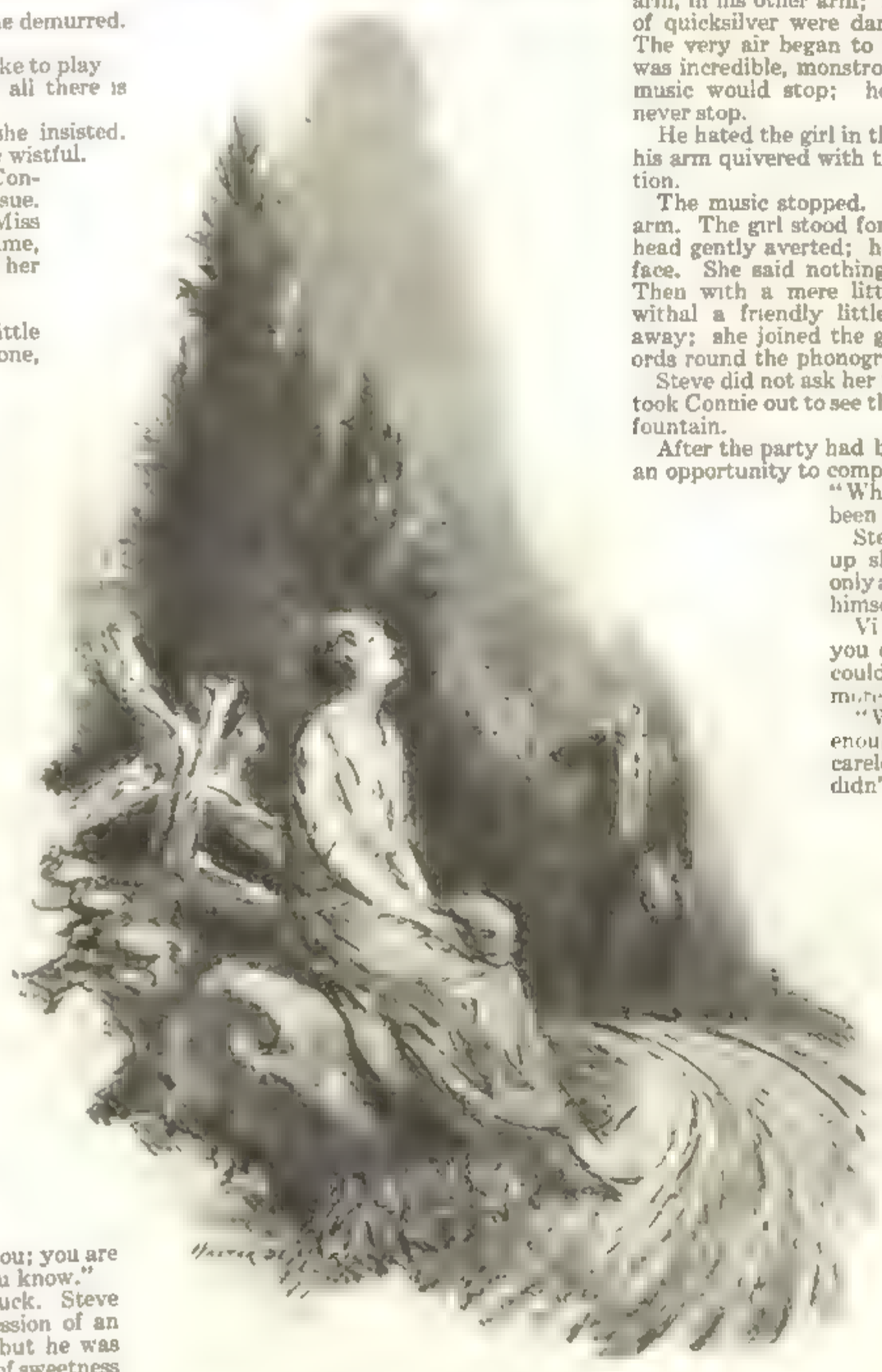
With just the right shade of polite indifference he approached her and asked, "May I have this dance, Miss Brown?"

She looked up, and in her warm voice with the vibrant undernote, said, "I'm so glad you've asked me. I thought you weren't going to."

"Did you?" replied Steve.

She arose and Steve put his arm round her waist.

And then the remarkable thing began to happen. From the moment they started dancing Steve was aware of the curious disturbing phenomenon.



"It Was Absurd and Queer and Like a Dream"

Yes, the girl could dance—an easy response to the music's swing, in all her body that indescribable soft swinging rhythm!

But it wasn't the matter of whether she could or could not dance that caused his sudden amazed chagrin. It was because his arm, which lightly supported her, suddenly began to tingle! An alarming sensation; at once he held his arm even more relaxed, but the sensation persisted.

He said, more curtly than he had intended to evidence, "So you've found a fitting nickname for me, have you?"

She glanced at him, her eyes were nearly on a level with his, despite his height; and the glance was direct—at close range those brown eyes were startlingly radiant. Steve looked away, but not before he had caught a shine of amusement.

And, instead of being confused or apologetic, she gave a little chuckle.

"Perhaps I should be sorry. But—it is a good name, don't you think?"

Steve vouchsafed her another glance. And again she smiled straight into his eyes, that warm dazzling smile; and there was another element in it, something intimate and confidential—as if she invited him to share her amusement!

With difficulty he held his insouciant mask over his rage. Did this girl, who had mocked him behind his back, really think she could ingratiate him with her wiles? Did she expect him to fall for her mere radiant beauty? He forgot that he didn't consider her beautiful. Lord, but she had a nerve! He would teach her

What he would teach her he had difficulty focusing on, for as he held her gaze he was aware of an increasing tumult in his arm, in his other arm; it was as if threads of quicksilver were darting through him. The very air began to flutter. The thing was incredible, monstrous. He wished the music would stop; he wished it would never stop.

He hated the girl in the circle of his arm; his arm quivered with that tingling excitation.

The music stopped. Steve removed his arm. The girl stood for a second with her head gently averted; he could not see her face. She said nothing, he said nothing. Then with a mere little nod which was withal a friendly little nod, she moved away; she joined the group selecting records round the phonograph.

Steve did not ask her to dance again. He took Connie out to see the moonlight on the fountain.

After the party had broken up Vi found an opportunity to complain to her brother, "Why couldn't you have been nicer to Judy?"

Steve's eyebrows went up slightly; it was the only answer he permitted himself.

Vi went on, "Even if you didn't like her you could have been a little more attentive."

"Wasn't I attentive enough? I'm sorry" carelessly. Then, "She didn't seem to be suffering from lack of attention."

Vi chose to ignore this point. She complained again, "You don't like her. Even Judy got that."

Again Steve's eyebrows went up slightly. "Whether I like her or don't like her I don't see that it's a world-toppling matter," he said. Then he added, "What makes you think she thinks I don't like her?"

"Because she asked if she might be put by someone else at dinner; she said she thought you didn't particularly enjoy having her next you."

Steve was silent. Queer, but the knowledge that the girl had asked for the shift made it suddenly less pleasurable.

"Judy's very sensitive," Vi went on.

"Is she? I hadn't noticed it."

"Oh, I mean in an intuitive way. She always gets people. It's that wonderful warm human sympathy of hers. That's why everyone loves her. She's the most genuine, generous, understanding girl I've ever met."

Steve had heard all this before; he yawned.

"What's her vice?" he asked flippantly.

Vi's forehead then took on a little worried pucker.

"Gambling," she answered seriously. "Judy loves to gamble."

"I'm surprised at the paragon," Steve observed. "It's a low habit."

Vi pursued, still serious, "She doesn't often let herself play. I shouldn't have let her play tonight. She can't afford to lose. She supports herself, and those librarian

(Continued on Page 169)

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Continued from Page 167

jobs don't pay much. She's terribly poor, ready, but so cheerful in that big beautiful way of hers that you'd never suspect she had a struggling time of it."

Steve, who felt that a rather crude play was being made on his sympathy, said nothing; and his sister repeated: "That's why I'm sorry I let her play bridge tonight. The worst of it was letting her in at Connie Seabury's table. You can depend on Connie for naming a high stake!"

"Connie's a topping player," Steve remarked mildly. "Her game and her purse justify her playing for high stakes."

He felt cross, and he resented even his crossness; it exasperated him to be affected, one way or another, by anything that mattered so little as this girl.

But through the following week that prickling crossness, a peculiar restiveness, seemed to grow instead of ebbing away. At times he was indeed hard driven to maintain his resolute calm.

The days of that long endless week differed from the first days of Judy's visit as week days differ from Sunday, but otherwise things did not much change. Each day Steve went into town to business, and each night returned home to dinner. Generally he found that someone else was dropping in—the colonel or Pat or old Hutch. This afforded him a certain sardonic diversion, watching them shine up to their big siren; besides, it lessened his own obligations. And if no other attentive male was handy, there was always Cousin William. Young William was a slave, poor boy.

And Bimby was a slave, persistent in her adoration. It seemed the big girl had a most marvelous magic bag—an ordinary-looking traveling bag, Bimby averred, but which would produce anything in the world you wished for. The process was simple: You sat down cross-legged on the floor, face to the wall, named aloud your wish, and then proceeded to count ten very slowly; and then, when you got up and investigated, you found it right there in the magic bag, the identical object—paper, pencil, scissors, doll, bottle of perfume—the identical object you'd been wishing for!

Very marvelous! But Bimby was forever talking about it, forever displaying her infatuation for the magic bag's owner, and forever asking her uncle, more or less privately, if he had yet fallen in love with that same bewitching owner.

And Sheba acted bewitched, and Ephraim; they ran round to anticipate the visitor's wants, although she wasn't too generous, even with quarters. And Vi was bewitched, and Beatrice, Bimby's mother.

From Vi and Bee the brother still heard reiterantly that Judy was beautiful. Judy was sweet tempered. Judy was generous. Judy was sincere. Judy was sympathetic. Judy was intelligent. Judy was sterling—oh, peculiarly obnoxious word!

And Steve went over to Connie's as often as he could manage.

If the girl felt his masked antipathy she gave no evidence. She acted with him practically as she had acted from the start. She was always friendly and cheerful, she spoke to him if he spoke to her, occasionally smiled at him radiantly, and refrained from any further overtures.

But Steve knew she secretly returned his dislike; he had been tipped off to that the first night; moreover, he caught it, a sense of something strained, through all the girl's false cordiality. Sometimes he wondered what he was like, the fellow she was in love with.

It need scarcely be added he contrived not to dance with her again.

So throughout that long endless week. Then an untoward thing occurred, things went swiftly topsy-turvy, and everything began to change.

Vi had planned a picnic for Sunday, an excursion to the shore. They were all going in motors, starting very early, for their picnic ground was seventy-odd miles away. Much stress was placed on "Six o'clock, sharp; remember or you'll get left!"

The crowd had collected at the Crocketts' on the festal eve to talk preparations, there was a jolly hubbub, everyone was in the highest spirits. Then it was discovered that two of the group had vanished—Judy and Pat.

They had gone away somewhere in a car, according to young William; he had seen them go outdoors together, and then had heard the sound of a motor starting. William was sulky.

"But Pat hasn't got a car, and he's the world's worst driver," objected Vi.

"He's probably driving my car," said Steve rather grimly. His surmise turned out to be true.

Vi said a little later, "Funny that Pat doesn't show up. He specially asked to help with the sandwiches."

Connie gave her murmuring little laugh. "Making sandwiches isn't nearly so romantic as driving in the moonlight. It's a gorgeous night, and there are so many of us here. Give the young folks a chance."

"Humph," said the colonel.

But two or three hours later, when the jesting and laughter were dying down, Connie yawned and said, "Well, if I'm to be up at dawn I'm off for home and bed. I can't sit up for the young lovers any longer."

Vi said her good nights with her usual brisk matter-of-factness, but her brother observed her narrowly. Wasn't she a shade too brisk?

And the next morning, synchronous with the jangling of his alarm clock, came an excited rapping at his door. It was Vi bearing the news that the joy-riders had not returned; Judy's room was empty and her bed had not been slept in!

"What do you make of it, Steve? What do you suppose has happened?"

Vi was actually fluttery, agitation was not her characteristic, and Steve was—well, he was extremely annoyed.

"They've probably busted my car," he answered sourly.

"But if they've had an accident wouldn't they have phoned?"

"Most people would; but when people borrow a car without a by-your-leave, no telling what they will or will not do."

"It isn't like Judy, and it isn't like Pat. I can't make it out."

"They probably don't care whether you make it out or not," consoled her brother; "it doesn't look that way."

Vi stared hard out the window; then her expression changed, her mouth hardened and a gleam came into her eye.

"Well—we'll not let it spoil our picnic," she said.

When Vi once got angry she made a good job of it.

Steve knew his sister pretty well; she was a Crockett, and could almost conceal her emotions, but he knew what that firm line of her mouth meant.

What it ultimately meant was this: Prompt on the appointed hour Vi gave to the assembled merrymakers -minus two—the word for departure.

There were arguments and demurs, of course, from the colonel and young William and old Hutch. Even Connie, who had motored over punctually, was hesitant upon learning that Steve must await his car.

But Vi, very busy and bustling, was set on departing. There seemed no plausible reason for Connie to linger, and on schedule the line of festival cars went purring off toward the sunrise.

Thus Steve had excuse to put on his look of a graven image when, scarcely fifteen minutes later, the recreants came trudging in. Literally they trudged. They were on foot; they were dusty, disheveled.

The girl was not too tired or abashed, however, to try one of her smiles on him! She beamed at him cheerfully, while he gazed back with his face like a mask, and while Pat started explaining—if you could call it an explanation.

The explanation was simple and rather ridiculous. All of a sudden the motor had stopped, and nothing could budge the car—that was all.

It had stalled on a little piece of road which Pat had remembered as a short cut home; he did not state where they had originally been. And because it was late, and because he had expected to get the engine started any minute, he hadn't hunted up a phone. Pat didn't have his watch—Steve ironically guessed it was in the pawnshop—but finally, knowing it must be terribly late, they had started walking home. They'd got a lift part of the way. They didn't want to hold up the picnic party. So here they were. Pat was genuinely contrite about Steve's car, but reiterated there seemed nothing the matter with it—it was a "ding-blasted contrary old boat."

That was all.

Steve listened with his face like a mask.

The girl, dusty and disheveled, but not too tired to smile, said, "It was absurd and queer and like a dream, but sort of jolly in a way—the moonlight bright as day, and then the long tramp and watching the sunrise."

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"It must have been," commented Steve. "We were bound to get here before the caravan started. Weren't we, Pat?"

Steve noted the "Pat," and the comradely way she said it. He said, "Well, you're too late after all. They've gone."

"Gone!" the miscreants exclaimed then, in crestfallen unison.

"Yes, they left promptly on schedule. Vi said if you returned you might follow in my car; or, if it should be out of commission, that there's a train you may take if you wish."

It strangely gratified him to pass along this curt message, and it added to his gratification to see the bland beauty's face fall. She looked at him with a puzzled, troubled, almost diffident expression.

Well, no harm for her to know she was in wrong with Vi.

While the miscreants went in to get freshened up or to catch a nap, just as they wished, Steve commandeered a machine from a garage and went in rescue of his car. He soon located the trouble—a transmission wire had failed of its connection with the spark plug, and the engine had gone dead; a quite simple trouble and one quite simply rectified, if one understands mechanics.

Steve drove his car home, and went upstairs for a leisurely bath. Finally descending, he found the two left-behind guests in conclave on the veranda. Judy was in a fresh white blouse and skirt, fresh as the morning, but her manner was still tinged with that new and gratifying diffidence.

And Pat said, "Judy has the most preposterous notion; she thinks that perhaps we, she and I, shouldn't join the party. She thinks maybe we're not wanted."

"That's for you to decide, of course," answered Steve. "Got my car in commission again. I can drive you over if you wish."

The big girl looked at him, and she didn't smile; as her eyes wavered to his they were full of such uncertainty and hurt that Steve had ridiculously the sensation of one who has rebuffed a child.

And ridiculously, against his logic or wish, he felt a softening; felt perilously near to ——

But what was his peril he had no chance to formulate, for Judy surprised him by giving a sudden little scream and running like a deer down the steps and across the lawn.

His first startled thought was a wild wonder whether the girl, unable to bear her intolerable situation longer, were fleeing straightway from these inhospitable gates. Instinctively he started in pursuit; the big girl ran on, that long swinging stride of hers carrying her along with amazing fleetness.

"Hold fast, Bimby!" she cried as she ran. "I'm coming!"

Then Steve saw. His heart stopped a beat from sheer horror.

Ambrose—or perhaps it was Ambrosia—had decided to go walking in a lofty tree, and intrepid Bimby, thinking her pet was in danger, had essayed a rescue. She was hanging, by one foot and a shred of skirt, head downward, from a high sagging branch.

"Wait!" Steve cried. "Let me climb. You never can make it!"

Judy was kicking off her pumps.

"I'm the lighter weight—the limb mustn't break," she panted. "You stand below to catch."

She was wriggling her body up the slippery trunk, lithe and quick and sure as a forest creature. Her skirt caught and tore—she kicked her leg free, and arms and legs clutching, went scrambling on up.

Bimby was letting out little squealing yelps.

"I'm almost there, Bimby," Judy called reassuringly.

Steve hardly dared look when she reached the high sagging branch, when that larger white figure came wriggling out toward the small dangling one—cautiously, sinuously.

He prepared himself to catch, as directed, strained his eyes, but everything seemed to blur.

Then, "Judy's got you, she won't let you fall."

Then, after a heart-stopped eternity, "Don't cry, dear, it's all right."

Back in the sturdy crotch of the limb the big girl was holding the little one safe, was comforting her terrified sobs.

Through the screen of green leafage Judy called down to him on a gasping little laughing note, "Would you mind coming up here, please? There are two ladies who'd like some help getting down."

And Steve went scrambling up the tree, not more dexterously than the big girl had gone, and helped bring the panicky little girl down.

Then things proceeded in a remarkably matter-of-course fashion, considering the world had suddenly gone topsy-turvy; Bimby wasn't the only one for whom the universe had suddenly tilted.

Steve hugged and consoled the frightened little girl.

He asked if she was hurt, and scolded her for climbing, and told her not to mind her torn dress.

These were the matter-of-course proceedings.

But to look at the big girl and catch the glow in her eyes, to feel that shining sweetness reach down to his heart, to feel it somehow touch and warm his heart and to smile back without restraint; to look at her with her hair tumbling loose like a ruddy aura, with her skirt rent, to disclose a distracting gossamer shimmer of which she was totally unaware; to look at her, tousled and disheveled, and recognize her as this earth's most beautiful creature; to catch her smile again, and to wish he could hug her in his arms too—the big girl with the little one ——

These were some of the things that proved the world had gone suddenly topsy-turvy.

However, Steve hugged his niece exclusively, and Bimby clung to him and to Judy at the same time, and cried that her foot hurt, and then, even as the grown-ups were investigating her complaint, forgot it to scamper hobblingly after Ambrose—or Ambrosia—who came prowling across the landscape.

When the doctor was summoned he said Bimby had a slightly twisted ankle; a trivial mishap, but she should be kept as inactive as possible for a day or two.

"If it hadn't been for you she might have broken her neck," Steve said to Judy gratefully.

"You'd have got to her if I hadn't." She added, "But I can't help being glad, now, that we didn't all get to the picnic."

No one followed the picnic party. Pat showed a certain restless disposition, but he had no car. Steve used his car himself, later in the day, to take his little niece and the others for a ride. Later they had firecrackers and ice cream, and still later they had fireworks.

Bimby said it was like having Fourth of July, and there was going to be another Fourth of July next week!

Once she asked her uncle, "Have you fallen in love with Judy yet?"

Steve felt an embarrassment which differed oddly from the embarrassments provoked by earlier like queries.

But he said, "I'm afraid I'm falling, Bimby."

He looked straight at Judy as he said it, and she looked straight back at him and said with her laugh, "The best way is to do it quick, I guess—if you're to have any peace from Bimby."

This little pass would have been highly appreciated by Pat, had he not been so singularly distrait that day. But even Pat's melancholy could spread no gloom; for the others it was a day of festival, of delight.

It was Vi's return, late in the evening, that succeeded in bringing a chill. Vi was not rude, not even cross; she chilled by the things she did not say rather than by the things she said.

She scarcely listened to the story of the stalled motor, it did not interest her; and though she gave attention to Judy when her guest spoke, she might as well have not been giving attention.

Steve found himself rankling. He guessed the secret of his sister's displeasure, but she was unfair. Especially when this generous girl had just saved their niece from breaking her neck!

Of course there was a great to-do over Bimby's accident. But, it seemed to Steve, the rescuer fell far short of getting her credit.

And Connie, who had stopped in despite the late hour, was most exasperating; she made several sly insinuations about the stay-at-homes. Would she never learn better than to make cracks at a more beautiful girl?

Connie had apparently not learned for she was soon to make a crack beside which all her former pleasantries paled. This thrust at Judy wore no guise of pleasantry; it was an exposure. And perhaps Connie was within her rights, at that; her act certainly had a measure of justification.

It happened the very next morning. Connie drove over before lunch, and there was a trace of excitement in her unannounced advent, of lurking triumph. Steve did not catch this first wind, for he chanced to be outdoors on the other side of the house. He had been gazing absently at a certain tree. As he gazed an odd gleam of color on one of the branches had attracted his attention, a bit of red amongst the green.

He moved closer; it was a little red-bound book pertly straddling a twig up there; it looked like the books used for addresses or memoranda.

Steve scrambled up the tree after the adventuring notebook. Having retrieved it, it was only human to glance at a page or two. And then, having caught a sentence, it was only human to read more.

He sat up in his leafy ambush, reading from another's property.

This is a sample of what was absorbing him:

SUNDAY, JUNE 23. I've met the Conquering Hero at last. The strange part's he is all Vi painted him. Handsome! When he came carrying that tray on the court I nearly fluked my serve with the sunshine on him he was Whatever-his-name who was cupbearer to the gods.

I was prepared not to like him—but I don't believe he's a prig or proud of himself, after all. Of course he's terribly spoiled, and he has that funny, frightful, frightening stiffness he puts on. But I believe he puts it on to hide something else down underneath the things he's really feeling and doesn't want to show. It makes him sort of extra lovable in a strange way . . .

Bimby worships the ground he walks on, bless her heart—you can't fool a child. . . .

The queerest thing happened—that dance. Is it really possible, I wonder—love at first sight?

But he dislikes me, positively dislikes me. The first man I ever found myself wanting to like me—desperately. Isn't it too tragically comic?

There were six duly dated entries, some of them running several pages. It was the diary, the intimate self-communings, of a sentimental girl—or of a sensible one turned sentimental; almost any kind of girl can turn sentimental on occasion. There was no name of the owner attached; perhaps that was why Steve felt privileged to read it.

He was so engrossed that he was not aware of Connie's arrival. When he finally put the little book in his inside breast pocket and climbed down the tree, he wandered a few steps this way and then that, as one in a maze, and then started toward the house.

In the hallway he heard Connie's voice in the drawing-room and would have swiftly retreated, but he caught Judy's voice, too, and with a troubled note in it, and stood stock-still.

"Of course I wouldn't have put it through the bank," Connie was saying, "if I'd had the least idea. You should have told me, my dear."

Judy's voice answered, "If I hadn't intended you to put the check through, Mrs. Seabury, I wouldn't have given it to you."

Vi's voice came in, very crisp, "If you were short, Judy, why on earth didn't you let me know? I'd have lent you some money. It's no disgrace to be broke—we all get broke—but giving out a bad check, that's rather preposterous!"

At this point Steve decided to enter the room.

His advent caused a little stir. Judy glanced at him rather wildly, and Connie's eyes gleamed and her air took on a quick but softly stressed deprecation.

"Perhaps we'd better not discuss this before Steve," she murmured. "I thought he was out. I'm so sorry."

Judy straightened, lifted her head.

"We might as well go on discussing it," she said. Then, to Steve, "I gave Mrs. Seabury a check for bridge last Sunday night. I overdrew. She got word this morning that my check's been dishonored."

Connie murmured, "There must be some mistake, of course."

Judy said, "I'm afraid there isn't. I seldom have a large balance; it was wrong of me to play in the first place. When I made out the check I had misgivings. I'd forgotten my own check book, you may remember, and couldn't recall my exact balance. The next morning I ——"

Steve interrupted.

"Is it necessary for Miss Brown to make these detailed explanations? She's dealing with friends surely. If Connie's worried about her money I stand ready ——"

"Oh, I'm not worrying," said Connie. "It's all rather absurd. I'm sure there's some mistake."

Judy resumed.

"There's no mistake—I was telling you. The next morning I wrote my roommate to send me my check book at once. She didn't answer. It seemed odd, the days went by, I wanted to make sure of my balance."

She was speaking rapidly. To Steve it seemed outrageous that she should suffer such humiliation. That she should not know her bank balance, this made her the more endearingly feminine. And that one so brave and cheerful and glorious must fret with money worries at all she needed someone to take care of her!

Judy was proceeding.

"Finally, night before last, I decided to try the phone; Pat went with me and helped put the call through."

Vi put in another word, "Where did you phone from?"

"I don't know exactly; some drug store Pat took me to."

"Why didn't you phone from here?"

Judy hesitated a little. "Why—I was a little embarrassed, I think; I didn't want to be ——"

"You preferred to confide in Pat?" Vi asked dryly.

"Yes. Pat's poor too," Judy answered simply. She went on, "But I ruined his week-end for him; he was so miserable yesterday." She paused, then added softly, "He's so awfully in love with you, and thinks he's too poor."

There was a moment's hush in which the big girl turned to Connie.

"I got my roommate; she'd been called away and missed my letter. She was hurrying to my bank the first thing this morning, and I'm returning this afternoon. No need to say I'm sorry, Mrs. Seabury. I realize it is inexcusable. All I can do is to ask you to put the check through again. You'll find it is all right."

"Oh, you mustn't think I'm so anxious about the check, Miss Brown," Connie said with purring graciousness. "I knew there must be some mistake, and I only——"

Steve interrupted.

"If all the explanations are finished, I'd like to have a few words with Miss Brown. Will you come outdoors a minute, Judy?"

Startled, the big girl looked up at him. He was wearing his expression that told nothing.

Her eyes were wide with question, but she obediently arose and accompanied him from the room.

"What d'you suppose is the big idea?" asked Connie, looking startled herself. "Is he going to give her the money? Maybe she was just pulling a stall."

"No, I don't think so," said Vi.

"He called her 'Judy,' I noticed."

"Yes, I noticed too," said Vi.

A pause; then from Connie, with a little shrug: "She's a very attractive girl, of course, but—well, I'm afraid I don't exactly get her punch."

Vi, for once, did not make a catalogue out of her friend.

"She's sweet," she answered simply, as if that answered everything.

Then, noting a figure shambling dejectedly through the hall, she called, "Where are you going, Pat? I'm in here."

At something merely in her tone Pat's dejection seemed to lift; much in the manner of a puppy dog that, forlornly in disgrace, answers joyously his mistress' forgiving call, Pat changed his direction and headed for the drawing-room.

Another than Connie might have considered herself *de trop*—there was that something in the air.

But Connie was not leaving yet. Steve and Judy were a long time in reappearing. Finally Connie maneuvered the group outdoors. Bimby appeared from somewhere, hobbling dramatically, and attached herself to the trio.

Yes, there was a murmur of voices beyond the hedge of the tennis court; Connie maneuvered her escort in that direction.

On a bench sat Judy and Steve; they were sitting very close together.

Bimby gave a shout, and chose this occasion to cry out, "Hello, Uncle Steve! Have you fallen in love with Judy yet?"

The girl on the bench jumped and looked up, flushed and starry eyed.

And Uncle Steve looked up and laughed happily, and answered, "Why, yes, since you ask me—I have."

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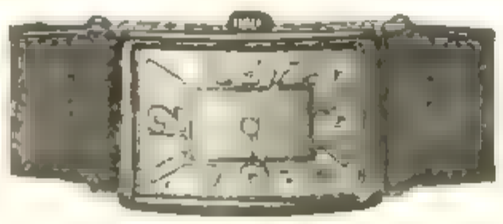

3971⅘—14 kt solid gold case, 17 jewel movement . . . $90.00
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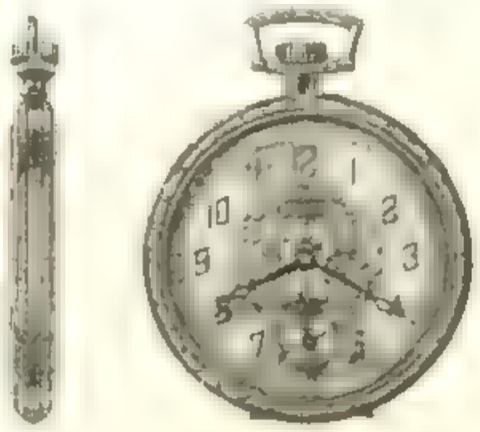

470—BULOVA Quality, white or green filled hand carved, very thin 17 jewel movement $35.00
With fancy engraved dial $40.00

6898—18 kt solid white gold case, platinum top, set with four diamonds and eight sapphires, 17 jewel movement $85.00

5868—Solid platinum hand carved case, set with forty-four diamonds and sixteen sapphires, 17 jewel movement $500.00

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6716—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; 17 jewel movement $50.00
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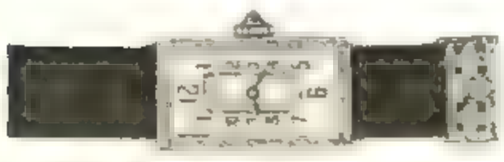
5791—Solid platinum hand carved case, set with twenty-four diamonds, 17 jewel movement $195.00

6720—18 kt. solid white gold case hand carved, 17 jewel movement $50.00

15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled $35.00

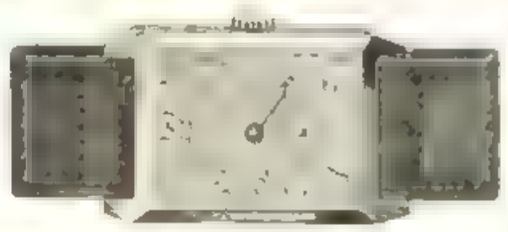
6714—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved, 17 jewel movement $45.00

15 jewel BULOVA Quality filled $27.50



5714—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved, 17 jewel movement $65.00

5716-S—18 kt. solid white gold case, hand carved; with triangular cut sapphires, 17 jewel movement $75.00



3944—14 kt. solid gold case, 17 jewel movement . . . $75.00

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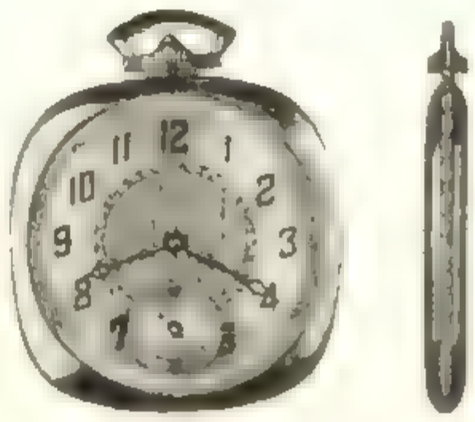
3976—14 kt. solid gold case, hand carved, 17 jewel movement $75.00



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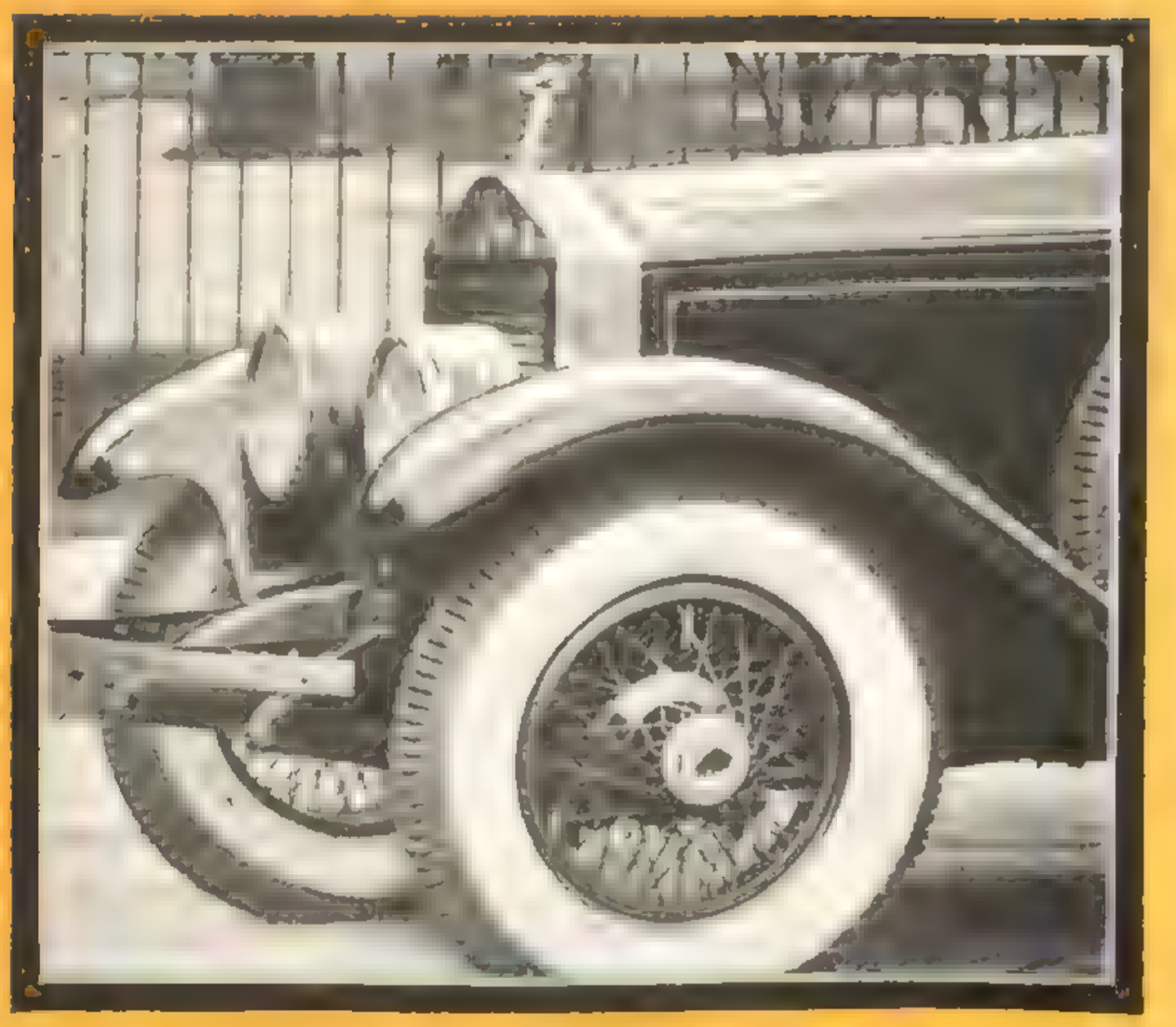
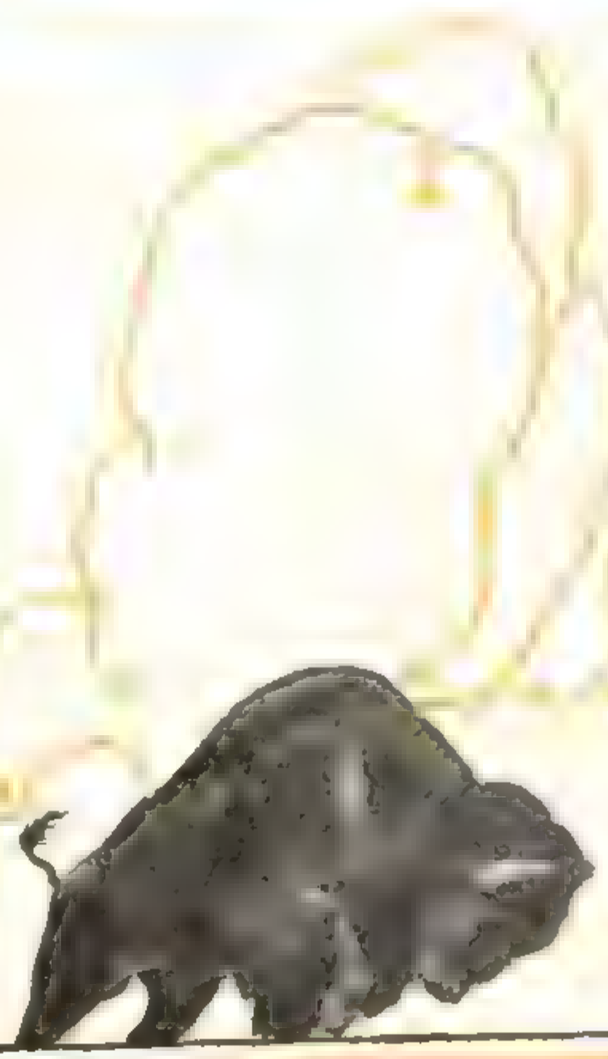
BUFFALO small diameter Wheels also obtainable through the dealers and distributors of the *leading tire companies.*



Riding comfort supreme



BUFFALO Wheels

SEATTLE SLIM MEETS IRISH OLGA

(Continued from Page 19)

"Have you ever worked in rock that runs?"

Slim nodded.

"How did you handle it?"

"Let it run."

"I thought that would be your answer," she told him, and turned abruptly away.

"Now, wait a moment," Slim said. But the lady, favoring him with another disapproving glance across her shoulder, walked away without replying.

Slim, smiling broadly, rejoined the group of hard-rock men.

"An Irish temper combined with a bit of Swede obstinacy," he commented. "I understand now why you call her Irish Olga."

"You've guessed it," one of the men said. "But how about that theory of yours? Why didn't it work?"

"Give me and the theory time," Slim answered placidly. "Give me time to find out whether two per cent more ability is needed to handle her or two per cent more desire or determination. Give me time. And don't get the idea because a woman turns a fellow down her refusal is final. Not at all. Not at all. Why, dog-gone it, I'll bet I'll be working for that girl tomorrow or the next day. Maybe I'll see some of you fellows up at one of her camps—that middle tunnel where they are balled up with a bit of loose rock. So long, until then. I have a ticket to Seattle I must get a refund on. No sense of going to Seattle without a wad of coin to spend. Dog-gone the red-haired dames anyhow! Now it will be another year before I'll be ready to make that trip. Well, so long. And when you hear that I'm tunnel boss for Olga or something like that you'll know the li'l' ol' theory is right, all right. So long, fellows."

That evening Slim, with a roll of gaudily covered quilts slung over one shoulder and a suitcase at his feet, stood in a secluded corner of the railroad station when Olga came in to herd her workmen into their proper train. Olga's father, in common with the other contractors on railroad-construction work, had the privilege of shipping the workers he had secured in the various cities, free of charge to his headquarters camp. The men were hired by employment agents, to whom they paid a fee—usually two dollars—in return for which they were given a receipt which entitled them to a free ride to the camp. When a number of men were going out together the employment agent issued a pass entitling a designated number of men to ride together in the smoker or one of the day coaches. At the railroad station, before the men entered the train the pass was turned over to the conductor and he gave each man a hat check which served as a ticket to the camp. As an additional means of identification each man was required to carry his own roll of bedding.

Olga made a practice of supervising the issuing of the hat checks to her men, and usually returned to the camp on the same train. Slim watched as she herded her gang down to one of the iron gates that barred the way to the train shed. While she was engaged in conversation with one of the railroad men Slim edged his way into the group of workmen, unceremoniously lifted the pasteboard check from the hat of a stolid-faced hunky, and in return slipped some silver into the man's mackinaw pocket. Then to avoid the consequences of a riot if the fellow tried to get through the gate without the hat check, he prodded him in the ribs.

"Say, you," he hissed in the hunky's ear, "there's a friend of yours from the old country out in the waiting room. He wants to talk to you right away. Better hurry." Pointing the way toward the waiting room Slim placed his hand on the uncomprehending hunky's back and gave him a violent start in the right direction. A moment later the gate opened and Slim with the rest of the men was herded into the smoker of the waiting train. He found a seat, pulled his hat down over his eyes, slouched down on the small of his back, and almost immediately was fast asleep.

The next morning when they reached their destination he dropped off the train before it came to a stop, in order to avoid the chance of meeting Olga. Making himself as inconspicuous as possible he waited until she had turned the men over to one of the timekeepers in the general office. As soon as she had gone on into one of the inner rooms Slim edged his way up to the timekeeper's desk.

"My name is Reynolds," he said. "I'm to report to the boss at the middle tunnel."

"Where's your employment receipt?" the timekeeper asked.

"Do I look as if Miss Lafferty picked me up in an employment office?" Slim replied coldly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," the youth said hastily. He paused, fingering one of the numbered metal disks that usually were issued to the workers to be used as a means of identification on pay days.

Slim reached over and took the disk out of his hand.

"The name is Reynolds—Bob Reynolds. Put me down as a hard-rock man. Old Pete will settle with me when I get a hole punched through that dike of rock that's worrying him just now."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," replied the youth respectfully. "I'll just leave your pay rate open. And you'll not need the number check unless you want to keep it as a souvenir. Ha-ha!"

"Yes," said Slim. "Ha-ha! I'll keep it as a souvenir. And how do I get out to the camp?"

"There's a truck waiting now. It will be leaving in about ten minutes."

"I'll be leaving with it," Slim commented.

When he reached the camp where he had decided to work, he found the boss was of a type new in his experience—a slightly bald, decidedly worried-looking gentleman conspicuous chiefly for his kid gloves and leather putties. He frowned when Slim reported to him.

"I don't see why Miss Lafferty sent you out here," he complained petulantly. "I need muckers, not miners."

"I'm good with a long-handled shovel," Slim told him. "And I'm not like most of the hard-rock men—it doesn't hurt my dignity to do a little mucking once in a while."

"If that's the case you are different from most of the fellows I've had on this job," the boss said, still speaking petulantly. "But if she sent you I suppose I'll have to put you to work. The afternoon shift goes on at three. You report then."

That afternoon when Slim went into the tunnel he found his was indeed a shoveler's job. The proposition was, like the boss, a new one in Slim's experience, and instead of going to work immediately as his fellows did—most of them stolid unskilled aliens—he climbed up close to the crumbling breast of the tunnel and knelt there to study the formation.

When the boss, still carefully gloved, came in, Slim was still up there pondering. The boss spoke sharply to him.

"Don't sit there looking at it," he said peevishly. "Get a shovel and begin moving some of it."

"Uh-huh," Slim answered, unperturbed. "This side of the tunnel has been driven through a basaltic formation. What kind of rock is there on the other side of the dike?"

"Quartzite."

"Uh-huh," said Slim again. "I thought so—or maybe granite."

"Well, get to work," the boss ordered. "The Laffertys with their engineers will be here soon, so grab a shovel and begin going through the motions."

Slim climbed back down to the floor of the tunnel and picked up a shovel. Then he stopped and began studying again. Above him and on both sides he could see where an abortive effort had been made to check the inpouring rock by means of timbers. It took him a moment or two to decide why the effort had been unsuccessful. At last he went to work beside a swarthy hunky, and with rhythmic easy movements began tossing the finely broken rock into a dump car on the track behind him.

As he worked he came to a solution that seemed satisfactory to him. The dike, an upthrust stratum of argillaceous shale, had through long ages been subjected to the terrific grinding pressure of the opposing bodies of basaltic rock and quartzite on either side—a pressure that had resulted in the shattering of the entire layer of shale into tiny fragments. Now that the pressure was removed at the place of the tunnel's intersection, it was inevitable that the finely crushed rock would pour into the opening as fast as it was removed.

Slim began to figure out a way for checking that constant flow of broken rock. He was still figuring, still swinging his shovel with rhythmic ease from muck pile to dump car, when Olga with her father and several of their technical men came into the tunnel. They stopped beside the car he was filling and stood for a few minutes discussing the situation. At last Lafferty, a heavy, red-faced, big-fisted man, spoke impatiently:

"Now, boys, I want you to stop your figuring and get to work and punch a hole through the blamed stuff. If you can't do it soon I'll be broke, and then we'll all be out of a job."

As he began speaking Slim straightened up and leaned on his shovel handle, listening.

"And you," Lafferty bellowed, venting weeks of pent-up impatience in the explosion, "ye black, curly-headed son of Satan, do ye think that muck stick was made to lean on?"

Slim grinned amiably.

"Anybody but a bunch of soft-dirt diggers would know that leaning on it would do more good than using it in this kind of place."

"T'ell ye say!" Lafferty exploded again, his face turning an apoplectic purple.

Olga, standing beside her father, now had her say.

"Who hired you?" she demanded. "Aren't you the fellow I talked to in Hansen's yesterday—the one who said he had worked in run rock?"

"Uh-huh," said Slim. "And you wouldn't let me finish telling you about it. When you walked away from me I was just getting ready to tell you that we let it run until we got ready to stop it. Then we stopped it."

"Ye did, did ye?" Lafferty interrupted. "How?"

"And as I was saying," Slim continued, still addressing Olga, "when the boys told me how you had persuaded your poor old dad to take this contract against his better judgment, and now were like to ruin him because of being too obstinate to let anybody tell you how to handle this kind of rock—why, I just naturally had to come up here to help out a little."

"So kind of you," Olga said contemptuously. "I suppose the next thing you'll tell me is that you know how to drive through this dike."

"Sure," Slim admitted modestly. "That's just what I was going to say when you interrupted me. And I'll make you a little bet on the matter. I'll bet you the best pair of silk stockings you can buy in Spokane against a dinner at Davenport's that I can put a hole through this dike and gain at least four feet a day while I'm doing that little thing."

Slim's suggested wager brought a flash of anger to Olga's eyes. One of the engineers also seemed to consider the statement decidedly improper, and stepped between her and Slim.

"That will be enough from you," he said belligerently.

But Old Pete Lafferty thought differently. With one movement of his brawny arm he swept the engineer aside.

"Be a sport, girl," he coaxed. "Call the lad's bet."

Then with a jerk of his head and a gesture of his thumb he indicated that he wanted Slim to accompany him. Together they strode out of the tunnel. Out in the open, out of earshot of everybody, Old Lafferty began speaking.

"Now, me laddie buck," he said, spitting on his hands and rubbing them together in pleasant anticipation, "I haven't been allowed to lick a soul since we took this contract. It's time for me to begin to clean up. Ye look like a likely lad to start with. If ye can't tell a straight story about how ye intend to handle the rock in there, it's merrily round and round we'll be going in just a minute."

"Too bad you started off as a soft-dirt man," Slim commented. "You would have made a grand hard-rock boss."

"None o' your blarney," Old Pete commanded. "Besides, I'm a better man than any hard rocker that ever stepped. Now talk, me laddie buck, and talk straight."

When Olga and her hand-picked technical men came out of the tunnel a few minutes later they found Lafferty and Slim sitting side by side on an overturned dump

(Continued on Page 177)

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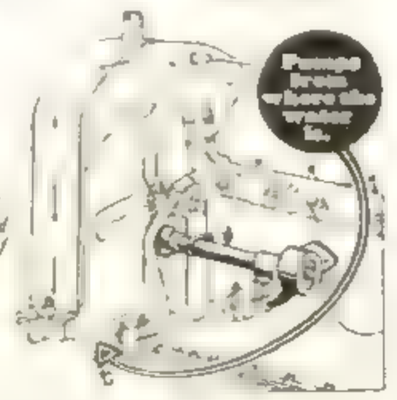

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(Continued from Page 175)

car, their heads together, absorbed in a good old-fashioned heart-to-heart talk. Without looking up Old Pete waved them away.

"Take the car and drive back to headquarters," he commanded. "I'll be coming in later." One of the engineers stopped as if to speak. "G'wan, g'wan," the old boss said impatiently. "I'll talk with you later."

As Olga's party climbed into Lafferty's big touring car he nudged Slim in the ribs.

"Them's the lads I'm afraid of," he confessed, "them fish-eyed white-collared b'ys with their estimates and their yes-sirs and their no-sirs. Them's the ones you'll have to take care of. You start at headquarters and I'll start at the other end, and between us we'll make a job of this yet."

Slim nodded and his restless blue eyes gleamed with the joyous light of battle. He watched until the car careened from sight around a curve in the road beyond.

"For your purpose out here," he commented casually, expressing a vagrant thought that had occurred to him, "you should have a light inexpensive car."

"Sure I should," Lafferty agreed. "But that big car is a symbol of my disrespect for the efficiency ideas Olga learned in college. Every now and then I break out and buy something extravagant like that car, lest I get completely under the girl's thumb. 'Twill be a great relief to me when she is well married and has babies to occupy herself with."

He got up and went over to a tool house and selected a pick he had noticed there. By tapping the end of the handle on a rail he was able to remove the sharp-pointed iron head. Then he spit on his hands again and sighted down the stout ash handle as he hefted the weight of it.

"'Twill make a fair shillalah for bumping heads," he told Slim. "Now, like I said, you'll have to clean up at headquarters. What with Olga around and all them slick young squirts of hers, I wouldn't be able to express myself. You take care of them and I'll start at the other end and take care of the loafing roughnecks who have been slowing down this job."

Slim started back on foot. He was soon overtaken by a truck, and reached headquarters about five that afternoon. He went directly to the general offices. The outer room was used by the clerical force. Two doors opened from the room—one into the office occupied by Lafferty and his daughter, and the other into a long narrow room used by the engineers. Both doors were open. Slim saw that Olga was seated at her desk with her head pillowed on her arms, dejection and weariness evident in every drooping line. In the other room several men were seated together in earnest conference. At a table in a far corner a fat, wise-looking youth sat bent over some tracings. Slim sauntered in. The wise-looking youth looked up, smiled in a friendly warning way, and nodded his head to indicate that the men should not be disturbed

Slim responded to the smile, but did not heed the warning.

"Son," he said, "do you know how to use a transit?"

"Yep," the fat boy answered, "and I didn't learn all I know out of books either."

Slim grinned his appreciation.

"You'll do," he said. "You'll do. Commencing in about ten minutes you'll be head engineer on this job. If you value the title don't hire too many assistants."

Then he turned to the astonished men there.

"The rest of you sweet little dickey birds are fired," he told them. "The quicker you open your wings and fly away the less likely you are to have your feathers ruffled"

One of the men rose angrily. It was the same one who had taken offense when Slim offered to make his little bet with Olga.

"I'm in charge here," he said. "When there is such a message to be delivered I'll receive it from Mr. Lafferty or his daughter."

"Oho, my little fighting cock," said Slim. "Come here." Reaching a long muscular arm across the intervening space, he seized the gentleman by the collar and unceremoniously heaved him out into the front office. Then he laid hold of another one of the men

At the first sound of the fray Olga rushed to the door of her office. An instant later her pet engineer sprawled on the floor at her feet. Gathering himself painfully on hands and knees, he looked up at her reproachfully.

"He threw me out," he complained.

As he was speaking, one of his assistants joined him there on the floor, and then another. Olga had spent many years of her young life in the camps. She had not seen Slim come in, but she had no doubt her father had sent him. Being familiar with men of elemental moods she discreetly withdrew and closed the door behind her. After the noise of the mêlée died away she heard Slim telling the timekeeper to pay them all and let them go. She could not hear the timekeeper's reply, but Slim's next statement was quite audible.

"I'm Lafferty's new boss. No, we'll not pay them two weeks in advance. If we did right we would hold out what they have coming, to make up in a small way for the mess they've made of this job. No, don't argue or I'll have to bump the whole smear of you out."

Then came the chief engineer's voice.

"May I speak to Miss Lafferty a moment?"

"Isn't the hint I've given you sufficient?" Slim reproved. "Miss Lafferty isn't on speaking terms with you any more"

"Are we to be permitted to go back into the other room for our personal belongings?" This with extreme dignity

"Sure," Slim told them amiably "Take anything you want but the furniture."

For the next few minutes Olga listened to the subdued hubbub of men hastily cleaning up an office. Then a silent procession of dazed gentlemen wended its unhappy way to the bunk house. Not until they were out of sight did Olga open her door. Slim was still in the engineers' room. Silently she beckoned to one of the office men.

"Send him to me," she said in a small voice.

A moment later Slim came in from a conference he had been holding with the fat, wise-looking youth, whom he had retained as his chief engineer. He stood respectfully in front of Olga's desk.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"Why didn't father come back here with you?"

Slim smiled.

"Your father is a regular guy," he told her. "He started out with a pick handle to speed things up along the line."

Olga glared at him angrily.

"You put him up to it," she accused "You great hulking beast."

Then like a sudden shower the tears came, and with her face hidden in her arms on her desk, she sobbed silently for a while. The outburst served to ease her tired tense nerves, and at last she dried her eyes and gave a long sigh of resignation.

"When I first saw you I knew you were the kind of man I couldn't get along with," she grieved. "Now you've come butting in, and dad has gone out on a head-bumping rampage, and between you you'll most likely find a way to handle the rock in that middle tunnel, and if you do, dad never will have any confidence in my ability to select men scientifically."

"Dog-gone it, Miss Olga," Slim said tolerantly, "you are young yet, and it takes age and experience as well as book learning to teach a fellow such things. You sized me up as a ten-day man, and you were right. But it takes a reckless, irresponsible fellow like I am to bust a jam like you've gone and gotten your dad into. Another thing, you've not been treating the old man right. Why, he's a regular, war-whooping, big he bearcat, your dad is. A fellow like that just naturally has to bust out every so often, and you've been cramping his style, that's what you've been doing. While I'm running this job you'll have to leave him alone. Now mind what I'm telling you"

"Is that so?" Olga flared. "Don't tell me how to treat my father. And don't think for a minute you are running this job or anything pertaining to it." Immediately her common sense caused her to hedge a bit. "Of course, if you've made an agreement with my father about handling the middle tunnel you may go ahead with that."

Slim drew a breath and sighed.

"I hate to repeat myself," he said patiently. "But I reckon I must this time. Like I said, you've been hampering your dad's style, and now that I'm running this job you've got to leave him alone. Is that clear?"

Olga rose from her chair and one capable fist beat a tattoo on the desk. Her pink cheeks were splashed with red and her breast rose and fell with the tempest of her emotion

"Oh, if I were able I would beat you half to death!" she told him. "You are not in charge of this job, and I'll treat my father just as I please."

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"Gosh, girl," Slim said with honest admiration, "if you had red hair I would understand you perfectly and we'd get along fine together after we had time to get acquainted. But you're the first yellow-haired one I've ever had to deal with, so I'll have to go slowly. And yet I can see that this matter of who's to be boss must be settled right now." He turned and shut the door leading out into the outer office. As he turned, Olga, with a startled, almost guilty expression, put her hands quickly to the thick braid of flaxen hair that was coiled snugly around her wide, well-shaped head. When he came back to the desk her hands were relaxed at her sides and she was watching him, smiling as if enjoying an unsuspected advantage she had just gained.

"Dog-gone it, Miss Olga," he said, "you certainly have a red-haired disposition. Are we going to be friends while I'm running this job or are we going to fight?"

"We won't be friends," she compromised; "but if you'll try to keep out of my way we won't have to fight—very often."

Slim breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's just fine," he told her. "I'll be at the middle tunnel most of the time, so you won't have to see me at all—unless I learn that you've been trying to squelch your dad again. Now I'll be getting to work. I want to do a week's timbering in that tunnel during the next twenty-four hours. Then I'll begin the winning of the little bet you made."

"I made!" she flared again. Then she laughed. "You are certainly the most peeving man I ever met. But at that, I hope you win your old bet. This is the first big contract dad ever tackled. If he should fall down on it his heart would be broken. So for his sake I'll be glad to pay if I lose."

With that he returned to his unfinished conference with the fat youth.

"What I want you to do is to hop on tonight's train and go to Spokane and find some bird for us who understands all there is to know about cement work."

At this point the youth interrupted:

"One of the lads you threw out is good at that—an expert."

"Fine," said Slim. "You run over like a good fellow and bring him here to me."

"I will not," said the fat youth. "Those birds have been condescending to me or else politely picking on me ever since Old Pete hired me. A big chance I would have to persuade one of them to come back here and go to work for you."

"I hadn't thought of that," Slim said. "Describe this cement expert and I'll go over and get him myself."

A moment later Slim was ambling over to the bunk house. He entered without the formality of knocking and a sudden hostile silence pervaded the room where the men had gathered. Slim beckoned to the man he wanted.

"What is it you want with me?" the gentleman asked belligerently.

"I want an explanation," Slim told him sternly. "I want to know why you've been laying down on the job—holding out on a woman who trusted you, as it were."

The cement man's attitude of belligerence changed slowly to uncomprehending bewilderment.

"Wh-wh-why ——"

"Don't why me," Slim interrupted. "Just come over to the office and make your explanation."

He turned and opened the door and stood waiting. The engineer, still bewildered and uncomprehending, reacted to the silent suggestion of the open door. He preceded Slim out from the bunk house and went across to the office.

"Sit down," Slim commanded, pointing to one of the vacant desks. "You've specialized in cement work, haven't you? Then why have you been holding out on Miss Lafferty as you have been doing? Why didn't you tell her you could handle that job in the middle tunnel?"

"B-b-but," stammered the poor man, "th-th-that isn't a c-c-cement j-job."

"Sure, it's a cement job."

"B-b-but h-h-how ——"

"That's for you to say. Perhaps I can give you a suggestion which will help you. In a shaft where I once worked we sank through a blanket of rock similar to the dike in that tunnel. It was a narrow stratum—not more than eighteen or twenty feet thick—and as we went down on it we held the loose rock in place on all four sides of the shaft with a continuous wall of cement."

"Th-th-that would have been easy," said the engineer, now on safe and familiar ground. "But I see no similarity between a blanket stratum in a shaft and the dike we have encountered in the tunnel."

"Perhaps there isn't any," Slim conceded. "But the way we handled that shaft has given me an idea. I noticed a pile of heavy steel rails out in the yard. I'm going to have the blacksmiths shape some of those rails to fit snugly against the walls and roof of the tunnel.

"Your first job," he said, turning to the fat youth, "will be to sketch a plan of the rig I want, and get the dimensions of the tunnel so the blacksmiths will have definite plans to follow. After the rails are shaped we'll set them up in the tunnel and drive a course of three-inch planking between them and the walls and roof. The planking will be driven forward into the loose rock. You get the idea?"

The engineer nodded, unimpressed.

"We tried that very thing, using timbers," he said. "We found we could not gain on the incoming rock."

"It didn't work because you didn't have any real timbermen to do the job for you," Slim told him. "I could do this with timbers, but they would take up more room and be slower to work with than the steel supports."

"Well, I surely hope your effort will be successful," the cement expert said honestly. "I suppose you want me to prepare plans and specifications for a retaining wall of cement to be built under the planking."

"There you go," Slim complained. "Wasting good time preparing plans and specifications."

"S-s-see here, s-sir," the engineer said, getting excited again, "you can't expect a man to work without plans and specifications. B-b-besides, I don't want to work for you anyhow. I th-th-thought you were having me come here to talk to Miss Lafferty or I wouldn't have come."

"Tut, tut," Slim said soothingly. "You'll still be working for Miss Lafferty. It just happens I have a suggestion I want to offer."

"N-n-no, sir. I heard you say to the timekeeper you were the new boss. I have a motto that I always adhere to: If you can't be loyal to the man you are working for, get another job. That's what I'm going to do now." He rose as if to leave.

"Sit down," Slim said patiently. "Sit down and listen to me. I haven't time to hunt up another bird of your species just now. We have a little cement job on hand and you'll have to take care of it for us."

"I won't."

"Oh, yes, you will."

The engineer rose excitedly.

"I s-s-suppose y-you'll m-m-manhandle me again," he stuttered; "b-but I warn you I'll resist to the utmost. And for the last time I say you'll have to get someone else to do the work for you."

"I'm glad you've told me that for the last time," Slim said cheerfully. "Now that that's off your mind sit down again and let me explain what I want you to do."

The man almost wept.

"I won't," he repeated with pathetic earnestness.

"All right," said Slim. "You won't have to—for a few days. I don't need you just now anyhow." He looked over at his chief engineer. "Son," he said, "is there some cool quiet nook where we can put our friend until he gets over his jag? I want him around handy when we need him."

"The new powder magazine might do," the fat youth decided. "It is a neat-looking little structure that hasn't been used yet—out in the hills about a quarter of a mile from here. A nice little building, constructed of cement. He planned it himself. Strong walls and a frail roof so the force will go straight up in case of an explosion. But at that, it should hold him for a few days."

"Fine," Slim said. With unexpected suddenness he wrapped his long muscular arms about the gentleman and picked him up as one would lift a child. "Let's sneak out the back way," he suggested to his chief engineer. "It might set a bad example to let the men see him all jagged up this way."

When they returned, Slim called Olga and explained his plan for driving through the loose rock of the dike by means of planking and steel supports.

"When we put the tunnel through in this manner," he told her, "the roof and walls back of the planking will be composed of dry, hard, closely packed, broken rock. There is no reason why this can't be converted into a continuous, solidly cemented

(Continued on Page 181)

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The Osborn Manufacturing Co., Cleveland, Ohio

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(Continued from Page 178

course of rock. To do this we'll need to bore holes through the planking and squirt a stream of thin cement through each hole with sufficient pressure to force the liquid into the air spaces between the rock fragments to a depth of two or three feet.

"Now this is what I want you to do: Your cement expert is locked in the new powder house. As soon as he becomes lucid again I want you to find out from him just what sort of outfit we will need to handle this job. We'll need a mixer, of course, and some hose. And we'll need some sort of gun or nozzle to discharge the cement at high pressure, and some sort of pump, of course. The main thing now is for you to get my idea. Let your expert tell you what kind of outfit we'll need for the cement work—and then you hop into your dad's car and go to Spokane and get the outfit. Have it here as soon as possible. And don't let the cement engineer escape. We'll have to have him on hand as soon as my part of the work is ready."

All that night Slim and Old Pete Lafferty labored with a gang of blacksmiths and mechanics, cutting, bending, welding the heavy rails into the shape and size required for the tunnel. The first of the unwieldy, wide-spanning arches was left as a pattern for the others that were to follow. As soon as two more were finished they were hurried into the tunnel. When morning came Slim and Lafferty took a gang of timbermen with them to put the supports in place. On the way to the tunnel they passed men, singly and by twos and threes, most of them wearing the scars of recent battle, going toward headquarters. One badly marred camp bully stepped out of the way of the car and stood brandishing his fists and yelling defiant curses.

"Looks like you cleaned up a bit," Slim commented.

"A grand shindy all around," Old Pete admitted. "I started at the end of the line and worked this way, warming up as I came in. We have just about enough b'ys left to make a good useful crew. And faith, 'twas a thoughtful lad ye were to bundle Olga off to Spokane early this morning so she wouldn't be here to reprove her ould dad when the poor wrecks begin to drift in for their pay checks."

Slim smiled.

"A great little woman she'll make with a few more years of experience."

"A great little woman she is right now," Old Pete said affectionately. "Although sometimes I wish she were more like her mother—content to stay in the fine home I've built for them in Spokane."

The shaping of the steel supports for the tunnel had been but the beginning of their tasks. All that day they labored with their men. The inpouring rock from the dike had filled back into the tunnel for a distance of about sixteen feet. Skill and strength and knowledge gained only by experience were needed to lift the supports into place, to drive the planking into the loose, constantly shifting, broken rock so as to form temporary walls and roof. Each course of planking was five feet in length, and the supports when finally worked forward into their permanent positions were spaced four feet apart to allow for an overlapping of the planking. Night had fallen when the second course was finally driven into place. The men had cleared most of the rock from the tunnel and had gained about two feet into the dike.

With this showing Slim was well pleased. His chief difficulty had been to keep the broken rock moved out fast enough for the men who were doing the other work. The shovelers were put on four-hour shifts with double pay in order to speed things up. After the third course of planking was started Slim went wearily but happily out of the tunnel. He nodded approvingly when he saw what Lafferty had accomplished outside. A big water-tight tank had been built for holding the thin cement that would be needed; timbers were framed to be used as a foundation for the pump; a pipe line had been laid from a near-by stream to supply the necessary water; a cement mixer was ready; a cookhouse on wheels was there; and several sleeping tents for the men.

Lafferty had slept during the afternoon so as to be ready to take charge of the work during the night, so Slim, his mind free from care, ate ravenously and then threw himself on a cot in one of the tents and slept immediately. With the first gray of the dawn he wakened, alert and eager for action. The following days and nights were repetitions of the first. During the afternoon of the fourth day Slim, who had turned in for a few hours' sleep, was dragged from his cot by Lafferty.

"B'y," Old Pete cried, pounding Slim on the back in his excitement, "we've made it; by hokey, we have! The last course of the planking is up against solid rock and we can hear the pounding of the machine drills working this way from the other side. By hokey, we'll win out on this contract yet!" Still pounding Slim affectionately, he piloted him toward the tunnel. "Like I've told Olga from the beginning, all we needed to make a go of this job was a big two-fisted roughneck like yourself, Slim."

Just before they reached the tunnel they met Olga coming out.

"I want you to go and get that dickie bird of yours—that cement expert," Slim told her. "We are going to need him now."

Olga began to laugh.

"I went up to the powder house to see him the evening you shut him up," she said. "I didn't believe that yarn you told about him getting all ginned up. But when I peeked through the little ventilating window and spoke to him he began to rave in a way that made me think he was either drunk or crazy. Then he began to plead with me to let him out so he could annihilate you. At first I couldn't get him to talk intelligently about cement at all. But before I left for Spokane the next morning he was quite rational and gave me all the information I needed about the equipment required. Now that he has had ample time to meditate over the proposition, he's quite worked up over your idea for cementing the loose rock back of the planking into a continuous wall. I think it will be safe to go and get him and let him start mixing the cement."

Three hours later the last of the débris was cleared out of the tunnel. Holes were bored fairly close together all over the face of the planking; then two nozzles went into action, each pouring a stream of thin cement through these holes. All that night the men worked and well into the next day before they were satisfied that enough cement had been forced into the compact broken rock to form a wall strong enough to pass the critical inspection of the railroad engineers.

Then Slim asked how long it would take for the cement to set.

"Never mind that," Lafferty told him. "We'll leave those steel arches and the planking there forever unless the inspectors make us tear them out. But so far as you are concerned you can collect your bet any time you want to."

Slim, his overalls and boots splashed and coated with the gray of the dripping cement, unshaven, gaunt from want of sleep, grinned down at Olga.

"A dinner at Davenport's," he reminded her. "If we start now we can get there today in plenty of time."

"Come on," she said promptly.

When they left the tunnel they appropriated Old Pete's big car.

"Dad has been planning to start for Spokane about six o'clock tomorrow morning," she told him. "We'll have to ramble if we get back that early."

"Let's ramble," said Slim. "We'll stop a minute at headquarters for my suitcase and if we have no bad luck we should be able to reach Spokane by six this evening. It's not much more than a hundred and twenty-five miles. You'll want to go home to get dolled up a bit, and I'll need a little time for a shave and a bath. Then we'll eat. After that a good show. Then back by six in the morning. Can we make it?"

"You bet," said Olga.

The next morning promptly at six the big car with Olga at the wheel rolled to a silent stop in front of the headquarters office. At one of the windows Old Pete was watching for them. Slim stepped reluctantly from his seat and turned to help Olga out. She slipped from behind the wheel and paused, lifting her arms and stretching them wearily. Then instead of leaving the car she let one of her outstretched arms come to rest across Slim's shoulders.

"Slim," she said, putting her cheek on the arm that encircled his shoulders and turning her lips provokingly toward his, "if you weren't a ten-day man, and if I weren't afraid you would be boss of the house, I would marry you just as a matter of spite."

Slim grinned in an amused, friendly way and patted her upturned cheek. "Dog-gone it!" he said. "Why do you think I

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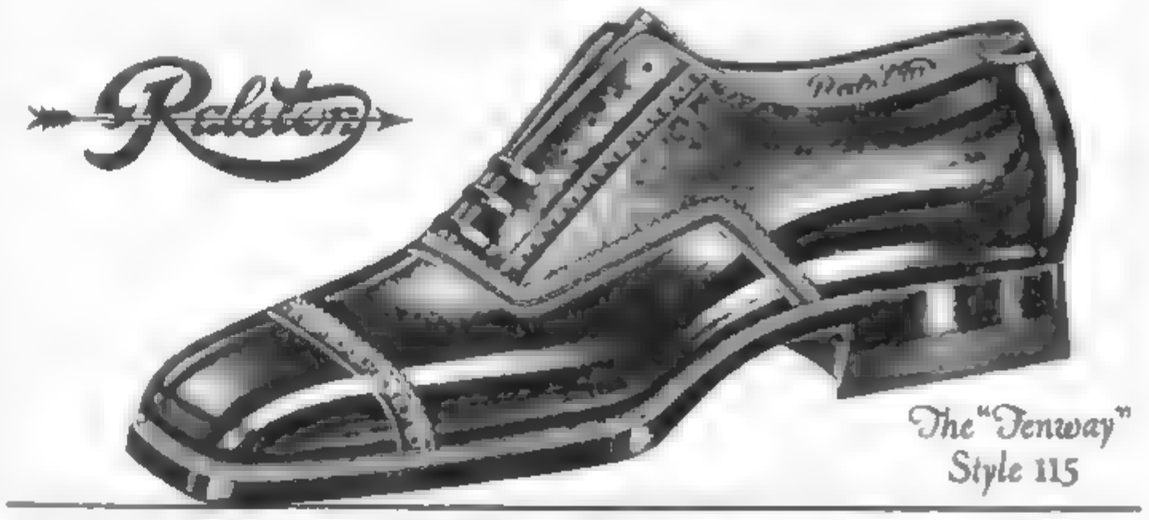

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SPRATT'S OVALS
THE POCKET DOG BISCUIT

am a ten-day man? And have I ever tried to boss you? And anyhow, why should you want to spite me?" He had already decided Olga was a great little pal—but as a wife, well, he wasn't so sure. He believed she would expect too much of a fellow; would be too intolerant of his lapses. Besides, watching the clear frank lights of her eyes, he was aware she had not yet felt the need of a man in her scheme of things. If they had met a year later, two years perhaps He continued to pat her cheek in a friendly way. "Tell me," he continued, "after the way I've saved you from all the brain birds you had fluttering around here and everything, why should you want to be so mean as to marry me?"

"Because of the way you've talked about red-haired women."

"You shouldn't mind that," he said, reaching to tuck a strand of wind-blown hair in place under her snug little hat. "You've never heard me say anything disagreeable about fair-haired ladies."

"That's one of the things I hold against you." She was laughing at him now. "That is one of my many reasons for deciding against marrying you. Do you suppose a jealous red-haired woman like I am could endure hearing her husband continually raving about his preference for blondes?"

She straightened up and took his lean cheeks between her strong white hands and kissed him.

"That is a thank-you for pulling dad out of a tight place in spite of me and my contrariness," she said impulsively. "He's in the window watching us. Now go in there and square yourself with him if you can."

Slim refused to go immediately.

"I don't get you," he said, puzzled. "What do you mean—a red-haired woman like you?"

"Old stupid," she mocked. "If you were half as wise as you are fine you would have guessed that the color of my hair comes out of a bottle. Naturally it is red—a flaming, fiery, horrid red—and I've always hated red hair."

"Well, dog-gone it!" Slim said indignantly. "Do you think I would have come up here to save you if I had known that about you? And do you think I would have let you kiss me? No, sir! Now your dad will be thinking we are engaged, and most likely he'll want to lick me when he learns we aren't. Dog-gone it, good-by."

Olga offered her hand. Slim hesitated an instant before he responded.

"Good-by and good luck," she said.

Good-by and good luck! It was the customary farewell of the camps, without regret at the parting, without thought as to when they might meet again.

Slim had been several days and nights without sufficient sleep, and his step lacked its usual jauntiness as he turned toward the office. He was wondering if he would be able to sleep until the following morning or if he would wake in time to drift out on the evening train. Incidentally he was uncertain as to his destination; decided to leave this matter to chance.

Old Pete's booming voice greeted him as he entered.

"By hokey, me b'y, congratulations! 'Tis a fast worker ye are. And if it's any of an ould dad's business, when will the wedding be?"

Slim waved away Lafferty's outstretched hand.

"You'll be offering it as a fist next," he said. "Why should an ambitious girl like Miss Olga marry a roughneck like I am?"

"Ye poor young babe!" Old Pete exploded. "Ye don't mean to say ye accepted a refusal after she kissed you like she did?"

"Oh, that," Slim said depreciatingly. "A girl would think a fellow didn't like her if he refused to kiss her after taking her home from the show."

"Not my girl, ye worthless philandering young scut!" Lafferty bellowed. "Get out of me sight before I lose me temper and forget I'm indebted to you for helping us out in that tunnel."

"I'm on my way," Slim replied, unperturbed by his bluster. "I just came in to draw what pay I have coming."

"Pay is it ye're after?" the old man growled. "The book shows ye went to work as a mucker at four dollars the shift. Without my leave ye borrowed my fine car and drove to Spokane and back—more than two hundred and fifty miles. That will cost ye twenty cents a mile for the use of it—fifty dollars. If ye look on the books ye'll find ye owe me something. But let it go, let it go. And now get out of me sight, ye poor simpleton, before I throw ye out."

"Fair enough and square enough," Slim decided amiably. He waved his hand in a gesture of farewell and left the office. Outside he paused and searched his pockets to find how much money he possessed. He had come into the camp with a ten-dollar bill and a few pieces of silver. He still had the ten-dollar bill. Luckier than usual, he told himself. Then he yawned and stretched, and started toward the bunk house caroling sleepily:

"Count your many blessings,
Name them one by one ——"

At the bunk house he stopped again and looked back over the camp, just now stirring into wakefulness.

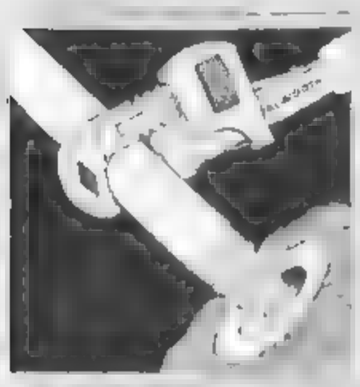
"Circles!" he told himself, thinking of his recent wanderings. "Just circles! From Wallace to Spokane to British Columbia, back to Spokane, from Spokane here, and now, dog-gone it, just about enough cash to get back to Wallace. Circles! Sober again, broke again, and now what am I going to do?"

He yawned and stretched and went into the bunk house. In a sleepy indifferent way he was wondering what his next job would be like.

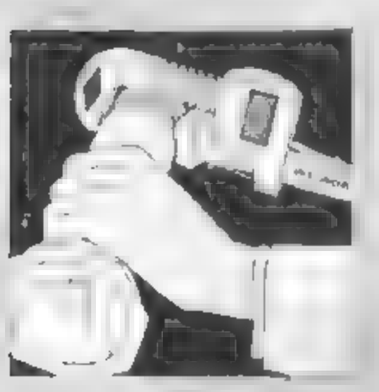
Three Rousing Cheers

To screw hooks and hangers into the wall

To bend or straighten heavy wire—like the bail of a bucket



To screw in a mop handle so that it will *stay*



To take the cap off an electric flashlight

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

Get the upper hand on trouble - *with a Walworth Stillson*

A SURE grip and a couple of turns—or a good strong pull—will fix more than half of the household jobs you're ever likely to tackle. But don't fuss round with a wrench that holds on just long enough to let you bang your knuckles when it slips off. Start in *right* with a Walworth Stillson.

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The Sunbeam Set is an ironing outfit you'll be proud to own—an extra fine iron in an extra handsome case finished in Delft blue enamel, reinforced with gleaming bands of nickel plate.

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SHIPS, OIL AND THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

(Continued from Page 7)

Well I remember when for the first time the sheepmen who grazed their herds on the national forests were required to observe the regulations and pay a little something for the government grass their sheep consumed. They sent to Washington in protest one of the most formidable delegations I ever saw there. I stood beside Roosevelt when he met them in the old Cabinet Room at the White House, heard their story with patient attention, and at its conclusion told them, in language that had in it neither indecision nor postponement, that they could pay their fees or keep their sheep off the government forest land. That settled it.

Another time, when the work of saving the public forests for the people was in full swing, the Senate put into the Agricultural Bill a clause which took away the President's power to create national forests. Roosevelt was told of the danger and instantly agreed on a plan to meet it. Not a word was said, but the forest service worked night and day to delimit new national forests from the facts on record in its files, and new proclamations were signed by the President as fast as they could be made to reach him. When, two or three days later, the Agricultural Bill reached the President, he signed it, as the public interest required that he should, and then let it be known that more than sixteen million acres of forest land had just been saved for the people of the United States.

For nearly twenty years the friends and enemies of conservation have fought in every Congress. Sometimes it was our friends in one House or the other who had to kill an anticonservation bill, and often did so by the narrowest margin, as when Senator La Follette's magnificent filibuster in 1919 prevented the passage of the so-called Mineral Leasing Bill, which would have destroyed the naval oil reserves. Sometimes our enemies with difficulty prevented the passage of one of our measures. Whether in attack or in defense, the fight was always on.

Measures of Safety

But note this striking fact: Year by year the bills presented by either side approached more closely to the conservation ideal. Bill after bill, as it went through to final passage, was much better for the public and much worse for the grabbers than when first introduced. If the interests which opposed conservation had stopped fighting years before they did, the laws enacted would have been far less favorable to the public than those which finally passed. The longer the grabbers fought, the less they got in the end—which proves, if anything was ever proved, the steady advance of conservation in the good will of the American people.

Let no man persuade you that conservation and stagnation are the same. From the beginning conservation has meant wise use in the public interest, and it means wise use today. This generation has a right to all it needs, but no right whatever to waste what it does not need. Our children have their rights as well as we. If there was ever a policy since this world began that was simple, sound and filled with common sense, it is the policy of conservation.

The conservation policy needs but few and simple measures, but they are vital. As to forests, we must maintain and increase the national forests by adding to them what timbered public lands are left in the West, and in the East by purchase of mountain lands whose forests specially need protection. We must prevent or fight all forest fires, and, most important of all, we must stop the rushing devastation of privately owned commercial timberlands, which include three-quarters of the forests of the United States. We are cutting over ten million acres a year.

As to oil, we must give the Navy back its oil reserves. That comes first. Outside the naval reserves, the oil-bearing public lands already set aside must be rigorously protected. We can afford to keep this oil against the time of need. There is no need to hurry about disposing of it under lease. We are going to be short of oil before long, and then these lands will supply our needs and help to keep down the price of gasoline.

As to coal, we must hold in the public hands and lease for development the public coal lands now reserved, taking care that the terms of the lease shall not only yield a fair profit to the operators but also insure safety and fair conditions of work and living to the miners.

The phosphate lands now set aside are absolutely necessary for our agricultural future. We must keep them for our farmers and develop them under lease as they are needed, and under no circumstances allow any of this indispensable fertilizer to be lost or wasted.

The water-power sites reserved must be held and developed under the National Water Power Law by leasing them for not longer than fifty years—long enough to make each project a good investment—and under conditions which will protect the public interest and require the payment of a reasonable return for value received. And this applies to Muscle Shoals.

The Giant Power Plan

The value of these public resources is almost beyond imagination. The water power, the timber, the coal and the oil saved by Roosevelt are worth tens upon tens of billions—billions, not millions—of dollars to the people of the United States—a treasure so great that the human mind cannot realize its extent. The money value of the phosphate lands set aside by him I do not know, but his action prevented the increasing export of our scanty supply of this indispensable fertilizer to foreign countries and conferred a benefit upon the American farmer which will be felt for generations.

This vast endowment is by no means the greatest thing the conservation policy has given to our people. Wealth is useless unless men can live to enjoy it. Without the conservation of natural resources, America was on the highroad to the desolation and depopulation which the reckless destruction of forests and other natural wealth has already brought upon many parts of the globe. Being, as it is, the wise and foresighted use of the riches of the earth to meet the needs of man, conservation means permanent prosperity.

The latest development of the conservation policy—the Pennsylvania plan for giant power—provides not only for the development of our water powers but also for the construction of great central electric-generating stations at the mouths of the coal mines. The current there produced, together with current from the rivers, is to be poured, so to speak, into a great pool of power and so distributed all over Pennsylvania, and gradually, in cooperation with other states, as far as the cost of transmission will permit, under plans and conditions framed in advance to protect the public interests.

The giant-power plan means not only cheaper light and power for every factory, cheaper light and heat for every home in the city, but also cheap power, light and heat for every home on the land. The giant-power ideal is that no home, no farm, no workshop in all America shall be without electric service, with all the vast betterments such universal service will bring. The whole great plan is based on development in cooperation with public authorities and under conditions framed to secure not only a profit for the companies but also the best practicable terms for the people.

This planning in advance to protect and promote the interests of the people is one of the striking differences between giant power and superpower. It will become steadily more important as time goes on. There is no part of human life that conservation does not affect for good each day and all day long; and of this, giant power is a pointed illustration.

It was this policy of conservation which Albert B. Fall undertook to overthrow, and he wasted no time about it. Fall took office as Secretary of the Interior in March, 1921. By April first he had already launched the idea of transferring to his department the forests of Alaska, then under the wise and efficient care of the forest service in the Department of Agriculture. Along with this came the rumor of a transfer of the naval oil reserves from the Navy Department to

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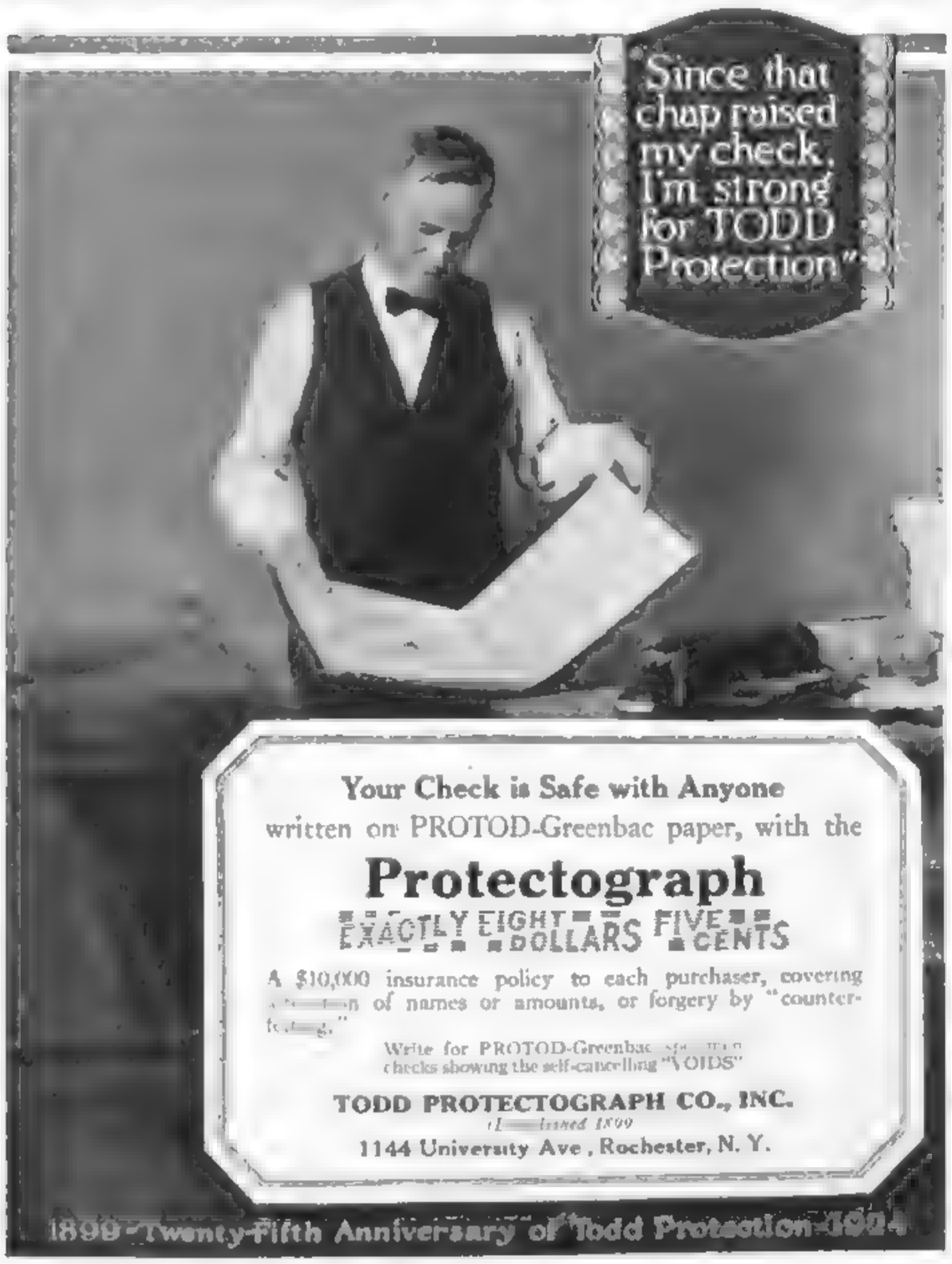

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the Department of the Interior. The next month—May, 1921—that transfer was actually made.

Soon afterward Fall began to reach out. He extended his scheme of transferring the Alaskan forests to his department to take in all the national forests, and was evidently making ready to include in his attack every natural resource that was under the control of his department already, or that could be brought under it.

Mr. Fall was confident and ambitious, but he made one mistake. Like the pugnacious little man in the old story, he took in too much territory. Moreover he imagined that as a public official he still could live on the Three Rivers plane, and that the methods of the old frontier would go in Washington. Wherein, as it turned out, he was seriously mistaken.

There are three kinds of government officials. At one end of the scale are those who use public office for political advantage or private profit, and let the public interest go hang. In the middle are those who carry out the letter of the law, do as much as may be required of them by statute, risk nothing, accomplish little, and regularly draw their pay. At the other end of the scale are those who, while keeping squarely within the law, do for the public welfare not only what the law tells them they must, but also whatever they can do that is needed and not forbidden. Of such was Theodore Roosevelt.

These are the public servants who think and plan and act to get for the people everything the people ought to have. We who worked with Roosevelt held with him that the duty of the Executive is not only to observe the letter of the law, not only to do what the law specifically requires shall be done, but to use all the powers of public office and every opportunity the law affords to advance the public welfare and serve the people. We held with him that the Executive is the steward of the common good, and, like a faithful trustee, must lose no chance to advance the interest of his client. "Steward of the common good"—I always liked that phrase. Some at least of the government departments have wandered far from that ideal.

The Cost of Politics

Washington has been adrift. Some of the leaders of the people have gone astray. They thought the Ten Commandments had lost their force. It would be safe to wager that some of them think otherwise today, and safer still to believe that the American people see, as they seldom have seen before, the need for honesty in government; and are determined, as they seldom have been before, that honesty in government henceforth shall prevail.

It would be foolish to believe that the various investigating committees have found or will ever find all the dishonesty and betrayal that have been going on in Washington. A department, like a regiment, takes its tone from its leader. The official and personal standards which he applies to himself filter down through the ranks below, and color and control the standards and methods under which his subordinates deal with the public interest and the public business.

Politics and personal profit as the ideals of the men at the top mean politics and profit along the whole line, and that costs the people money. I speak with knowledge, for I have the proof in Pennsylvania. More than a year ago it became my duty to take hold of state governmental machinery which had been run for politics and personal advantage, and clean up the mess. My job was and is to keep the public interest at the head of the table, where it belongs. To say nothing of the general housecleaning which has taken place, within a year we have found that under decent methods we can do more work for the people of the commonwealth for three dollars in taxes than had previously been done for four. Old-style politics had been adding another and a needless dollar to every three the taxpayers had to pay for most kinds of government work.

What debased ideals of public service mean is not limited to corruption and scandal and needless expense. They mean also a general weakening of confidence in our Government, and the strengthening of those extreme radicals who would like to destroy it. The worst of it is that the weakening is justified, because in fact a gradual deterioration in the whole government machinery has taken place. Under such conditions good men become disgusted and leave; weak men or bad men turn their attention from serving the people to getting theirs; and gradually the machine is given more and more of the service for which the people pay and the people less and less.

An Old-Fashioned Remedy

Present conditions in Washington are not of sudden growth. I have seen the National Government do more and better work per dollar than the average railroad, for example. It has taken years of bad leadership to reach the present situation, and even now certain bureaus at Washington, like the forest service, are clean as a hound's tooth.

Looseness or corruption at the top is at least as contagious as high standards and true conceptions of public duty. That is why it is so absolutely essential to put only honest men in charge.

What the country needs is a revival of faith in its Government. But there can be no such revival until the Government is worth believing in. There is no way the Government can be restored to public confidence unless the men who defiled it are thoroughly cleaned out. I do not mean only those who have gone already. I mean those also who ought to go.

It will take knowledge and courage; knowledge of facts and men, of what conservation is and what measures are necessary to protect and advance it; courage to face the facts squarely, tell the truth and let politics go hang. It will not be easy, but the road is open and clear. This is no time for pussyfooting. What is needed can be done, and it must be done. Our good name as a nation and our national self-respect absolutely require it.

The breakdown of government machinery always stirs up the remedy brokers, whose confidence in any good-for-what-ails-you cure-all is the greater the less it has ever been tried. But the remedy does not lie in communism or Bolshevism or any other ism of the kind. It lies in a return to the simple, old-time, dependable virtues of personal and official honesty, fidelity and loyalty to the United States.

Many years ago I was riding with a lumberman through the timbered mountains of Western North Carolina. He was no great talker, and neither of us had spoken for a long time, when suddenly he burst out: "Say, there's a lot of good readin' in the Bible, ain't there?"

Yes; and a lot of it applies to the situation at Washington today. The trouble is perfectly diagnosed and the remedy accurately prescribed: "Thou shalt not steal."

Cocoa Palms in Silhouette Against Hawaiian Moonlight

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Learn new comfort in the newest styles of shoes. Wear Walk-Over styles and you will have Walk-Over comfort. It is that individual, comfortable fit that has made Walk-Overs the largest-selling trade-marked shoes in the world. It is that natural, form-fit comfort that has made the Princess Pat, the Walk-Over wonder shoe for women, the largest-selling individual shoe model in the world.

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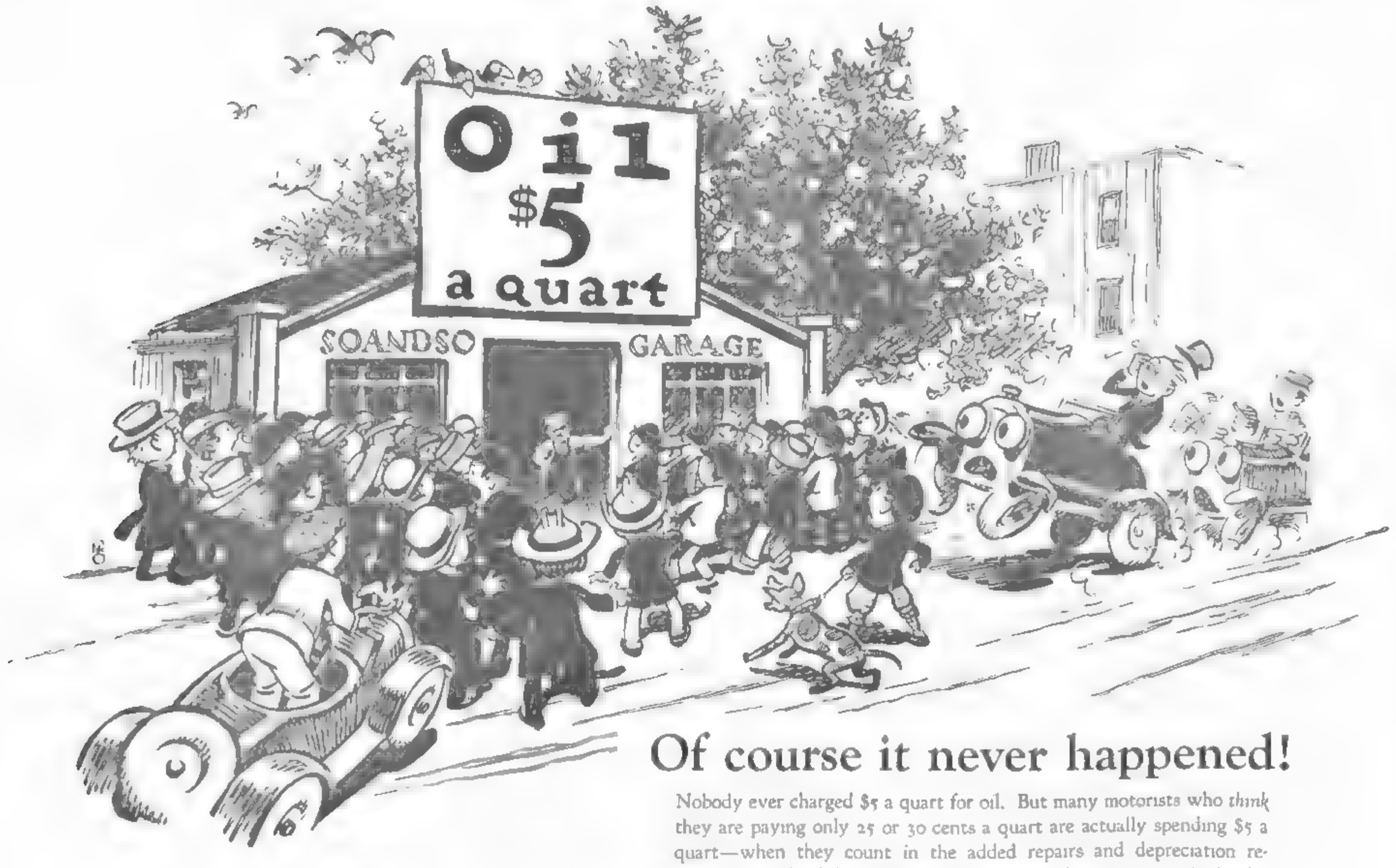

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REMEMBER, the lubricating oil you put into your crank case is refined from crude oil—a product of nature. As with wood, coal and other products of nature, there are different kinds of crude oil.

Nature made Pennsylvania Crude of different materials and gave it exceptional qualities. Experts base their preference for this oil chiefly on its remarkable ability to withstand great heat without "breaking down." Oil which "breaks down," which becomes thin and watery under the intense heat of internal combustion motors, has lost its ability to protect the moving metal parts against friction. Damage is done, repair bills pile up, and the life of the motor is shortened.

Pennsylvania oil *does* protect—*does* insure the longest possible life and smallest upkeep for your motor. That is why you pay the bottom price when you buy oil refined from 100% Pennsylvania Crude—the highest grade oil in the world.

This is not a *brand*, but a *grade* or kind of crude oil (found only in the Appalachian field) from which many *brands* of lubricating oil are made.

The producers, refiners and marketers of Pennsylvania oil have created the emblem shown below. It appears only on oil refined from 100% Pennsylvania Crude. The next time you drain your crank case, fill with oil bearing this emblem. Then judge for yourself.

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GLIMPSES OF OUR GOVERNMENT

Continued from Page 44

it has evolved from a friend into an antagonist, from a counselor to an accuser, and has become to an amazing degree both judge and jury in dealing with crimes of its own creation. To cite a man for an alleged offense, to throw a shadow of discredit upon him or at the least to create doubt lest a ban be placed upon him, to cause him the certain loss that is sure to arise in such cases from the activities of competitors and the expense of employing counsel, and then to cancel the charge and bid him good-by without either thanks or compensation—this has been too often the substance of its procedure. All this may, indeed, be lawful, but if so it is legalized wrong and whether lawful or not it is a definite reversal of the purpose for which the commission was created. Fortunately the courts have so repeatedly reversed the action of the commission that its claws have been clipped and its power for harm reduced accordingly.

The seeds of this difficulty were planted in the very act creating the commission. The Senate report made by Senator Newlands reviewing favorably the work of the Bureau of Corporations added, "Its organization as a division of an executive department under a single head, reporting only to the President, has not given to it either the authority or prestige which attaches to an independent commission"; and again, "One of the chief advantages of the proposed commission over the Bureau of Corporations lies in the fact that it will have greater prestige and independence, and its decisions, coming from a board of several persons, will be more readily accepted as impartial and well-considered."

Responsibility Divided

This idea of the greater prestige of an independent commission was the merest dream, from which there has been a rude awakening. Prestige and influence are obtained by quality and extent of service, not by the absence or presence of organic relations. In this case the new commission, whose avowed purpose was to serve commerce, was separated from a department whose organic law imposed upon it the duty to foster and promote commerce. The child was separated from the parent. Responsible supervision was discarded and the new star was set to function in a separate orbit with no organic relation whatever to the system of which it was nevertheless a part. A division which was not natural and has proved harmful was made in the commercial organization of the Government, and by evolution what was meant to be a friend became a policeman. Not only so, but removed from touch with the organization whose function was to help trade, it developed by the natural process of interpreting its powers in the strictest way into a commercial factor from which we could well have been spared. Had the Federal Trade Commission been related to the Department of Commerce as the Federal Reserve Board is related to the Treasury Department, there would at least have been available some executive supervision and considerate guidance. Responsibility would have been definite and fixed which now is divided and uncertain.

The men who formed the commission at its birth felt the importance of intimate touch with the Department of Commerce. Conferences were frequent in my office because for a time, and to our great embarrassment, the commission was housed in the Commerce Building. When physical as well as legal separation took place the two bodies grew apart until now to read the organic law of the department would be sufficient to show the wide separation of spirit and purpose between the two that once were one.

Weekly attendance of an official of the Federal Trade Commission at the meetings of the liaison committee which represents the Government services concerned with foreign trade is rather an admission of the need for union than an effective means of securing it.

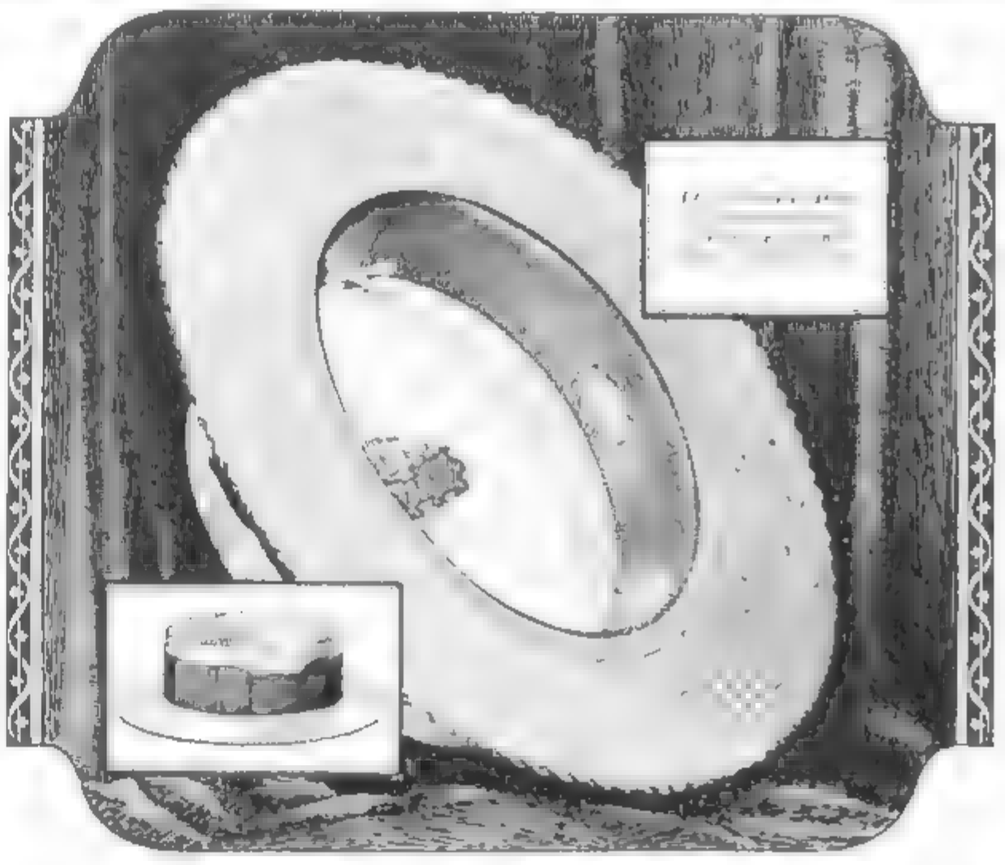
Any thoughtful retrospect will show clearly that something had to be done in 1914 to meet the real business difficulties of the time. There is now no sound reason to doubt that if the Bureau of Corporations had been left in the Department of Commerce and provided with the necessary powers and funds it would have served every purpose. Certainly, had that course been adopted any Secretary of Commerce who failed to guide it along the path of firm, unflinching yet considerate justice to trade and to people alike would thereby have shown himself unfit for his task.

It is due to the memory of President Wilson and to the men who under his leadership began the work of the Federal Trade Commission thus to tell what it was meant to be and what it has become. If in the pending reorganization of government services this body is restored to the department whence it came and where it belongs, a feeling of relief will be widespread throughout our business circles.

The Clayton Act was a twin of the law creating the Federal Trade Commission, the latter being one of the means for putting the former into effect. The preparatory debates on both covered the same period. While they were in the stage of formative discussion there was no little uneasiness among business men about their possible provisions. Anxious letters came to me showing that rumors were abroad as to this, that or the other supposed purpose hidden in the phrases of the law, and I had to write soothing letters to quiet the alarms. The fears were not wholly without reason, arising from the ignorance of business details among those who in the executive as well as in the legislature were presiding over the birth of the new statute. The Clayton Law was intended, as the President had suggested, to define the nature of offenses against the antitrust acts so that the world of trade might see its path more clearly, just as the Federal Trade Commission was to guide and befriend the man of affairs, thus enlightened, along the new path of peace. The purpose was admirable, the spirit was willing, but the knowledge of business methods was sometimes scanty. On one occasion an enactment was proposed which, though at casual reading of it, had a beneficent appearance, would in effect have resulted in creating the very monopolies the law sought to prevent. Its author, to me unknown, did not understand how business was done. I wrote President Wilson at length upon the subject, pointing out that the effect of such a clause would be the precise opposite of that intended and that it would block the way to young men desiring to enter business on their own account or would substantially prohibit young and weak manufacturers from securing markets and would leave them at the mercy of older and stronger competitors. The President received my criticism with an open mind as usual and asked me to speak to Judge Clayton about the matter, which I did. I recall the surprise and doubt, gradually changing to conviction, with which my explanation was received. The objectionable passage was altered. As I read over the act recently its carefully qualified clauses recalled to me the results of this and similar remonstrances against too sweeping enactments.

Mediocrity in Power

A few clear-headed business men who could deal expertly as well as conscientiously with commercial problems would have been of vast use in Congress at such a time. Their own lot, however, would not have been easy. The suspicion which masquerades as wisdom—and which indeed for some alleged minds is all the wisdom they possess—would have made their path thorny. Some such well-informed men there are in Congress today, but their ways are not always, perhaps not often, those of pleasantness. Congress does not represent the intelligence of the country, and under our polity can hardly be expected to do so. It represents an average, and any average is far from the best. Stated differently, Congress is mediocrity in power. It is mediocre in brains, character, training and in other human respects. We do it grave injustice, therefore, as a whole, when we expect highly intelligent results from it. The marvel is that we get as good results as we do. This is due to the influence over lesser men of the stronger minds within Congress, to certain traditional standards which are hard to dethrone, to individual guidance by leaders in party or nation, and last but not least to the dents made upon inelastic mentalities by the blows of instructed public opinion from without. Unless we grasp this situation as a whole we shall fail to understand why stupid partisan



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response is often made to sound scientific proposals and why subjects requiring expert knowledge—as taxation—are debated in complete ignorance of economic law and are made the object of passionate partisan strife or the happy hunting grounds of social theorists.

Meanwhile, throughout the period during which the legislation described was in preparation, a directly opposite process was going on, backed by legislative provision of funds, whose outcome was the formation on a permanent basis of the most powerful official commercial organization in the world. The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce was intended to be the spearhead of the Government in developing our world trade, but it needed reconstruction to make it effective. Most of its information then came through the consular service of the Department of State. Too much cannot be said in praise of the efforts of some consuls to get commercial information, but they had to do this work in the intervals between other urgent demands and in spite of many limiting factors. The consuls were not under our control and, though their spirit as a whole was admirable, we could not work with them as effectively as with men under our own authority. Other countries had commercial attachés connected with embassies and legations—why not we? And why not, also, set a standard for the new force that should lift the whole staff to a higher plane? Therefore during 1913 the matter was planned, and appears for the first time in my report for that year. There were to be fourteen attachés—so I fondly hoped—who were to be located in as many world centers.

In 1914 we were permitted to employ nine attachés as the beginning of this new force. They were stationed at London, Berlin, Paris, Petrograd, Buenos Aires, Peking, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, and Santiago, Chile. There are more now, for the men made good. The State Department sulked in private and growled to Congress over the creation of the new foreign force. They tried more than once to take them from us, and were aided once in a while by some indiscretion of our new men. Today the staff thus initiated is a recognized part of our foreign service and no one would think of abandoning work that has been so productive.

Trade Representatives Abroad

Coincident with the creation of the attaché force, the number of commercial agents or trade commissioners was increased. These were traveling representatives. Usually they dealt with one commodity. They were nominated by the various trade associations and examined by a joint committee of the trade body, the Civil Service Commission and the Department. On appointment they spent some time studying the foreign outlook of the trade in this country, then they proceeded abroad and took ample time to collect information. On their return, perhaps after a year, they would report in writing to the bureau and would then visit among the trade to give information at first hand This usually ended their service and they were succeeded by students of another commodity. Not always so, however, for some of them were employed for repeated trips over a long period at the request of trade bodies.

Thus we obtained a threefold staff abroad—the consul working in his district and reporting to us through the State Department, the attaché at a nation's capital taking its entire commerce into his view, the commercial agent traveling in the interest of one commodity, like boots and shoes, and covering several nations or indeed a continent. A threefold staff was created at home to supplement the foreign force. Branch offices of the bureau were established in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco and Seattle. At each branch most of the information could be had which the home office had in Washington, and each in turn made known to Washington the needs of its own district. To these were added cooperating offices established with chambers of commerce in many cities. Behind all lay the main office at Washington, where an enlarged staff, including specialists in foreign tariffs and other important phases of foreign commerce, worked to coordinate the information from abroad and to send it out directly and through the branches to where it would best aid the business of the country.

This entire arrangement is still in full force and vigor. My successors with enlarged means have greatly developed the service along commodity lines until today it is the largest and most effective organization of its kind. It has the confidence and support of the business world, is consulted by business men on a great and increasing scale, has conducted studies of immense value to our commerce, and has an influence which, it is hardly too much to say, affects almost every household in the United States.

We have dealt in this article with five steps along our business road, taken under President Wilson's direction within a little more than a year after he took office. Restated in their due order these are: The Tariff Law, the Federal Reserve Act, the reconstruction of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, the creation of the Federal Trade Commission, and the Clayton Act. Of these the first has gone replaced by the Fordney Act; the second, third and last remain in full force, and the fourth has departed from the spirit that gave it life, but can by firmness and vision be restored.

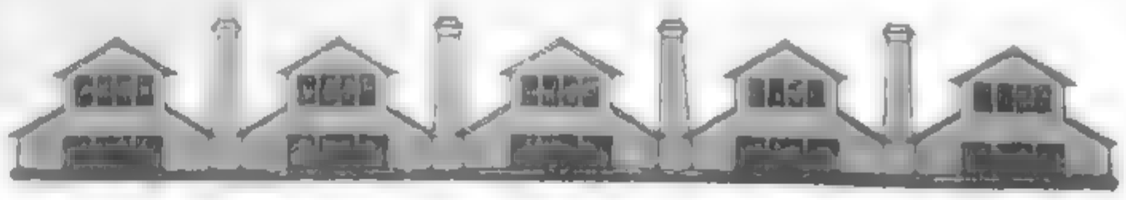
Mr. Wilson's Policies

It makes a fine record, but it is an incomplete one. The commercial series was not yet finished, and we shall soon find it supplemented by other measures. But the same period covered the patient inexorable policy that drove the murderous Huerta from power, and it included also that calm clear statement of public righteousness that led to the repeal of the Panama Act.

It is useless speculation, but it is an interesting one, to wonder what our progress would have been had Germany not thrown the gage of battle in 1914. President Wilson was alive to the wasteful folly of spending large sums for rentals of private buildings for public uses. He valued highly the vital work being done by scientific services in several departments, and was quick and earnest in their support in peace and war. Their great development under his guidance was one of the features of his Administration of which little has been told. Five new buildings especially constructed for scientific work are among the monuments he left behind him. He was keenly interested in permanent and productive conservation of our natural resources and every step to that end had his unfailing support, while those who sought to exploit our resources for private gain found in him an uncompromising foe. He was eager to have Alaska developed in behalf of the whole country. He supported effectively the cause of Federal aid to vocational education and brought it to success. He sympathized with that forlorn hope, the proposed structure to safeguard our national archives, and any step, large or small, that went to make the great government mechanism a better public servant found in him a willing and active friend. Any story told him of unselfish service met with quick appreciation. Again and again when such incidents were brought before him he said to me "Please see that my thanks and appreciation are conveyed," and more than once he stopped in crowded hours to write a personal note of praise or understanding. His was a constructive spirit, eager to build. How quickly he would grasp every forward-looking suggestion! How readily he would approve it if it contained promise of usefulness.

It was a strange Providence that led this man, so equipped with power and desire for peaceful service, into the paths of war. Yet today the whole country begins to see that out of the travail of Woodrow Wilson's soul have come great peaceful, powerful ideals that will not down and which are forcing themselves, because of their essential truth, into the convictions of men everywhere.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Redfield. The next will appear in an early issue.



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QUESTION: How can you get an A.P.W. Rag doll for the children to cut out and stuff
ANSWER: Send 10¢ and a wrapper from any roll of A.P.W. Quality products to the
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"That's easy. Mother just sent ten cents and a wrapper from a roll of A. P. W. toilet paper and then the mailman brought it. We cut it out and stuffed it with cotton, and she is so pretty and good that I love her best of all my dolls."

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Truck owners will be especially interested in our Heavy Duty Jacks. Prices on application.

Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi River.

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Jack

THE BET I MADE WITH UNCLE SAM

(Continued from Page 17)

It was at once evident that the roof needed attention, and the next couple of days were spent digging dirt and tossing it on top of the building. Every storm that came up proved that more earth was needed to turn the water, and it was two years before it was so well sodded that it did not leak.

I paid an excessive price for a team, harness, wagon and buggy. Yet my need of them was great and I always felt that the time saved was worth the difference of a possibly better bargain later. To complete the cabin required much labor, and every article I needed meant a day's trip to secure it.

The building was fourteen by twenty-four feet, with a log partition in the center, and I saw that there was urgent need of another room. Our home was on a gravelly bench thirty yards from the channel of the Gros Ventre River. About the same distance to the rear of the cabin there was an abrupt rise of twenty-five feet to a grassy mesa on which the bulk of my land lay. The river bottom was lined with cottonwoods, yet strangely, though my land touched the channel, none of the timber was on my homestead. However, I was permitted the use of trees for buildings, wood and fence posts. I salvaged drift logs for the addition to the cabin and erected a chicken house of green cottonwoods. The roof was of poles, with straw on top, and well packed down with dirt.

Everything seemed to drag. I needed 500 feet of rough board lumber for flooring, and it was three weeks before I got it, for I had to wait until they cut logs at the dinky sawmill. I placed the flooring in position, but dared not nail it down, and was compelled to turn the boards each day for weeks to keep them from warping. I needed a broadax and rode for three days before I found one. I had paid for a stove in Idaho and it was six weeks before it arrived. In the meantime we cooked over a camp fire My horses were new to the range and I was compelled to spend much time in hunting them. The children needed milk, but having no fence I could not keep a cow. It was weeks before the sashes, with their small panes of glass, arrived for the windows. It was ninety miles to a railroad, and freight teams were compelled to cross a mountain pass nearly 9000 feet high. The demands of the country did not warrant the merchants keeping many articles in stock, and special orders must follow the slow routine of freighting. I well remember two orders that I placed that were six months in arriving, for there were months at a time when the wagon road to the freight station was practically impassable.

Slow Progress

I had a helper in putting up the buildings, yet it was well along in October before the rough structures were completed. I had neither barn nor hay, and there was little I could do during the winter, so in November I moved my family to the settlement. The next spring I had twenty acres plowed, and fenced off a garden spot. It was heavy soil, and on the advice of my neighbors I did not plant a crop that year. The ground squirrels—chiselers, or picket pins—destroyed the garden in spite of the fact that I poisoned and shot scores of them.

The river was high that spring, and calf elk and trees were tossed about on the yellow flood as it raced along. The waters covered a wide area and necessity often forced me to plunge my horse into the dangerous current and cross to the opposite side. I learned to pick the most favorable fordings, yet there were times when the horse dropped into deep holes and was compelled to make a noble swim for shore. The summer and fall were passed in doing necessary work about the place and helping complete the irrigation ditch. This took quite a sum of money besides my own labor, for the ditch was three miles long and was owned by a neighbor and myself.

I returned to the settlement again that winter. I had secured material for fencing the plowed land, and this I attended to just as soon as the oats were disked in the next spring. Thus the third season on the land found my $3000 gone and I was several hundred dollars in debt. In return for my money and labor I had a three-room house, a chicken coop twelve feet square, twenty acres of oats under fence, two horses, a wagon, buggy and a ditch that delivered a tiny trickle of water on the land. Some might say that this was a good showing for the money invested. But the fact must not be lost sight of that during all this time I had not received a dollar's return from the land. Also, I was in the position where if for any reason I left the place every improvement would be forfeited back to the Government. Outside of my team, I hadn't a negotiable asset.

It was a dry season and the late spring was spent with plow and scraper cutting the high places from the bottom of the ditch so that a fair stream of water could be turned on the oats. We crowded the capacity of the ditch and often breaks occurred that meant much toil to repair. Hundreds of squirrels mowed bare spots in the grain and I spent much time poisoning these rodents. The cow I had purchased the previous year died in the early spring. In the meantime another child had come, and with four small children we found the lack of milk a distressing feature. Yet we were without a dollar and I found it impossible to work out, for the crop demanded constant attention. We had been extended limited credit for groceries and we confined our purchases to actual necessities.

Beans and Bacon

Though there was much game in the country, we were almost entirely without fresh meat during the spring and summer. The game laws allowed two elk, one mountain sheep and one deer during the period from September first to December first. There was also an open season, during the fall, on game birds. The wild life summered far back in the mountains, and even those who chose to disregard the law were compelled to go long distances with pack and saddle horses to secure their meat. There was no butcher shop in the country, so we ground along on beans and bacon. About the middle of July the river cleared sufficiently to permit trout fishing. Yet to do this took time from pressing labor, and I usually fished during the noon hour. However, my wife often found time during the day to snap a few speckled beauties from the river holes.

It was during the latter part of August, when the squirrels had holed up for the winter and the grain needed little attention, that I procured a job with a hunting party from New York City. This compelled me to leave my wife and children entirely alone. There was not a house in sight of our place, and the nearest neighbor, a bachelor, was nearly a mile distant. Part of the time I was 100 miles from home, and it was the middle of October before I returned. When I came back I found that range cattle had bothered greatly, and my wife had spent much time chasing them away. She had bravely met her problems and had shot sage hens and caught trout, and one day killed a wild goose. The two oldest children, the boy eight and the girl six, had walked the round trip distance of five miles each school day to get their lessons.

My wife had had the grain shocked during my absence, and the elk, deer and bear meat which I brought home from the hunting trip helped to feed the threshing-machine crew. That twenty acres of oats yielded 1200 bushels of grain, and for lack of other space I was compelled to put it in the chicken house. The door was boarded up and a hole cut in the rear of the building near the eaves. The grain was dumped on the dirt floor and filled the building entirely. It was more than a year before I sold it out in small dribbles, and it brought me about $700.

My long absence had thrown me late in making preparations for winter. There were supplies to be freighted in, a shelter built for the cow I had bought, a coop for the chickens, the house to be daubed, wood to get and numerous other pressing chores. What wonder that some were neglected entirely and others half done, for it must not be lost sight of that there was no money to employ help and I must accomplish each task alone.

It rained for a week in the latter part of November, and a steady dribble of water

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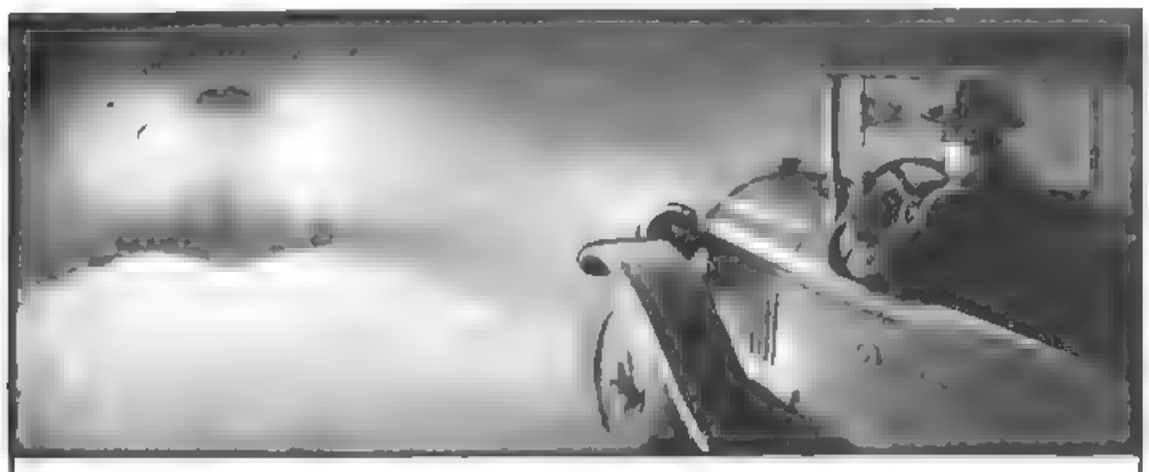

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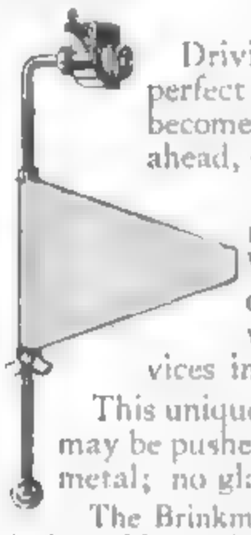

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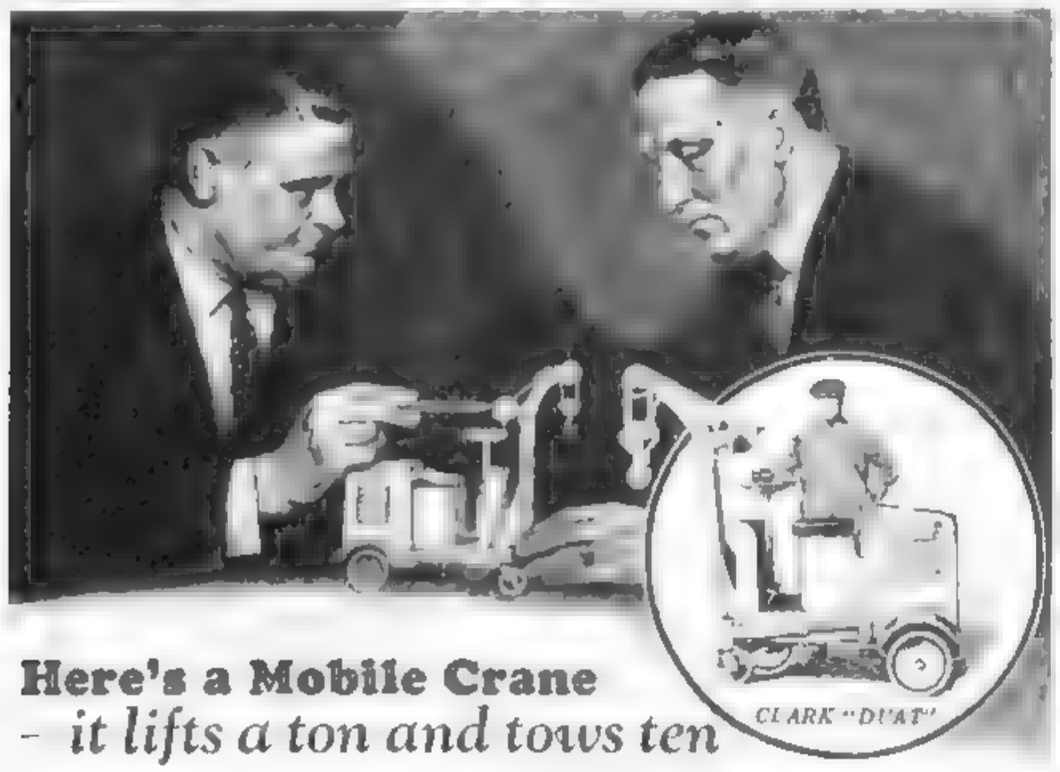

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– it lifts a ton and tows ten

Gasoline powered, the Clark "Duat" is a mobile crane, truck and tractor built for 24-hour service.

It cranes loads up to a ton, yet turns around easily in a box car or in narrow aisles.

It tows trailers carrying up to 10 tons anywhere about the plant, yard or shipping platform.

It totes heavy loads from one department to another, and positions them where desired –even in box cars.

It pushes heavy trailers and places them where the foreman directs –yes, right alongside machines.

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came through the roof and little trickles ran down inside the walls. I hauled dirt and shoveled it on the roof and plastered mud into the wall cracks. But still the water seeped through, and the inside of the house became like a wet cellar. Finally it turned to snowing and piled up a foot in depth. It then cleared and became intensely cold.

It was now near the close of the hunting season, and I had been so busily engaged that I had failed to procure the game I was entitled to. I must have winter meat, so I packed one horse and saddled another preparatory to riding into the mountains and camping out for the night, for there was just one day more of the open season. Leaving my horses, I entered the cabin to get my rifle, and as I did so I noticed a movement in the timber across the river. A moment later a dozen elk left cover and came directly toward the house. The kitchen door was open and I stood well back from the doorway with gun at ready. The wife and children watched quietly through the window of the adjoining room as the elk came steadily on. At 100 yards a fat cow in the lead turned broadside and started down the river. I fired and she fell into the water, and the rest of the bunch started up the stream and I dropped another one in the snow. Before evening the two elk were dressed, quartered and hanging to the ridgepole on the north side of the cabin. I have killed many a winter's supply of game, but never so handily as these were got.

For sometime I was busily engaged procuring wood for winter, and I discovered it to be much more of a problem than I had anticipated. There was some drift on the river bottom, but the amount was insufficient for my needs. There was an abundance of green cottonwood, but unless split up and dried for weeks it is practically worthless for fuel. Some ten miles distant there was much dead standing fir and pine. However, to procure this choice timber necessitated my leaving before daylight and returning after dark. It was below-zero weather and the ice jams on the river made dangerous fording.

I had no barn, so I made a crude shelter for the calf and allowed the cow and horses to run free at the straw. They ate deep holes into the opposite side of the stack from the prevailing wind and wintered nicely.

During December the snow fell deep and there was little work of value that I could do. To labor successfully in the timber required equipment I did not possess, yet I did succeed in getting out sufficient logs for a good-size barn. The children's summer schooling had been scanty, so each day I devoted special hours to teaching them. Almost every place that my errands took me necessitated crossing the river. Mail arrived three times a week and meant so much in our lonely lives that I was forever chancing that dangerous ice gorge.

A Hard Winter

I well remember one day jumping my horse into a narrow channel and seeking for a favorable place to climb out on the opposite side. There appeared little chance and I rode downstream looking for a better place. Just at the edge of a deep hole it seemed possible that the horse could scramble out. My animal bravely leaped, but the slick ice skidded him and he shot into deep water. It was ten below zero, and twenty minutes later my family were startled when a man and a horse in white armor rode up to the door.

Twice during the winter cold winds came out of the north, driving fine snow with such force that it sifted through small cracks and entirely coated the floors of the cabin. Each time it happened at night, and I was compelled to sweep out before starting a fire.

One day I saw an elk feeding at my straw stack, and the next day there were three. At my approach they would run a short distance and return when I left. It was a severe winter on the game and many were in a starving condition, so I gladly welcomed the opportunity to feed some of these animals. I did not object when the band increased to a dozen, but one moonlight night I found my stock driven off and hundreds of these animals destroying my stack. This feed was vital to my cow and horses and I was compelled to spend many nights on snowshoes scaring bands of elk away.

During February my wood ran short and I cut green cottonwood trees to burn with the dry. It sizzled and steamed, giving but little heat, and needed constant nursing to keep it burning. All day long the children crowded the stove closely to get its faint measure of warmth

We had few visitors, for a sleigh road was not kept open to our place. Occasionally a man on horseback or snowshoes came to the house, but I do not remember that we had a woman visitor that winter. Indeed, homesteading places a greater strain on the women than on the men. For them it is endless routine. A man's work takes him into the open and he has opportunities to mix and exchange ideas with people, but woman's duties confine her to the dull walls of a cheerless cabin. If she has come from a comfortable home she feels keenly the crudeness of her surroundings and is sensitive about visiting or inviting callers. It is true that in remote localities hospitality is extended to all comers—often to the embarrassment of the women. Therefore the average homesteader's wife lives in a very small world. She bravely does her share of the tasks, often more, and valiantly strives with flowers and deft touches to give the home a cheery look. They have so little to work with, and results are so small for the efforts expended, that you are touched with pity when you view them.

I had imagined much visiting back and forth among neighbors—house parties, picnics and other social gatherings; but experience taught me that every settler found little time away from that mountain of chores which constantly threatened to overwhelm him. During the winter there were a few dances at the settlement, but we did not attend them. Christmas and New Year were usually home affairs. Fourth of July was the one big day of the year, and settlers drifted in from fifty miles around. This meant three days for those who came long distances –one coming, one celebrating and one to return. Occasionally several neighbors banded together and had picnic parties, but the raw land demanded much of your strength and gave you but little time away from its nursing.

The Homesteader's Pride

In a manner, there was a bond among all my neighbors, for they, too, were struggling against odds. Perhaps problems that fretted me did not annoy some of them, and then again others were confronted with difficulties that I did not have. There was a spirit of generosity among them, for those who suffer know how to help others. We all wrote brave letters to our friends and relatives, and sometimes women confessed that they reviewed their former dreams of homesteading life and found them a reality. Yet occasionally these letters acted as boomerangs, for relatives or friends came to visit and much cheerful explanation was necessary to harmonize their colored epistles.

Yet who could criticize the dreams that widened those dreary walls and changed crude furnishing to artistic setting?

A homesteader who has sufficient money to keep a hired man is a rare individual and has no place in this article. Again, one who is financially able to put up buildings, purchase machinery, tools, food, horses, wagons, milch cows, and remain steadily at work on his land until it returns a living, is just as rare an individual as the former. Therefore it is necessary for a homesteader to work away from his land, often long distances, for in a sparsely settled country the opportunities for earning money are few. The wife must then do the milking, chop wood, care for the horses and do all the man's work during his absence. These brave women are always so willing to help. They care for the garden and search out a market for eggs and butter. Often they work in the field and assist their husbands at tasks needing the labor of two persons.

Those who are unequal to the struggle quit the game, and sometimes those of strong character and clear vision do the same; but pride holds the majority to complete a task so hopefully started. Few ever dare to count the costs, the grind, the calloused hands, the faded beauty and vanished dreams; the cloud of debt, uncertainty and endless toil that envelops them. Yet worst of all are the meager opportunities of the children for education and social life, for 160 acres is a large area of land, and of necessity schools must be long distances from many of the homes. This feature was particularly bad at the period when homesteaders like myself were settling second-choice land in the West.

(Continued on Page 197)

Where are *your* business records?

There will be 1000 serious fires in the next 24 hours!

FIRES increase daily, both in numbers and severity. There is a fire every minute.

Business records *must* have *adequate* fire protection. They are necessary to collect insurance, to obtain credit, to collect accounts receivable and to begin business anew. *Their greatest importance is on the day after the fire.* Safeguard your business future to-day with THE SAFE-CABINET.

THE SAFE CABINET is so constructed that it has preserved its contents intact in hundreds of severe fires—exposed to the intense heat of raging flames—buried for days afterward beneath hot, smouldering ruins. It affords the highest degree of tested, measured and certified fire protection. SAFE-CABINET protection *does not deteriorate* with age.

THE SAFE-CABINET is a handsome and attractive piece of office furniture. Equipped with Slide-in Doors—the newest feature in safe-building—it will save both time and office space. It is made in eighty-three models and sizes to fit every business, large or small. There is only one SAFE-CABINET, manufactured only by THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY, and sold only by—

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THE SAFE-CABINET MAN will make a complete analysis of your fire dangers, and the day-after-the-fire value of your records. He will suggest ways and means of economizing space. He will save you time and money. *He may save your business.* His services are without charge. Phone THE SAFE-CABINET office in your city, or write directly to THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY, Marietta, Ohio, or THE SAFE-CABINET COMPANY of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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insures the day-after-the-fire value of your

Inventories

Insurance can be collected *only* after a definite loss is *proved*. Inventories show the actual value of goods on hand at a certain time. They must be produced to prove your claim. Insurance companies cannot honor guesses. THE SAFE CABINET protects your inventories and proves statements based on them.

Invoices

Invoices bring your inventories up to date, and are often necessary to "proof of loss." THE SAFE-CABINET backs your claims on the *day after the fire* with the actual, original invoices—the best evidence

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You are not allowed to guess at what you have sold. Insurance companies demand proof of all your statements and claims SAFE CABINET protection means legible, usable sales records on the *day after the fire.*

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Records of money due you cannot be memorized or replaced They should be tangible assets the *day after the fire.* SAFE CABINET protection means that you can collect the money your accounts represent—when you need it most.

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Executives' summaries, minutes of directors' meetings, agreements and contracts are of tremendous value. Their vital importance in beginning business anew requires unfailing protection. THE SAFE CABINET insures their *day-after-the-fire* value.

Receipts

The *day after the fire* sees many bills presented. SAFE CABINET protection for cancelled checks, income tax and other receipts means that you will not pay a bill twice at the time you need the money most.

Plans, Personal Memoranda—

Formulas, specifications and research data often represent the accumulated efforts of a lifetime. They can almost never be replaced. They are of primary importance *the day after the fire.* THE SAFE CABINET is their surest protection.

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Lack of paper information

caused this loss of time, money and material

ROUTED through many hands, the Sulphite Paper upon which a Manufacturing Order was typed, became slightly torn at the end of a crease. It was frayed and torn just enough to render indistinguishable a new specification. In the hurry of things someone assumed the order to be identical with others that had preceded it.

Had the Specification Chart been consulted in this instance, it would have told at a glance that Sulphite Paper is not recommended for Manufacturing Orders, or for other forms requiring more than average handling.

. . .

There are more than one hundred and twenty-five [125] different prices at which bond paper may be bought. The public is expected to take this price range as indicative of a like number of bond paper grades. And in these grades the public is expected to exercise a choice between more than six hundred [600] brands!

Is it any wonder that some men have sought to simplify paper buying? And, as in all instances where definite knowledge is not available, to arbitrarily take the extreme corrective step of selecting some one grade to serve widely different purposes.

Over five years ago the American Writing Paper Company foresaw the futility of making paper *as paper* rather than *as a means of accomplishing certain definite purposes.*

As the largest makers of high grade papers in the world, this company then began the task of *simplifying and standardizing the manufacture and distribution of paper.*

A multiplicity of bond paper grades was eliminated. In bond papers nine grades are now produced. *These nine grades of bond paper scientifically and economically cover the entire field of bond paper requirements.*

Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a quantity basis and reflects all the consequent economies of mass production and volume purchasing power. *This is your assurance of buying paper at the right price.*

In the accompanying Specification Chart these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper are grouped under three master classifications and are further sub-divided according to the specific use for which they are produced. *This is your assurance of buying the right paper for the purpose.*

Each of the nine Eagle-A grades, which scientifically and economically cover the entire range of bond paper requirements, may be identified by the Eagle-A Watermark. Each Eagle-A Bond Paper should be specified by name. *This provides the individual buyer with the right paper at the right price.*

Eagle-A Bond Papers are obtainable through your Printer, Lithographer, Engraver or Stationer.

Supplied upon request is a Portfolio containing samples of Eagle-A Bond Papers, with further suggestions covering their suitability for your use.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Bonds, Linens, Ledgers, Covers, Book Papers and Announcements
Holyoke, Massachusetts

THE SPECIFICATION CHART OF BOND PAPER USES

Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a volume basis, with all the resulting economy in manufacture and distribution.

The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers

Chief uses of paper in modern business	PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Coupon Bond	Agawam Bond	Persian Bond	SEMI-PERMANENT — Rag Content Papers: Contract Bond*	Airport Bond*	Chevron Bond*	Acceptance Bond	TEMPORARY — All-pulp Papers: Norman Bond	Telephone Bond
Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3	4	
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept. Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists				1		1	2	3	
Mortgages	A1		3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Policies	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
Mfg. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Records				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Refer to Brokers						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART

A1—Extra First Choice 1—First Choice 2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice 4—Fourth Choice, suggested only where low price is more important than quality. * Recommended for Offset Lithography.

Four factors are considered in the above classifications: (a) Appearance. (b) Long Life. (c) Printing qualities. (d) Probable handling (in office, in mail and at destination). First choice provides maximum protection; others a slight sacrifice of one or more of the factors.

Coupon Bond A strictly First Grade, Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Loft Dried Paper of supreme appearance, prepared to meet the most exacting requirements and withstand much abuse. Has the rich cockled surface, the clear bright color, and the 'feel' and crackle found only in the very highest class of Bond Paper.
Made in White and Six Colors.

Agawam Bond A High-grade Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Loft Dried Paper containing a very high percentage of the best new rags. Clear white in color, of handsome appearance and is designed for general use where a very substantial paper is desired. Has great resistance to wear and extreme long life.
Made in White only.

Persian Bond An Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Dried Paper of High Rag-content, having much of the appearance of the higher grade bonds. Well suited to a generous and withstand repeated handling. A popular paper which combines quality appearance with moderate price.
Made in White and Three Colors.

Contract Bond An Animal Sized, Sheet Cut, Hand Hung, Pole Dried Paper of substantial Rag-content with high factors of long life and resistance to wear; has a smooth finish, lies flat, and is particularly adapted to high speed Printing and Offset Lithography.
Made in White and Eight Colors.

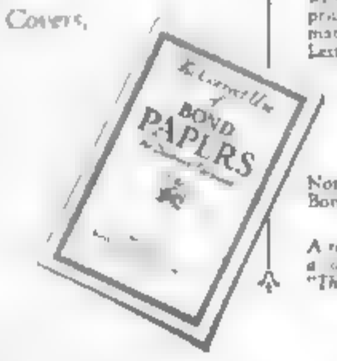
Airport Bond An Animal Sized Festoon Loft Dried, Rag-content Paper with the strength and rich appearance usually found in papers priced much higher. Because of its Quality Appeal and its moderate price, it is considered where economy is a factor.
Made in White and Six Colors.

Chevron Bond An Animal Sized, Sheet Cut Pole Loft Dried Rag-content Paper of strength and quality equal to ordinary requirements. It has the maximum of quality found in Bond Papers, is flat lying with a smooth finish and is made especially for high speed Offset Printing and automatic machine feeding.
Made in White only.

Acceptance Bond An Animal Sized, Air Dried on the wire Rag-content Paper with a rich surface appearance, and of clear white color. Has the requisite quality to withstand handling and resist deterioration. Its low price and wide range of colors make it in great demand for large edition work on Forms, Circulars, Letters, etc.
Made in White and Seven Colors.

Norman and Telephone Bond are Sulphite Pulp Papers, Machine Dried, and are recommended to be used for temporary purposes only. Made in White and a wide range of Colors adapted to Factory and Office Forms. Norman Bond is a No. 1 Sulphite Grade. Telephone Bond is a No. 2 Sulphite Grade.

A request on your letterhead will bring a copy of this chart and the booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers".



EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

MARK
QUALITY-STANDARDS
This watermark identifies Eagle-A Bonds

(Continued from Page 194)

The early settlers located on the bottom lands and cut wild hay or sowed crops and irrigated them with the easily diverted water. Returns from the land were quickly acquired, and with unrestricted range for stock they soon became prosperous ranchers. The next wave of homesteaders located the high mesas or made filings far back on mountain streams and springs. Here the struggle was keener and often friction developed with those who grazed stock on these areas. Those who located in the open country were often compelled to haul water long distances, and the wood problem was ever acute. Irrigation ditches were usually constructed by a few together, or in some instances a large number combining on the work.

These waterways were the cause of much dissatisfaction among the builders. Invariably there were those who sloughed their share of the work, and when some were ready to build ditches others were not. I never knew one of these neighborhood canals to snap through quickly. Usually the homesteaders did their own surveying, and the amount of dirt to be removed was just a rough guess. Generally their grades were quite accurate, but the work required to build these ditches usually far exceeded their calculations. Many of them dragged along for years and frequently bitter quarrels developed. I have in mind one project that took twenty years of bickering to complete. Without friction, the same men could easily have constructed it in two working seasons.

It is easy to picture the misery of these people, anxiously awaiting the water that means so much to their land. Each year they hang on, hoping that work will progress faster, and they grow old and bitter in the waiting. Worst of all is the discovery, after the water does eventually reach them, that there is still friction and lack of quick results.

Assuming that their land is properly prepared for irrigated crops, they always find the legal amount of water far below their requirements, for raw land sucks up water like desert heat. In addition to this, frequent breaks occur in the new ditches and the evaporation of water moving slowly for a long distance is great.

For instance, if you turn the legal amount of water into a new six-mile ditch, and ten men hold ownership, and each one diverts his proper allowance, those at the end of the ditch will receive little or no water. This feature is often overcome by turning more than the law allows into the ditch, and then the homesteaders who divert water on the stream below retaliate by sicking the water commissioner on you. So it is hell if you abide by the law, and hell if you don't.

Too Stringent Water Laws

The amount of water allowed by the Wyoming law for the irrigation of seventy acres is so small that it needs careful attention properly to irrigate twenty acres of raw land with it. After the land has been well flooded for several years it is possible that this allowance will meet the irrigator's requirements.

Your crops are burning, and you work all the daylight hours and much of the night in guiding the tiny stream to points of vantage. Suddenly the volume of water decreases or fails entirely, and you hasten up to the ditch to find the cause. Sometimes it is a break that needs much labor to repair, or perhaps a despairing neighbor has taken the water in a desperate chance to save his crops. So you are constantly at high tension and in a mood for quarrels. The returns from your land are of vital importance to your existence and you see red when the other fellow sneaks a drop of water that is legally yours. No wonder that some of the homesteaders get water on the brain and shoot their neighbors full of holes! Indeed, the ditch that usually starts with a joyous assemblage of neighbors and picnic dinners eventually becomes a flowing line of friction.

I was granted a permit by the state to place water on all my homestead land. At the end of a certain period I would be entitled to a water deed, provided I had completed my ditch and made useful disposition of the water on each legal subdivision of my land. I made careful compliance with these requirements according to my interpretation of the water laws, but when I submitted proofs before the commissioner he refused to grant a deed to other than the twenty acres I had plowed.

This decision canceled my old permit and my only recourse was a reopening of the case or else a new filing. If I made a new application I would have to accept a flood-water right, for during the period between my application and proving up, a Carey-Act project had filed on all the unappropriated water in the river that my ditch led from. As I had constructed laterals and diverted the stream so as to improve the growth of the native grass, I decided to contend for a deed under the terms of the old permit. After several years of grief my point of contention was sustained and a deed granted. What heartaches are sometimes caused by an ignorant public official! Yet Wyoming irrigation laws have for years served as a model to other Western states in solving their water problems.

Much of the high lands in the West are planted to grain, and crops are entirely dependent on the uncertain rainfall. Large production means low prices, and a good market in an off year does not equalize with a short crop. Each morning the dry farmer sniffs the air and hopefully scans the heavens for signs of rain. Each day he despairingly watches the sun suck the scanty moisture from around the roots of his struggling grain. Crop failure usually means curtailment of credit, and a man must seek work away from home to provide food for his family. Water is so vital to these localities that it is an ever-present thought and serves as a basis for conversation among neighbors. Many of these homesteaders are without springs or wells, and water must be hauled long distances in barrels after the day's work in the field is done. Also, lack of moisture precludes the chance of successful diversified farming. The irrigator thinks his own skunk highly obnoxious, but the dry farmer claims one that outranks it!

Building a Barn Single Handed

When spring came I again planted the twenty acres to oats. Having exterminated most of the rodents, I was successful in raising a good garden that year. Ditch work, care of the crop and necessary chores took up the summer months, and I spent most of the fall in the hills with a hunting party. I was paid $160 for my services, and we made this sum do for our winter clothes and groceries.

The grain crop was a failure and brought little return. The store of hardy vegetables helped out greatly on our food problem.

Late that fall I erected a good-size barn. The logs were dragged into position on the ground, properly notched, and then rolled up skids with the aid of ropes. As the building grew in height the work became increasingly slow. I would fasten two ropes to the top of the building and encircle them on the log that next went into place. I would then toss the ropes to the inside and pull one end of the log a couple of feet up the skids, make it fast and repeat the performance with the other rope.

Then came the delicate task of placing it in position, and sometimes it slipped to the ground. With the exception of a little assistance from my wife in rolling up the largest logs, I did the work entirely alone. The roof was of green poles, covered with straw and dirt. The finished building was warm and serviceable.

That winter's trials were but a repetition of the previous year's, only I had to guard the straw carefully from the elk, for I now had more stock and less feed.

In the spring I planted several acres to potatoes, but an unprecedented frost left nothing but blackened rows. I had invested heavily, according to my finances, in seed for this crop, and I strove by intense cultivation to overcome a measure of the setback. The green tops sprouted slowly again; but not so the weeds, for the latter grew with marvelous rapidity; so each day became an intensive round of rustling water and fighting weeds. What a snap farming would be if crops of value thrived as pigweeds do!

I was unable to procure machinery to aid me in accomplishing my tasks to best advantage. My oats and potatoes proved such a failure that the gross receipts for the two crops were less than $200. Also, I had given them so much attention that I was able to work out but little for wages that year. However, we tried to live within our income, and the old expense book that my wife has just dug up shows that our clothing bill was $42.10. As there were now seven of us, and this amount was largely for shoes and overshoes, it plainly reveals a story of

THE BURT and PACKARD
"Korrect Shape"

(LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK STAMPED ON SOLE)

SHOES that fit, hold and support the feet—in style.

$10 for most styles

For more than fifty years "Korrect Shape" shoes have been the choice of men who desire style individuality and who appreciate the genuine foot comfort that results from building shoes over exclusive "Korrect Shape" lasts—molding into them "Korrect Shape" principles which have been proven anatomically right.

All "Korrect Shape" Shoes are molded to the lasts under ½-ton pressure

Send for Style Booklet

Field & Flint Co.

Also makers of the celebrated "ANATOMIC" SHOES for Men

Gloucester Last

Just one of many smart styles

18 or 80

Here's Cash for Your Spare Hours

Whatever your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. "Curtis work is my main source of income," says Mr. Charles W. Matthews, a High School boy in Wisconsin, "and I have made about $5 00 in one day." Mr. W. E. Dockry, of Michigan, on the other hand, is a Civil War veteran, a college graduate and a retired physician, who earns extra money by our plan every month.

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Your Choice in Boat Motors

A FLASH of glistening aluminum, a gleam of bright blue cylinders, a low hum of power—and your 40-pound Sport Twin speeds your boat away. Smoothly and quietly the little motor drives on—and a gallon of fuel will keep it humming for hours.

"Lightweight Champion"

—climax of fourteen years of Evinrude engineering experience! The '24 Sport Twin includes these new improvements: *New Flywheel Magneto*—hotter sparks for instant starting and smooth running. *New Automatic Reverse*—reverses drive at lift of tiller. Safe and certain. *New Safety Tilt-Up*—Protects motor in beaching or shallow water. Can be locked for starting. *Easy Starter*—Engine fires at first pull. 2 H. P

See your dealer. Write for catalog.

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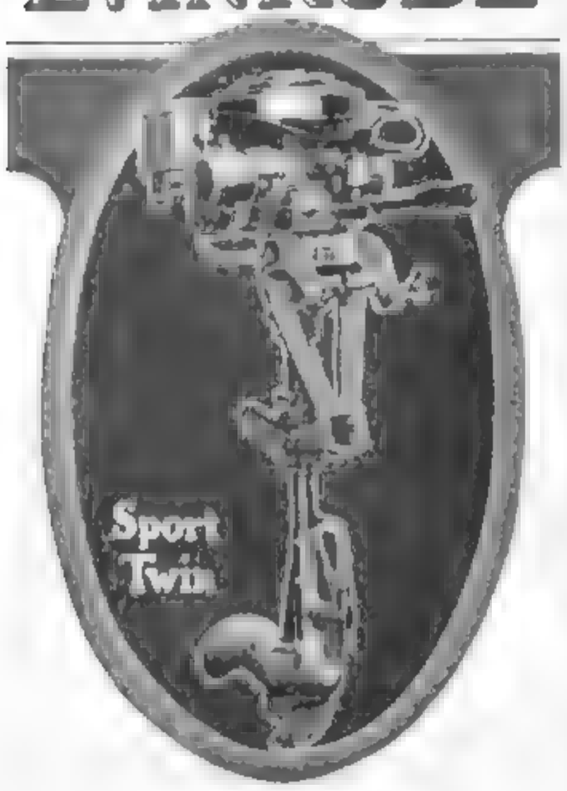

needle and thread, and of cloth that descended from father to son or from mother to daughter.

This winter was long and severe. I had fifteen head of cattle and horses, and I ran out of hay. My neighbors were short of feed and I was able to purchase but a small amount. Finally I saved my stock by feeding the straw that covered the barn and chicken house.

In the spring, after planting the twenty acres, I started fencing the balance of my land. It was late fall before this task was completed, for ditch work, care of crop, and chores, consumed much of my time.

In August, 1912, I made my five years' homestead proof, and a few months later received a patent from Washington, D. C., signed by the President of the United States. I had won my bet, and yet, somehow, my victory failed to thrill me. In fact, my feelings were like the fellow's who cleaned up a poker game and found that there was no money to cash the checks he had won.

I took stock of my circumstances. I had started with $3000 and had given five years of toil to that piece of land. My family had suffered many inconveniences and in some instances actual hardship. Too much realism had dulled the romance of successful achievement for my wife and me. I was several hundred dollars in debt, and if I farmed successfully I must have more machinery and horses. All that I had accomplished had been my uphill work. To receive an income from the land that would return just a living, I must plant a good acreage to grain, alfalfa and potatoes. To do this I must have equipment and hired help. Possibly I could borrow $1000 on my homestead; the rate of interest was 12 per cent.

The cold facts revealed nothing in the years to come but self-denial to earn a scanty living. There appeared no hope that I could expand and pay out. It took five years to get land in condition to mortgage, with the prospect of twenty-five to pay it off in. My children were growing up with but few opportunities for education. If a stranger appeared they were like a flock of chickens when a hawk swoops on them. I had, besides, the evidence of my neighbors, some of them experienced in farming methods, floundering just as hopelessly as myself in the mesh of homestead trials. I had conceived the idea that when I had a deed to my land things would be different. I found out that they were—in the shape of increased responsibilities and taxes.

Sold Out and Glad of It

That fall, as I made preparations for winter, my mind was constantly analyzing our circumstances, and slowly a decision was reached. I sold my cattle, and on a November day, with a cold wind sweeping snowflakes out of the north, I piled our household goods into the rig, the children climbed to position on top, and with my wife beside me I gathered the reins and we turned our backs on the only home we possessed. I had no work in sight, no real objective, just a desire to place distance between me and that homestead.

It is now nearly twelve years since I quit, and not once have I had occasion to regret my decision. In fact, I feel that time has fully vindicated my judgment. For of the many that I knew who were fighting raw land at that time, some solved the problem as I did, others were swallowed by mortgage, and of those who stuck not one is in the clear. The few whose assets would liquidate a small margin are those who have toiled unceasingly. They have been slaves to the land, and holidays are unknown to them. Their small success is their only pleasure, for too close application to the soil has robbed them of the power to mingle in free enjoyment with others.

If my failure was individual I would have nothing to say; but there is the added evidence of so many who have been reared to this form of labor who have struggled valiantly and slipped out. There must be some other reason than incompetency. The love of land is a natural desire, and to mold a raw piece into a productive farm holds a lure that is deeply enticing. Yet the pictures of homestead life and carefully worded literature sent out by Western states give no hint of the grim reality of conditions. Dreams of land and a house that are yours thrill, and many fling their strength blindly at the soil. They find it a greedy suckling, and that each furrow demands a drop of heart's blood. It fights back and stirs in you the spirit to conquer at whatever cost. Finally, slow realization of actual conditions dulls the ardor of doing tasks at their best; some quit, while others just drift along.

The fact is that many years ago the West was carefully combed for homestead locations. Barring a few isolated localities, every quarter section that would support a flock of goats has been filed on for a quarter century. It is true that many Carey-Act projects have been endeavoring to reclaim land since that period, but their success has not been loudly attested to by their settlers. Yet each year many hopeful ones are carried away by the lure of land, and their homestead shacks dot the landscape from dreary plains to far up the mountain slopes; and the pity of it is that these people who pit themselves against the task are those who have the desire and courage to do their part as good citizens.

I have given in such detail the incidents of my homestead life for the reason that my trials were but duplicates of what all must endure to win the bet. In fact, mine were really much less than the majority. My family enjoyed good health, and though we lacked variety of food, yet we never went hungry. Canada helps its homesteaders, but Uncle Sam tosses you into the center of 160 acres of trouble and virtually says, "Go to it! No holds barred, and I'll be the referee!"

Raw Land Overdone

Since I made my filing, the Three-Year Homestead Act was created. Also under act of Congress of December, 1916, the Stock-Raising Act, or as it is most generally called, Enlarged Homestead Act, came into being. Under its provisions a settler can locate 640 acres. This land must not contain merchantable timber; must not be susceptible of irrigation from any known source of water supply; must not contain a water hole or other body of water needed or used by the public for watering purposes; and must not be capable of producing valuable crops of grain or other food, cereal or fruit.

The entryman must reside for three years on the land, subject to the privilege of five months' absence each year, and must show that he has actually used the land for stock and forage crops during this entire period. He must make permanent improvements amounting to not less than $1.25 an acre. He must have a habitable residence, but it does not count as a permanent improvement. He has the choice of making three or five year proof.

Apparently, when our representatives found that settlers were quitting 160 acres of good land under irrigation, they conceived the idea that if they deprived them of wood, water and soil, and placed them on a larger area, they would wander around and not find their way off so quickly. Whatever their basis of reasoning, it has never been of benefit to homesteaders. It has, however, enabled wealthy stock owners to acquire large areas of range at a small figure. Even where there is no hint of collusion between he entryman and the stockman, by the time a homesteader has fenced and proved up he is usually so disgusted that he is willing to sell for the price of a ticket that will carry him far from the scenes of his failure.

I was talking to a fellow who had an enlarged homestead, and he was telling me of a splendid crop he had raised. It had been an unusually rainy season, and his grain had thriven beyond all expectations; yet he dared not thresh the oats, fearing that his bounteous crop would endanger his final proof. You can raise all the scrubby crops you wish on an enlarged homestead, but look out for a contest if one happens to turn out good.

Did Congress plan to give a warning, or to clear itself, when it inserted the following clause in the 640-acre Homestead Act?

Whether the land will or will not support a family is not guaranteed in any manner by the designation of the land as subject to this act.

What chance has a homesteader on a piece of raw land, a reclamation-project settler staggering under burden of debt, when improved farms find it a struggle to keep even? Why are some representatives so persistently trying to place our soldier boys in this unequal position? Why constantly importune settlers to tackle poor land, when vast areas of fine quality lie uncultivated? What chance against the present low prices of a glutted market? Like the frying steak that the housewife neglected—raw land is overdone.

They'll have to revive the ancient custom of wearing red coats on golf courses or carry "Stop! Look! Listen!" signs, the way these birds are hitting

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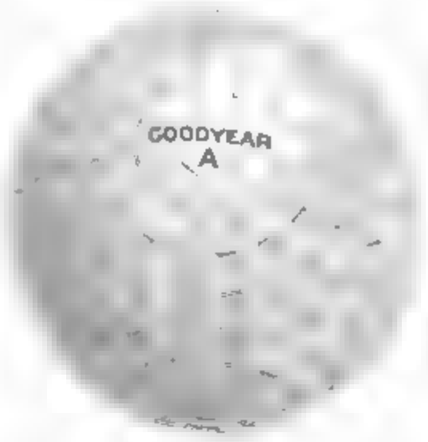

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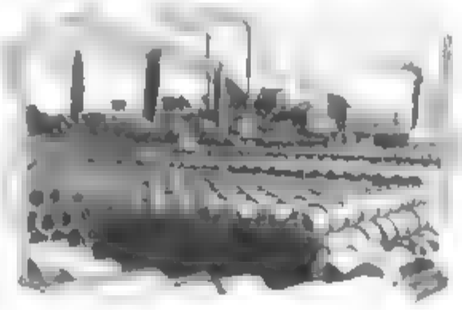

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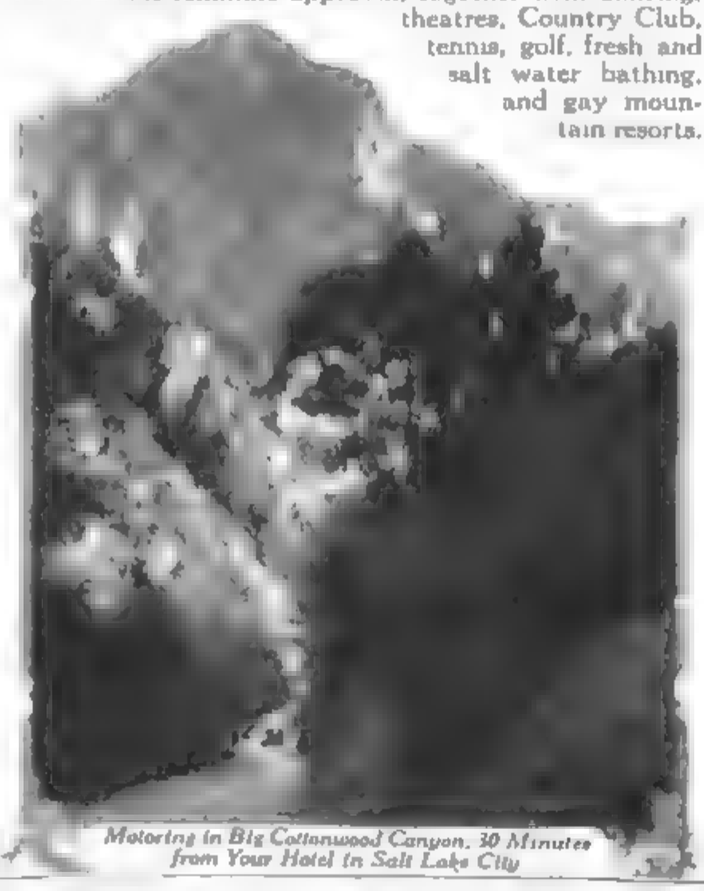

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Salt Lake City's Bank Clearings	$785,320,679.28	$143,666,763.35
Utah's output of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc	$67,631,100.00	$25,893,000
Total value of Utah's wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, alfalfa and sugar beet crop	$36,777,000	$3,763,000
Value of Salt Lake City's manufactured products	$103,814,000	$9,862,330

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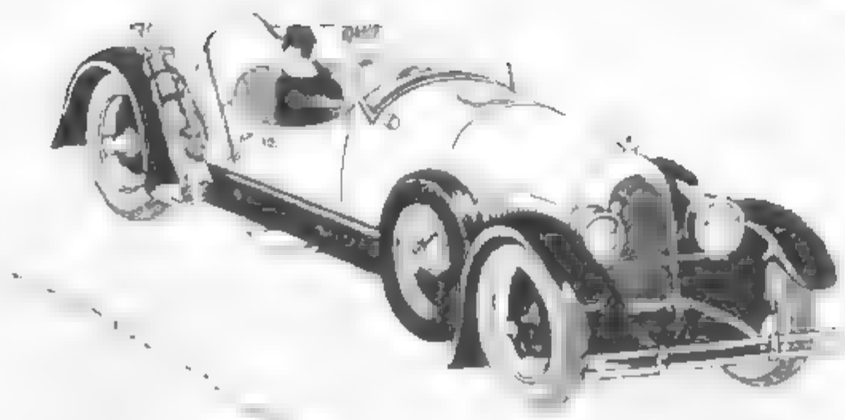

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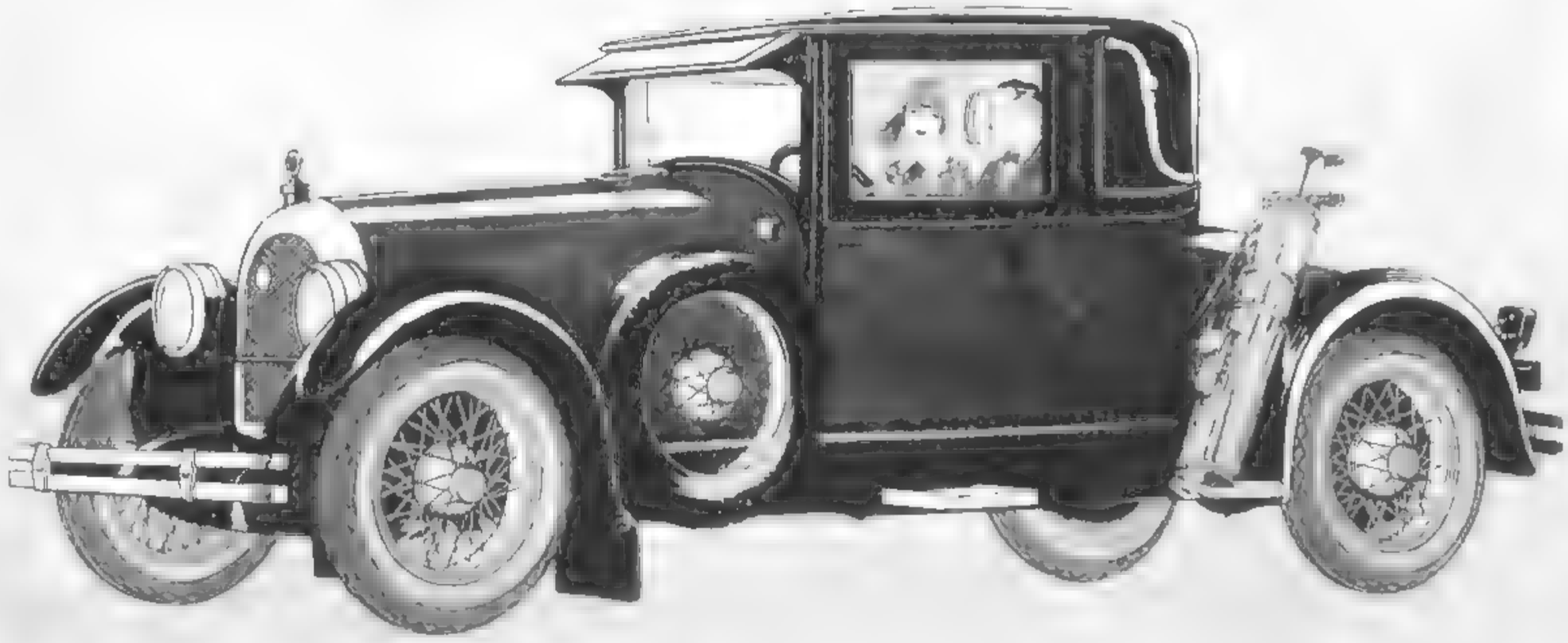

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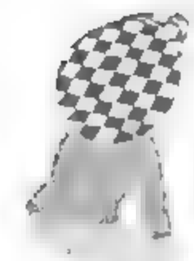

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POCONO SHOT

(Continued from Page 27)

He hadn't the nerve for premeditated murder. Something she told her mother about wanting to go to New York to work leads me to think he intended sending her away when he was certain it was necessary. Then suddenly she lay helpless before him and a blind impulse to get rid of her did the rest.

"Joe, the Italian, had actually seen Lucille fall down the slide. He explained through an interpreter at the trial that he'd sneaked down to the stream to do a little night fishing out of season—fish laws meant nothing to him—and was sitting in the shadows on the bank below the bridge as Lucille passed over it. There was a three-quarter moon that night, but he didn't recognize her. He heard her start down the slide and saw her fall, and saw a man—he couldn't tell who—pick up something and pound her with it. He said he thought it was nothing but a man beating his wife, so he shrugged his shoulders, Italian fashion, and went on fishing. But the man went away, and the woman lay still so long that he walked down his side of the stream and looked at her. What he saw made him wade across, up to his middle, to the poor woman, who, he thought, must be unconscious. He tried to lift her up, saw that it was Lucille and that she was dead, and rushed, half crazy, into town.

"The most pitiful thing at the trial was the reading circle. Emmet Senior had employed a lawyer from Philadelphia and the best man in Stroudsburg. They decided to plead insanity. The prosecution set out to show that Emmet Junior was sane enough for planned and skillful seduction. Ruth, as his wife, escaped testifying; but the four other girls were put on the stand, one after the other, and those poor young things, stammering, weeping, with their cheeks like flame, were stripped, so to speak, in public.

"The defense claimed that the books which Emmet Junior had furnished the reading circle, as a basis for further developments, were the accepted novels of the day, and not regarded as harmful or obscene by authorities. They read reviews of the books to prove it. The prosecution came back by reading from the books themselves. You should have seen the faces of that Pocono jury at some of the passages.

"The defense pulled off a master stroke, however, along literary lines. They read some of Emmet Junior's poetry aloud. It saved him from the chair. Nothing could have persuaded the jury—or the judge, either, for that matter—that a sane man could have written it.

"When they gave Emmet Junior life imprisonment, Emmet Senior didn't take it to a higher court. I think his lawyers told him his son was a lucky boy.

"I've forgotten one thing. I've forgotten to tell you what happened at Lucille Firth's funeral. I don't know whether you know it or not; but anyone can come to a small-town funeral, and this one was crowded. It was at Gaylord's. In the midst of it old Jerry Trumble shambled into the parlor and up to the casket. The service was just beginning and everyone else was seated. Jerry is crazy and no mistake. Harmless, of course; but he goes around painting quotations from the Bible on fences and rocks. Suddenly he pointed into the casket and shrieked out, 'The wages of sin is death!' He kept on yelling it till they got him out. It was a tremendously shocking thing under the circumstances. You can imagine what it did to Mrs. Firth. But just the same, I'm inclined to think it was a good thing the old fool did what he did. She'd never been a religious woman, yet the day after the funeral she began her hymn singing and a few days later she was saved, as they say, publicly, at the Methodist church. She's kept up her singing and churchgoing ever since. I've a notion that when the Methodists saved her soul they saved her reason.

"About the only thing Emmet Senior did that was worthy of attention after the trial was to post his land against hunting, but that was surely enough. There isn't another foot of land posted anywhere around here. Public sentiment is against it in this section. Emmet had cut the heart out of the shooting within decent walking distance of town, and there was general cussing and protesting about it, especially when fall came around. Nothing was done about it because there was nothing to do. He had the legal right to post if he wanted to, and he never had cared a hoot what anybody thought of him. It was perfectly clear why he did it. He hated everyone who'd had anything to do with sending his boy away, and among them—the most prominent of the lot, when you stop to think of it—was Shot. You couldn't blame Emmet for not wanting to lay eyes on the dog again, and it's easy to imagine that any hunting dog, particularly a setter, would remind him of the whole terrible business. So he put up his signs to keep Shot, or anything that looked like him, off his land.

"I had counted on a lot of days with Bill and Shot that fall; but it did seem as if the cussed kids would never so much as sneeze till hunting season and then welcome the first germ that came along. This time it was measles. It didn't miss more than fifty children for five miles around; then to add to the general gayety, we got a touch of diphtheria, not especially virulent, but I hardly got my clothes off for two weeks. I came home to dinner one night and the girl told me that Earl Geiger had telephoned twice in the last half hour and that I was to call him the minute I got in. I said, 'I'll have some dinner before I call anybody.' The phone rang while I was washing up and the girl said I was in, so I had to answer. It was Geiger. He told me to come to Bill Trimble's as fast as I could drive.

"I said all right, told the girl I couldn't wait for dinner and went out to the car. Just as I was starting she came running out with three or four slices of hot roast beef. I ate 'em with one hand as I jounced and swayed up grade to Bobcat Mountain. Glad I did, too, although it was taking a chance on that road. I thought Bill must have hurt himself—broken a leg, maybe, hunting. I never thought of him being sick, not that tough old rooster.

"Geiger was standing in front of Bill's shack when I got there. I said, 'What's happened?' He said, 'You can see inside. I'm going home and get a bite.' I went to the shack and pushed open the door to the kitchen. There was a lighted lamp on the kitchen table. Bill was sitting in the middle of the floor, bathed in blood from his chin down, and the floor looked like a slaughterhouse. He was holding Shot's head in his lap. The dog seemed to be cut more than half in two, just ahead of the shoulder. The wound seemed to include the neck vertebræ, but I put a hand on him and found he was still alive, so I knew the spinal cord hadn't been severed.

"I said, 'How did it happen?'

"'Emmet Mulhauser—with an ax,' said Bill.

"I asked him whereabouts and Bill told me up on the edge of Emmet's land, above the big swale.

"I stood looking down at the dog. I'm not given to emotion, and I was in France two years; but I found I couldn't see Shot or Bill. Queer, wasn't it? I stood there, with the tears rolling down my cheeks as though I'd gone back to boyhood. I suppose I was overtired.

"'Ain't you goin' to do nothin' except stand there?' said Bill.

"'There's nothing I can do, Bill,' I said.

"'No, I suppose not,' he said.

"He put his hand on Shot's head and began to stroke it softly, looking down at the dog. I was still standing there like a great soft lummox, when I heard the sound of a motor. It stopped in front of the shack and a minute later the sheriff walked in.

"'Hello, Ed,' said Bill.

"The sheriff said hello and stooped to the dog. 'God a mighty!' he said, then he looked up at me. 'He ain't alive, is he, doc?' he said. And I said, 'Still alive.'

"Bill spoke up then. He said, 'I'd kind of like to stay for a while yet.'

"'Sure thing, Bill,' said Ed. 'Just as long as you're a mind to.'

"That brought me to myself with a jerk.

"'What are you talking about?' I said. 'What's happened?'

"Before Bill could open his mouth the sheriff spoke up. 'Why, Emmet Mulhauser cut Bill's dog down and started after Bill,' he said. 'Bill had to shoot in self-defense. There was a Swede logger of Mulhauser's not far off that saw it. I've talked to him. He saw Emmet with his ax lifted. I've got to take Bill to town, but they'll turn him loose easy enough.'

"'Mulhauser's dead?' I asked.

"'Never be anybody deader!' said the sheriff. 'He stopped both barrels at five feet.

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Lucky you got him when you did, Bill. He'd have clove you down to the middle.'

"Bill stopped stroking Shot's head and looked up

"'They ain't hardly any of that true, Ed,' he said. 'I'll tell you the facts.'

"'You ain't goin' to tell me nothin',' said Ed. 'Anything you say to me I've got to repeat under oath. You don't have to say nothin' to nobody. The Swede says he saw Emmet's ax raised. You've got a perfect case of self-defense. Now shut your fool mouth! Doc, you tell him!'

"The sheriff's right, Bill," I said.

"Bill went back to stroking Shot's head.

"'No, he ain't,' he said. 'He means well, but he ain't right. Facts is facts. If I've got to be tried, it's what I'll stand on. Here is the facts: I knowed I was close to Emmet's land, but a pa'tridge that flushed wild swung that way. I thought the bird would stop in the alders, thirty feet or so this side of the line, so I let Shot go after him. When we got to the alders the bird wasn't there, and Shot smelled him on the other side and went through and nailed him. I'd heard a ax as I come up and I hustled up the rise through the alders. I was goin' to pull Shot off his point if he was over the line. Well, he was over—barely. I seen him holdin' on the bird like iron as I got toward the edge of the alders. I didn't see Emmet till he showed up at Shot's side and brought the ax down on him, standin' there on point. When I got there Emmet stepped back from the dog. Shot was layin' like you see, with the blood pourin' out of him in a river. He—well, he wagged his tail at me. It rustled like, in the ferns, and his eyes said, 'Everything will be all right, now Bill's here.' So then I put both barrels into Emmet's belly and picked up Shot and come on home. That's the way it happened—just like I've said. You got me wrong, Ed, if you think I'd let a man cut old Shot down, him a-pointin', and then plead self-defense. If Emmet had of got away after he done it, I'd go after him tonight as soon as it was right for me to leave, and it would turn out just the same.'

"Bill hadn't more than finished telling us when the sheriff took out his watch, looked at it and said, 'Bill, we'll have to go right now. What you've just said makes things different.'

"Bill looked up at the sheriff—a long, slow look, he gave him.

"'I guess I've had you wrong, too, Ed,' he said. 'You swore old Shot in as a deputy and he tracked down your man for you through half the town. Ain't no livin' thing on this earth except him could have done it, and look where it's brought him. Now I'm askin' you to let him die with his head just where it is.'

"The sheriff never quivered. He just said, 'It can't be done, Bill. Come on right now.'

"Bill laid Shot's head on the floor, knelt by him, whispered, 'Good-by, Bud,' and got to his feet. 'I'm expectin' you'll stay with him,' he said to me.

"My silly weakness had come back. I couldn't speak—I just nodded. Bill and the sheriff tramped out. I heard the car roar as it pulled out of the mud in front of the shack and grew fainter down the mountain. I sat there for an hour. Shot had stopped bleeding. There wasn't enough blood left in him to force the slight coagulation of the wound. Why he stayed alive was a mystery, but a stethoscope proved that his heart was still beating—just a pulse, but still beating. Earl Geiger came and stood looking down at Shot without speaking. I said, 'Bill's gone to town.' He said, 'Yes, doc, I know. I saw the sheriff's car go by. Can I do anything to help you?' I told him no, and to go home and get to bed, which he did in a few minutes.

"It was close to midnight when I heard a car again. It stopped in front of the shack and the sheriff walked in. He said, 'Still alive?'

"I said, 'Sheriff, I don't want to talk to you. I want you to remember that whenever I'm unlucky enough to meet you after this.'

"He pulled a chair out from under the kitchen table and sat down.

"'Now, doc,' he said, 'I'm going to kind of act a fool with you. You weren't raised around here; but I've seen something of you, and you've struck me as a pretty decent sort of a coot, with more than the ordinary amount of common sense. I'm going to tell you some things and let you draw whatever conclusions occur to you.'

"I didn't say anything. He looked down at Shot for a minute and then went on:

"'Bill Trimble hasn't ever been what you'd call a friend of mine,' he said. 'He's just a good, well-meaning wood rat that does the best he can. Now I'd go as far for a friend as the next man; but I wouldn't get on the stand and swear to a lie, not for my best friend—not for my brother. Well, that's what the situation seemed to call for, after Bill belched up to me like you heard. Even if he could have been persuaded to act sensible about pleadin' self-defense when he'd steadied down and got his judgment back, it wouldn't get him much after he'd told that story to me. I've been sheriff of this county for nine years, and the more I've seen of juries the more I've learned you never can tell what they'll do. They'll let a loose woman that's shot her husband in the back, and then come into court and sniveled about it, go scot-free. On the other hand, they'll give some poor devil who hasn't got money enough to hire a string of lawyers a hell of a dose, when the facts, outside the law, show in his favor.

"'Now look at the cold facts in this case. Mulhauser kills a dog on his own land, that's posted according to law, and get's shot down, on his own land, a minute later. It don't make any difference that every real man on the jury would of done the same as Bill under the circumstances. The average citizen seems to get all bogged down in the law when he sits on a jury. He can't seem to put himself in the other fellow's place. I don't say a jury wouldn't let Bill off—they might. But then again they mightn't. The prosecution would have to talk a lot about the sacredness of human life and Bill might end up with a long stretch.

"'Now I let Bill in for this, just like he said, and these hills won't look good to him for quite a while—he'll be seeing the dog everywhere he looks. This thing'll blow over some in a year or two, and I don't think the prosecutor, knowin' him as I do, will bust a lung tryin' to find Bill, and something tells me I won't. My term's over the first of the year and I'll not run again. If Bill ever wants to come back here I'll be a private citizen that'll take a sudden notion to visit Canada. I'll leave on the next train and they'll have to try Bill without my testimony.

"'Well, when I took Bill out of here in such a rush I knew there was a freight train headed east that stopped at the water tank about eight o'clock. Going down the mountain I explained all what I've said to you, to Bill, and told him I'd accidentally dropped a fifty-dollar bill down by the clutch somewhere that I'd pick up when we got down the grade. I clean forgot to pick it up before I had to get out of the car to fix my brake, about two hundred yards from the water tank. I had to get clear under the car to fix that brake, and when I crawled out Bill wasn't in the car. He wasn't anywhere to be seen. I looked in the brush on both sides of the road, the best I could, till that freight came in and pulled out; then I drove to town and told 'em Bill had jumped out of the car sudden and got away from me in the dark; which, as Bill says, is the facts.

"'I'm on the hunt for Bill right now. I've got a couple of deputies threshin' around, down the mountain; but I thought you might like to hear about Bill gettin' away from me so neat. Now, doc, if I've misjudged you, as Bill says, it'll be me and not him that a jury'll decide about—after our little talk. That's about all I've got to say, and now I'll be goin' along.'"

The doctor came to a full stop to twinkle at me.

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, for some reason. "Splendid! And Shot lived!"

"Yes," said the doctor, "though how I don't know. He lay, without so much as the twitch of a muscle for two days. I stayed right there. Mrs. Geiger cooked my meals and sent them over by Geiger or their boy. I had them telephone young Crosby, who was trying to get a foothold in Stroudsburg, to come up and handle things in town for me, which he was glad to do. I hadn't done a thing to keep Shot's heart going afraid of hemorrhage. It just kept pulsing faintly away all those hours. On the morning of the third day the wound looked as though I might help the heart a little. I did it with a hypodermic of strychnine. Ten minutes later I saw Shot's eyeballs move slightly as I stooped over him. By the next day he could swallow a tablespoonful of brandy and milk, poured back of his tongue through a tube. After the first week he came along fast. No infection whatever. His neck was stiff for two or three months—scar tissue and severed

(Continued on Page 205)

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**70 hours between Chicago and the PACIFIC NORTHWEST
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THERE'S one place where the most confirmed dyspeptic is hungry as a bear. Out where the fresh winds blow and woodland aisles lure pavement-tired feet. There's nothing like a picnic to put new joy into life. And the first thing out of the up-to-date picnic basket is the package of Adironda[illegible] Plates. Cut in one piece from [illegible] hardwood, they are big as a d[illegible] serviceable as china, light as a feather. They carry all foods, hot and cold, moist and dry. They will not soften or collapse. Used once and thrown away.

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SALESMEN WANTED to sell emblems to schools and colleges. Must be high calibre [illegible] cut and over 21. Season opens September. Write immediately.
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Continued from Page 202

leaders—but he worked out of it, as you've seen."

"When was this—the shooting, I mean?"

"Last November."

"And when is Trimble coming back?"

The doctor's face clouded.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know where he is. Of course, he thinks Shot is dead, and the sheriff was right in thinking Bill would want to stay away from these hills for a while if he believed that. I'm certain nothing would keep him away if he knew Shot had pulled through and was waiting here for him. The sheriff is out of office, and there's no reason why Bill shouldn't come back and stand trial right now. They'd never convict him. He'd keep still with Shot alive—I'll bet on that. The sentiment around here, as it turned out, is close to 100 per cent for him. People think he ran away through ignorance. You see, Shot is an institution in the Poconos. He's a matter of civic pride in Emmetville. He's like the courthouse or the new Presbyterian church. They think shooting was too good for the man who cut him down.

"Bill doesn't know all this. He's probably hiding somewhere, thinking they're after him, when there hasn't been a single move made to get him."

"Isn't there some way to let him know he should come back?" I asked.

The doctor was observing a felt slipper on the dangling foot of the leg which crossed his knee. Now he wiggled the foot and seemed lost in amazement at the articulation of his ankle joint.

"Are you a man of means?" he asked casually. "What do you do for a living?"

"Write—mostly," I said.

"You mean you're a writer?"

I admitted that I was. The doctor's face fell.

"Oh," he said, "then that's no good."

"What's no good?"

"Why, you wanted to buy the dog. The idea came to me that I might lease him to you for the season—it would have to be at a big price—and then I'd use the money to try to get word to Bill."

"How?" I asked.

"Run something in the Want Columns from New York to San Francisco about like this: 'Shot is alive. Doctor L.' I wouldn't say, 'Come home.' He might think that was a ruse. I'd just say, 'Shot is alive.' I'd run it three or four days. It would bring him if he saw it."

"Yes," I thought, "it would." Aloud I said, "How much would it cost?"

"Enough," said the doctor gloomily. "I've thought of doing it myself, but I've still got one of the notes to pay that I gave for the practice, and the old flivver's about through. There's twice as much on my books as I've ever collected. That's the way it is with country doctoring."

I considered a moment. I thought of Pocono Shot; not long—just for the instant it took to recall his expression, his head, his carriage. Then I spoke.

"Doctor," I said, "I write, as I've told you. I try to write tales that a reasonably intelligent man or woman can read without knitted brows, or boredom or disgust. It's a quaint, old-fashioned custom; but some people still approve of it, and—I'd like to lease the dog. How much?"

The doctor sat up suddenly. His spectacles registered an emotion somewhere between doubt and hope.

"Why, man," he said, "it'll take five hundred dollars to run those ads!"

"Done!" said I, and held out my hand.

VII

I HAD planned to spend that summer in Maine, on a little lake whose surface and hemlock-bordered coves ached with the loneliness of the north. That loneliness fills me with a peace that is like a pain. I fled from the Poconos toward it, just ahead of the summer season, which would tax the silent woman of Gaylord's to the utmost and fill the staring house and its porches with distressing chatter.

My five hundred had been hopefully expended by the doctor, but without avail. If Shot's owner was still slinking about somewhere on the face of the globe, he failed to receive the electrifying message, conveyed through various leaded columns, that the dog was alive.

He was very much alive as he hauled me through the doorway of the club, with my full weight on the chain, as opposed to his straining shoulders and the click of his digging toenails on the marble floor of the hall; so gloriously alive that soon we were surrounded by a circle of members, with an outer fringe of bell boys, all paying homage to the dog's magnificence.

The adulation did not seem to meet with the approval of Pocono Shot, or perhaps, I thought, the smells and noise of the city, which he was encountering for the first time, had begun to disturb him. At any rate, his serenity, which had been perfect on the train, on the ferry and in the taxicab, was gone at last. It had departed as we got out of the cab. Having literally hauled me through the door, he was now tremendously uneasy. He began to shake. He began to pant and to slaver. He tried to break through the inspecting circle about him with violent surges at his chain. I had difficulty in forcing him into the elevator. He gave a stricken, moaning whine as it carried us up to my room.

"Quiet down," I told him. "We'll be out of this in a little while."

He refused to quiet down. I left him pacing the room like a wild thing when I went down to secure further impedimenta for the months in Maine.

I found the cellar empty. The furnace, no longer needed, was a black disk in the gloom. The draft arrangement on its door looked like the jetty teeth of a cold, fixed leer. Its lanky tender was gone.

I secured another duffel bag from the storeroom, pointed out a trunk I wanted to the porter, and returned to my room. I unpacked and repacked for two hours, while Shot paced back and forth, back and forth, before the closed door.

Having finished packing, and with an hour to kill before leaving for the station, I telephoned to the desk and asked for Gregory Trane. I was astonished to hear that he had sailed for Africa the week before.

I hung up, wondering. Why had Trane gone back so suddenly to trekking and big game? Perhaps the batch of spring novels had done it! I smiled at the thought, but grew sober as my eyes fell on the pacing setter with the great scar showing at his glistening shoulder as he wheeled.

I telephoned to the kitchen for a plate of meat. Shot thanked me with a wave of his tail when the food was set before him, but refused to touch it. I offered him water. He turned away from it, then changed his mind and lapped greedily. When we departed at last, I had to haul him by main strength through the hall and out to the taxicab. He had come with me that morning in Emmetville readily enough. The doctor had simply handed me the chain and said, "Go along with him, Shot!" The dog had quietly obeyed. He had obeyed me perfectly on the way down, or rather he had done what was necessary in making the trip without being told. I had been enraptured. Now I was more doubtful.

I need not have been. He became a perfect companion in Maine from the moment we got there. He would lie at my feet if a mood for work struck me, handle himself in a canoe as circumspectly as I, and retrieve trout for me if I fished a stream. The most extraordinary thing about him was this:

The woods about were filled with partridges. The partridges, in turn, were filled with the tame stupidity which these birds show in the wilderness. On the first morning after our arrival a brood crossed a trail ahead of us and stood clucking not ten feet away as we passed. Shot gave them no attention whatever. He simply stalked by. I was dumfounded. A wild suspicion of the doctor crossed my mind. Five hundred dollars for one season! Was it possible that spectacled, guileless-seeming M.D. was an easy fictionist who made my more labored efforts in that direction seem feeble in comparison?

I hastened to try an experiment. I went back to the camp, unstrapped a gun case and put the weapon it contained together, Pocono Shot gravely watching. I walked the length of the camp porch, gun in hand. As I stepped from the porch Shot was already swinging through the sunshine of the clearing on an easy lope. He swept toward the edge of a thicket of birch and melted into statuesque, high-headed immobility. As I persuaded a lazy cock partridge to blunder up from his dust bath among the birch wands I blushed to recall my recent thoughts concerning the good doctor.

"So you don't waste your time without a gun," I said, as we watched the bird tilting with spread wings through the birch thicket and into the hemlocks beyond. "Come into heel—it's out of season. We'll go and put this up."

Shot obeyed, as always, instantly, with no effort to continue hunting. My will was his

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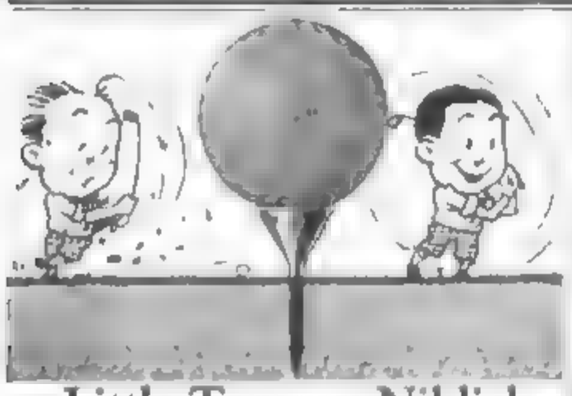

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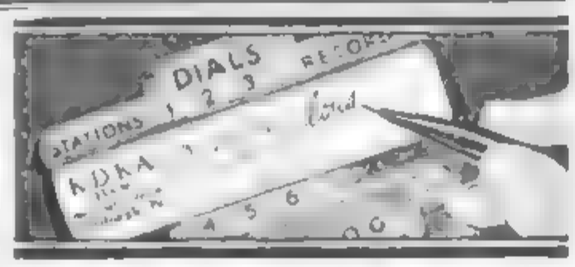

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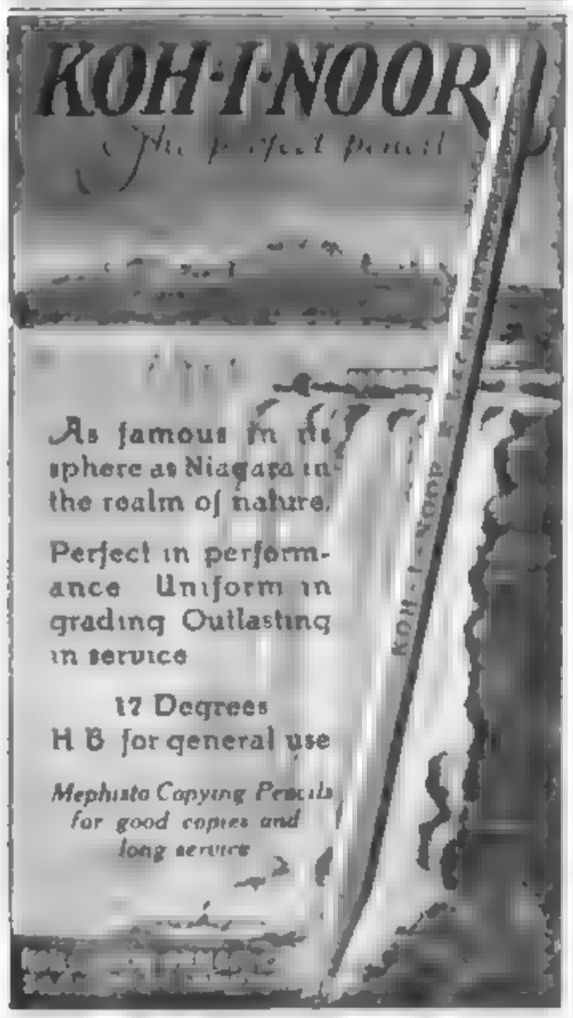
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law in everything; and yet—well, I came to know what the doctor had meant when he had said Shot did not care for him. It showed in a certain wistfulness that would creep into his expression now and then. He would be sleeping in the sunshine on the porch. Suddenly his head would go up as he listened intently. In his dreams he had heard a longed-for footstep or perhaps a voice. He would turn and survey me wonderingly at last, a question in his look, and back of that a troubled yearning.

When fall came Shot and I journeyed to Vermont. I was to shoot over a vast preserve with a man who owned it and a great many other things. Among them—so he had informed me—were the two best partridge dogs that ever lived. This I doubted. Sometimes even multimillionaires fail to get the best of everything

My host grunted when he observed that I was accompanied by a setter. A moment later, when the full symmetry of Pocono Shot dawned upon him, he whistled.

"Of course he isn't as good as he looks" he said.

"I've never shot over him," I explained deceptively, "but the man I got him from seemed to think a lot of his work"

My host brightened. He was the sort of man who would. He even grew hilarious.

"So the man who sold him to you liked his work, did he? Don't you know any better than to buy a shooting dog without seeing him in the field? Never mind. I have thirty in the kennels here—two of 'em, as I wrote you, world beaters."

I must confess it—I led him on. I encouraged him to expatiate on his two headliners. I heard of their noses and bird sense and staunchness and retrieving, all through an extremely elaborate dinner, and afterward—until we retired, in fact.

Ultimately morning dawned. I insisted on taking Shot with us, although my host objected.

"You can find out about him tomorrow," he said. "Don't let's spoil the opening day. I've ordered out Craft and Bess."

Still I insisted. He could do no less than submit. He said that a gamekeeper—he had gamekeepers—could bring Shot in after I had tried him out.

It may have been an hour later—not much more than that—when their owner called the aforementioned gamekeeper and indicated Craft and Bess

"Take those two back and shut them up," he said. "We don't want them messing about"

That was the last I either saw or heard of any of those thirty in the kennels.

Pocono Shot! Pocono Shot! The doctor had not told me half. I had given five hundred dollars for twenty days over him. A single day was worth it.

I sat in the baggage car with him on the way to Boston, and again between Boston and New York. I could have done no less

It was snowing in New York the afternoon we arrived; an early snow, which disappeared as it added to the level wetness of pavement and asphalt. The taxi could not draw up fairly before the club door, because of an ash wagon backing into the curb. Two iron doors sunk in the pavement close to the building rose and opened. As I got out of the taxi, I heard the rattle of an ash can somewhere below in the black square disclosed by the opening of the iron doors.

I was paying the taxi driver when Shot jerked his chain from my hand with an irresistible lunge. I turned in time to see him plunging down between the iron doors. I heard a crash, a rattle, and nothing more. Rushing to the opening, I saw an overturned ash can on the hoist ten feet below, and realized that the darkness beyond was an opening into the club cellar.

And suddenly I knew. I should have known, I told myself, when Shot had tugged and panted and trembled five months before. I went into the club and descended the iron stairs. The furnace man, as white as death, crouched on his wooden stool. His arms were wreathed, awkwardly, clutchingly, about the head of Pocono Shot, which harrowed in his breast.

Trane has not returned from Africa. This is disappointing. I want to tell him of my new knowledge of the effects he dwelt upon, one night. I also wish to admit that to use his own expression—the modernists are not so damned forlorn. "Forlorn" does not describe the little adventurers in neuroticism, whose mark may be found, so long as he lives, on the shoulder of Pocono Shot.

(THE END)

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Cover Design by Charles H. Towne

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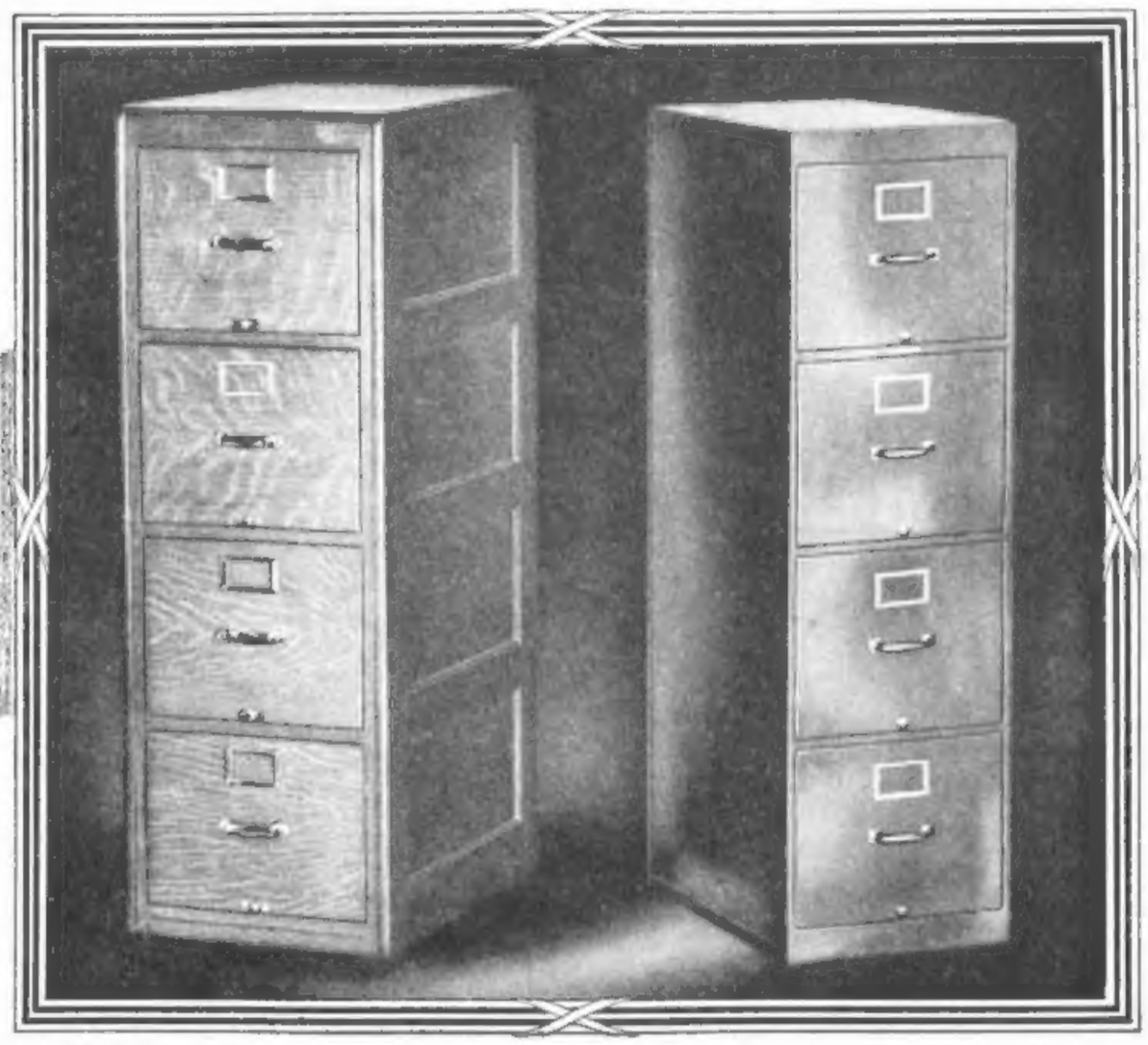
President Stevens carefully selects an L.B. Filing cabinet for his private office, as the worthy complement to his beautiful suite.



✱ Each of the 871,185 offices in the U. S. averages 5 persons who influence the purchase of filing cabinets

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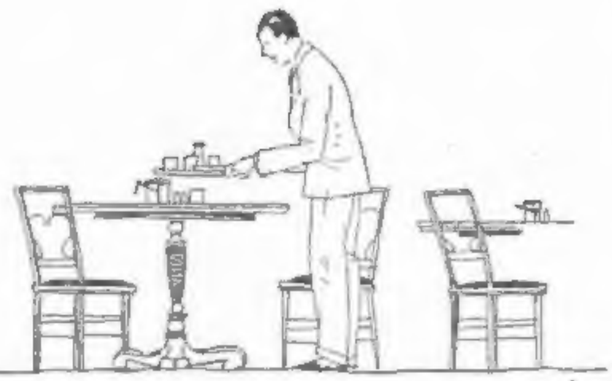

Parlor Suites—and Cafeterias

These hotels are built to meet the different tastes, and different needs, of different kinds of people. If you want a luxurious corner suite, with a living room and a private dining room, it's here for you. If you merely want a small bedroom, clean, comfortable and pleasant, with a completely-equipped bathroom, that's here, too.

Everything EXCEPT—

Or you can have just about anything in between. The only type of room which other hotels have and *these hotels do not have*, is a room without its private bath.

There's Variety Here, Too

In dining rooms, too, you can be suited. When you want to dine in luxury, ordering from an elaborate menu, you will be pleased with the a la carte service of a Statler Main Dining Room. If you want a club breakfast (75c)—you will find it excellent. And if you are in a hurry, and want the quickest, simplest service, the hotel's own cafeteria, or lunch-room, is under the same roof.

Rates—For Comparison

And not only are these hotels well-balanced in the matter of what they can offer you, but they are also well-balanced as regards rates. In Hotels Statler (in the middle-western cities) more than 82% of their rooms are priced at $5 and less. In Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, more than 55% of its rooms are $5 and less. In *every* case, remember, the rate is for *room with bath*. Those are good facts to have in mind when you are comparing *values* in different hotels.

Some Extra Values You Get in These Hotels:

Many of the newer of the country's first-class hotels give you some of these things; but, so far as we know, the Statlers are still unique in providing all of them:

Every—*every*—room in these hotels has a private bath, circulating ice-water, full-length mirror, completely-equipped writing desk, reading-lamp on bed-head or portable reading-lamp, desk-lamp, pincushion (with threaded needles, buttons, etc.), besides the more usual conveniences.

A morning paper is delivered free to every guest room.

Everything sold at the news stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street or street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

Each hotel maintains a large and well-selected library; you may withdraw books and keep them as long as you remain in the hotel, without charge.

The rate of every room is shown by a printed, framed card, permanently attached to the wall of that room. You know that you pay no more, no less for that room than do other guests.

The Big Word is "Service"

And the personal service rendered you by employees—which is the hardest thing to perfect and control—has been developed to a point where we give to every guest the following Guarantee:

Guarantee of Statler Service

We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if the positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy you; and that if he can't satisfy you he will immediately take you to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to *me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of more than 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: *Now preparing to build* at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

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